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ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XXXI.

PART II.

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"MERRILY, MERRILY SHALL I LIVE NOW,
UNDER THE BLOSSOM THAT HANGS ON THE BOUGH."

ST. NICHOLAS.

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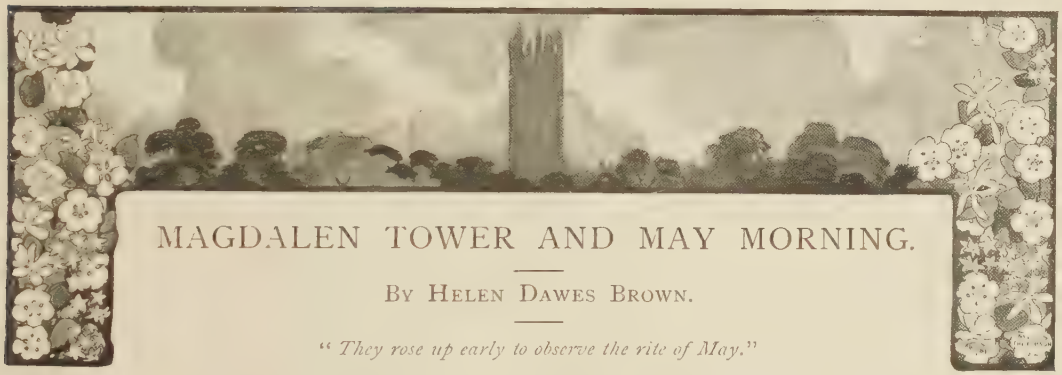

MAGDALEN TOWER AND MAY MORNING.

BY HELEN DAWES BROWN.

"They rose up early to observe the rite of May."

THEY were two American girls, not very young and not very old, and their names were Alice and Barbara. They rose and dressed before daylight, stole downstairs candle in hand, mastered the bolts and the bars of an English house door, and whispered and tiptoed their way out of a sleeping house before the clock struck four. Once upon the Oxford street in the cold of the morning, with the lamps burning weird and yellow in the last darkness, the elder sister, overcome by the enormity of their escapade, whispered, "Oh, let us go back! I *never* was out at such a creepy hour before. *Do* go back."

"The idea!" was all the adventurous Barbara would answer.

They sped through the silent streets, still speaking in whispers. Birds were beginning to waken behind high garden walls. The morning air was fragrant with the scent of young flowers and shrubs. Sober Oxford was yet fast asleep, and the city was given over to birds and flowers and Alice and Barbara.

A gate in a red brick wall was reached, and the girl of courage rang the bell till it clanged loud and long. The forbidding gate led to a hospitable garden, and thence to a hospitable house and lamp-lit breakfast-table. Here were more Americans and a kindly English hostess.

"To be invited out to breakfast at four o'clock!" sighed Alice, contentedly, as she ate her toast and bacon and drank her tea.

The daylight had meanwhile been gaining upon them. They came out of the doorway into a world of smoked pearl, lighted by masses of white blossoms.

A fly stood at the gate. "A fly!" sighed Alice again. "Actually to ride in a *fly* after all these years of reading Dickens."

The little American party drove merrily through the still, gray streets. At the gate of

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MAGDALEN BRIDGE AND TOWER FROM THE RIVER.

MAGDALEN TOWER FROM THE STREET.

Magdalen College they divided: the adventurous to mount the tower, the poorer-spirited to remain below in the cloisters. Up climbed Barbara — up a ladder, then by a stair, last by another and steeper ladder, her English companion panting forth historical facts as they mounted:

"The tower was begun in 1492, — a great date of your own, Miss Barbara, — and it was finished in 1507. Its height is one hundred and forty-five feet. Three — hundred — people — can — stand — on — the — top."

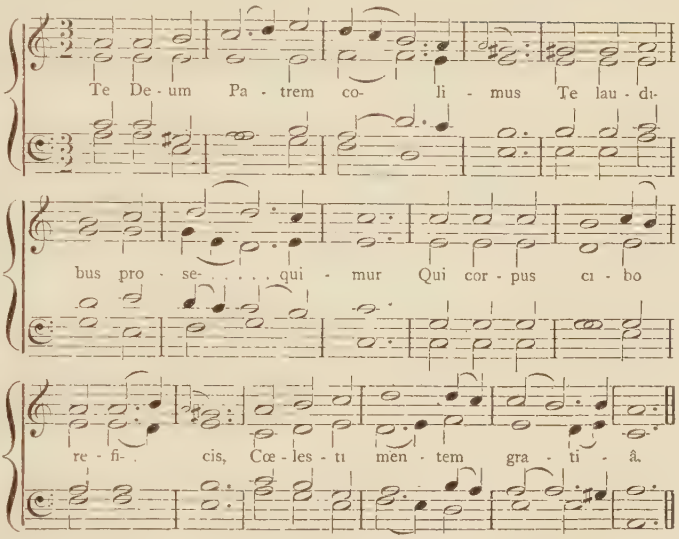
And by this the poor lady's breath was quite gone. The less enterprising of the party were supplied with chairs, and sat comfortably in the cloisters, while far above their heads the company gathered on the top of the beautiful Magdalen Tower. The center of the group was the white-robed college choir.

On May morning, from time immemorial, the Magdalen choir has sung a hymn at sunrise from the summit of their tower. The custom is so old, indeed, that it is lost "in the dark backward and abysm of time," as Shakspere said.

Meanwhile, outside the college, upon Magdalen Bridge, crowds waited to hear the May

music. Bicyclists had come in from all the country round, and the small boys of Oxford were out in force. Yet the hush of the strange hour fell upon them all.

To grave Alice, standing in the ivied arch of the Founder's Tower, the stillness that came before the music seemed its most fitting prelude. She was glad that laughing Barbara had had her way, and had left her below to her meditations. Never had the old stone tower looked more lovely than in the pearly light of the dawn. The dull gray was now turning to rose-color in the east, though it was proving a softly lighted English day, and of a rather hazy sunshine.



The moment the hour of five had sounded, the choir-master's signal was given, and the

THE CHOIR ON MAGDALEN TOWER SINGING AT SUNRISE.

delightful, calm stillness of the morning was broken by even lovelier strains of music.

This is the sweet, solemn Latin hymn with which the choir welcomed that rosy May morning:

> Te Deum Patrem colimus
> Te laudibus prosequimur
> Qui corpus cibo reficis,
> Cœlesti mentem gratiâ.

"It is far better to let the music come down to us, as if it came from a gateway of heaven," said those looking upward from the cloister or from Magdalen Bridge.

"To stand so near the sky and mingle with the music is a foretaste of heaven," was said, no doubt, by those upon the tower.

Between the stanzas there fell a stillness. There seemed not the least murmur of a leaf, not the slightest whisper of the air, to mar the wondrous silence.

As the music of the hymn at last died away, there rang out over Oxford wild, joyous bells announcing the 1st of May. The sleeping city must waken now and join in praise of the springtime.

If this celebration of May morning were all a solemnity, it would be out of character. It would be neither the Englishman nor the college boy that would take such a ceremony altogether seriously.

To the astonishment of the grave Alice and to the delight of Barbara, just as Magdalen's bells began to ring, the undergraduates seized one another's caps and gowns, and sent them flying over the tower battlements. The black-winged gowns looked like huge birds fluttering and circling in the air. The fun was great when a cap alighted on a high roof or a gown floated gracefully into a tree-top. This was one of the eagerly awaited opportunities of the college "scout," who turned a penny by rescuing stray caps and gowns.

Alice and Barbara walked back to the Banbury Road. To some of the slumbering household the night was not yet over, and the American maidens had still the sense of an escapade, spite of the presence of an English chaperon. Softly they lifted the heavy gate-latch, and stealthily they fitted the key into the great house door. They lighted their candle again, and stole upstairs through the darkened house, just as the clocks were striking six.

"CAPS AND GOWNS OVER THE TOWER BATTLEMENTS."

"Do you feel more like a ghost or a burglar?" whispered Barbara.

"Am I walking in my sleep?" Alice murmured. "Was that music in a dream?"

THE COMING AND THE GOING OF PETE.

By Noah Brooks.

He came to us in one of the solitary places of the Platte River valley, in western Nebraska. There were five of us, four young men and a boy of fifteen, on our way across the continent from the Missouri to the Sacramento. In those days — for this was many, many years ago — there was no way of crossing the Great Plains but that of following the trail afoot, with ox-teams, horseback, or other simple means of travel. In crossing the plains, men first had the trackless wilderness to penetrate; next came the trace, showing where a few wayfarers had passed; then the trail was formed by many feet turned toward the west; after that was the wagon-track made by the emigrant-wagons of gold-seekers bound to California; the stage-road came soon after, and, last of all, was the iron railway. We were on the trail as it was turning into a wagon-track.

Late one afternoon, just as we had camped on the grassy banks of the river, a large yellow dog came out of the underbrush and regarded us with some anxiety. Being encouraged by a few kindly calls, for it seemed queer to see a dog wandering in that lonely and uninhabited place, he came into camp, forlorn and suspicious.

He was tall, coarse-haired, with foxy ears and a club-shaped tail. We tried him with various names that are common in dog history — Bose, Tray, Duke, Turk, and so on; but to none of these did he make reply until some one said "Pete!" At this he gave a diffident little jump and a bark. Thenceforward he was Pete, and Pete he remained until the end of the story.

As we happened to have plenty of buffalo meat in camp that night, Pete was given a good supper. He was ravenously hungry, and while he was eagerly gnawing a bone he suddenly dropped it with a yelp of pain. Going to the poor beast to see what was the trouble, I passed my hand along his jaw, and found a lump under the skin, as if some part of the jawbone were broken and out of place. The gentle pressure of my hand put the bone into place again, and Pete, with a grunt of satisfaction, went on with his supper. After that, as long as he was with us, Pete would run to me, whimpering, whenever his ravenous feeding brought on his grief. As he laid his nose on my knee, I pressed back the troublesome lump, and Pete ceased his complaints. But he learned to be careful of his wounded jaw, and avoided wrenching it when gnawing his food.

One of the wayfarers whom we occasionally met on the trail toward the setting sun, seeing me perform this painless little surgical operation for Pete some weeks after he came to us, said that he knew the dog. His master, he said, was a brutal fellow, and, being angry with the dog one day, struck him violently on the head with the butt of his rifle. The dog fled howling from the camp, and probably in this way became a wanderer until he made our acquaintance and found friends.

We all liked Pete, and he was on the most intimate terms with all in the camp; but there were two reasons why he attached himself chiefly to me: I had first helped him in trouble, and I had charge of the "grub" in the camp. On the plains, and in fact in all camps, the food is never known by any name but that of grub. From my hands, usually, came the food that was so welcome to Pete. One kind of food which we all liked was known as flapjacks; and Pete liked flapjacks as well as the rest of the camp did. But the labor of cooking them, one at a time in the frying-pan, was too great to make us willing that Pete should have many. To turn a flapjack over in the pan, it is necessary to loosen it a little around the edges, and toss it in the air in such a way that when it comes down in the pan it will be with the cooked side up; and to do this well requires experience. Sometimes, while the cake or flapjack was turning in the air, the wind would catch it

and it would light on the ground instead of in the pan — that flapjack, broken and gritty with sand, was Pete's. And he would solemnly and wistfully sit by the fire watching the cooking of the flapjacks, and waiting for the accidents that were to give him a share of the good things. After a while he became so expert in the art of catching the flying cakes that he knew just when one was going to strike the ground, and his jaws snapped on it before it finally landed in the sand. It might be a pretty hot morsel for Mr. Pete, but he never complained.

"PANTING WITH EXCITEMENT AND FATIGUE, HE LEAPED UP TO MY SHOULDERS."

Our house was a tent, taken down every morning before we turned our faces westward again, and pitched every night on a soft and level spot of earth. Pete was never allowed to sleep in the tent with us, much to his surprise and discontent; but he discovered where I slept near the wall of the tent, and made himself a bed as near the canvas as he could get, and kept watch all night.

When we reached the alkali country, Pete suffered a great deal from sore feet. The alkali makes the spring water unfit for drinking, and makes rough and dry the skins of persons traveling over the trail. After a while Pete's feet were so sore that we made him ride in the wagon.

In Salt Lake City we camped on the edge of the town in an open, grassy square, called Emigrant Square, as directed by the officers of the place. One fine morning we woke to find our oxen gone, although they had been carefully chained to our wagon-wheels the night before. How had anybody unchained the cattle without making any noise? and why did not Pete give the alarm when the thieves came to our camp? Pete! Sure enough, where was Pete? He was nowhere to be found. In vain we searched through the camps of other emigrants; neither the dog nor the oxen were to be seen. The loss of the cattle was most severe, of course, for without oxen we could not go on to California; but to lose Pete was like losing one of our party.

Next day we discovered the cattle in an inclosure that had been covered with brush, as

if to hide what was within. The owner of the place said he found the oxen running at large, and he had taken them up to wait for the rightful owners to appear. He knew nothing about a yellow dog with foxy ears. We thought it best to get out of Salt Lake City at once, and, yoking our cattle to the wagon, we started for Box Elder, a little settlement to the north of the town. With heavy hearts, we jogged along across the fields until we struck the road leading to the settlement. Turning back to look at Salt Lake City, which is a very beautifully situated place near the Great Salt Lake, we saw something leaping through the tall grass of the meadows below us. It came leaping and bounding, rising and falling in the waving windrows of grass, only half visible to us on the road above. "It 's Pete!" cried the boy of the camp. "It 's dear old Peter, as sure 's I 'm alive!"

Sure enough, it was our faithful dog. Panting with excitement and fatigue, for he had run several miles, he leaped up to my shoulders, grinning from ear to ear. He seemed to say, "Is n't this great!" Then he leaped on each member of the party, one after another, with a short, sharp bark of joy. On his neck was a bit of rope by which he had been tied by his captors. The end of the rope showed that he had chewed it through and in that way had made his escape. But how did he know where to look for us? I don't know.

"HE BROUGHT IT INTO CAMP AND LAID IT AT MY FEET." (SEE PAGE 586.)

When we came to the Great Desert, Pete had hard lines indeed. Food was scarce, and the only water we had to drink was that which we had

brought along with us. Usually emigrants planned their journey so as to cross the waterless and treeless desert places in the night, resting at the springs scattered along at great intervals. We had no meat but the salt bacon, and we lived on bacon and stewed beans cooked by a tiny fire made from fuel brought in the wagon. Pete refused beans until, after a time, he became very hungry and was near starving; then he consented to eat some into which a little of our slender stock of bread had been crumbled. Near Rabbit Hole Springs, then a famous watering-place on the dry and dreary desert, Pete caught a small animal resembling a chipmunk or ground-squirrel. He brought it into camp and laid it at my feet, but with a hungry look that seemed to say: "It would be only fair if you gave this to me to eat." Of course Pete got the bit of fresh meat he had brought into camp.

Later on in the desert tramp, we made a night march of nearly forty miles across a wild waste of sand which was not difficult for the feet of man, but was rather heavy for wagon-wheels. The face of the country was rolling and not at all rocky, and as the trail was clear and easy for travel, I wrapped a light blanket about me, for the nights were cool, and went on ahead of the train, Pete following close at my heels. It was a still and starlight night, with only a gentle sigh of the winds breathing over the vast, untrodden, treeless wilderness. The silence was so utter, so complete, that Pete at my heels grew uneasy, and once in a while left the trail behind me and capered up by my side with a forlorn whimper, as if he could not bear that awful silence any longer. I spoke to him with a laugh which seemed to make him understand that things were all right, and then he would drop back contentedly to his place at my heels and give no more trouble until the lonesome fit seized him again.

We reached a deep swale in the sand after a long walk, and, much to Pete's satisfaction, settled down for a rest. He crawled under my blanket, and there, in the stillness of the desert, with the stars blinking down upon us from the dark, dark sky above, I could fancy that we were lost in the lonely heart of the continent. There might be oceans of water, noisy cities, clattering factories, and shrieking railway trains somewhere in the world; but here was nothing but the most complete desolation, a silence that could almost be felt. Presently Pete stirred uneasily and poked his nose out from under the blanket with a grumble. Hearing nothing, I scolded him for his suspicion; but he would not be still, and while I could hear nothing in the darkness, although I listened intently, he bounded out with a tremendous bark, and kept it up in spite of my scolding. Presently, from out of the gloom I heard the voice of one of our fellow-emigrants, who, knowing that I had gone on ahead, had pressed on to overtake me. Pete had detected his light footsteps on the sand when he was a full mile distant from us!

About midnight of our last day in the desert, as we plunged down a steep gulch, we found ourselves, to our great surprise, in the midst of a large camp of emigrants. They were literally camping on the trail — a very foolish thing to do, as anybody can see. Instantly all was confusion. In our train was a drove of cattle, and the foolish campers had a drove lying about their tents. Dogs barked, cattle bellowed, men shouted, and for a time the noise and tumult were great. After a while we managed to get matters straightened out, and, gathering up our own, we plodded on down the trail and out into the rock-strewn plain beyond.

After we had tramped onward a few miles into the weariness of the desert, somebody said, "Where 's Pete?" We whistled and we called, but there was no reply. Pete seldom left my side for even so much as an hour when we were in camp, and never before had left me on the trail. Two of us went back on the trail, and, mounting a big boulder, called and whistled for the missing dog. But all in vain. From where we stood we could see the white tents of the campers shining in the starlight; but there was no sign of Pete. Perhaps his master was in the camp of the men on the trail, and Pete may have been captured by him. Perhaps a camper, anxious to own a dog, had time, in the midst of the hurly-burly, to snare and tie him up to his wagon-wheel. I doubt not that, if free, he certainly would have followed us to the end of the continent. But we never knew whither he vanished, and we never saw him again.

TOM'S SUNSHINE ENGINE.

By Meredith Nugent.

And just to think of it! the "weather man" predicted still more rain. Tom wondered when his engine would have an opportunity of showing how well it could work. "Oh, if the sun would only shine for a few minutes!" he exclaimed irritably; then burying himself in the big chair, he dreamed of his rambles in sunny California the winter previous. As he recalled the days spent in golden orange-groves he smacked his lips in exasperation, and then not even the remembrance of the fine salmon taken from the Penobscot, nor the merry times he had passed with Rohel York trout-fishing in the Rangeleys, could convince him that his own State of Maine was not the dreariest place on earth.

Tom's sunshine engine was a contrivance of his own, and he was very proud of it. It consisted of a stiff writing-paper fly-wheel eight inches in diameter, a paper flanged wheel, straw uprights to support the straw walking-beam and the axle, a split straw driving-rod and piston, and a paper cylinder. The two upright straw supports for the flanged driving-wheel each measured five inches in length, and these were fastened to a discarded glass negative with sealing-wax — absolutely perpendicular, you may be sure. The engine was Tom's invention, and for the benefit of other boys who might wish to make one like it, I will tell you how Tom made his. He began by making a flanged driving-wheel. To do this he pricked three holes in a strip of paper, one for the pin, another 1½ inches from this, and a third ½ inch farther on from the first one.

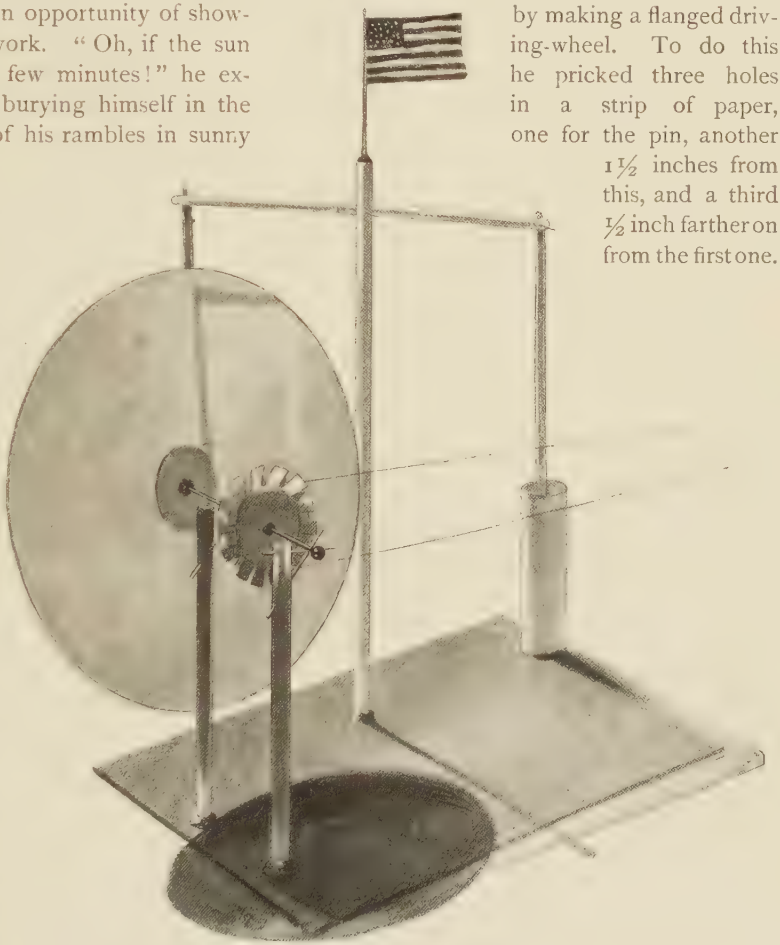


FIG. 1. THE "ENGINE," SHOWING FLY-WHEEL AND FLANGED DRIVING-WHEEL.

Then, laying this strip on a sheet of stiff writing-paper, he pressed a pin through the first hole, placed a pencil-point in the second and described a circle, and then placed the pencil in the third hole and described another circle. After this he marked off the outer circle with a pencil at about every three sixteenths of an inch. On every mark he cut a slit toward the exact

center of the disk as far as the inner pencil circle, not a hairbreadth farther. Then, holding the disk ever so gently, he turned one little cut projection in one direction, and the next in the opposite, just as you see in Fig. 2.

He then made of cardboard a wheel 8 inches in diameter, over the center of which, on both sides, he pasted a small circle of paper to stiffen the wheel where the axle came through.

Straw uprights, he found, were ever so much better than wooden ones, and he strove with all the care possible as he stuck the needles into the uprights, as shown in Fig. 1. Through each of these two vertical straws he thrust a needle at an acute angle upward, and just above where these entered he thrust in another at exactly right angles to each straw. Then through the

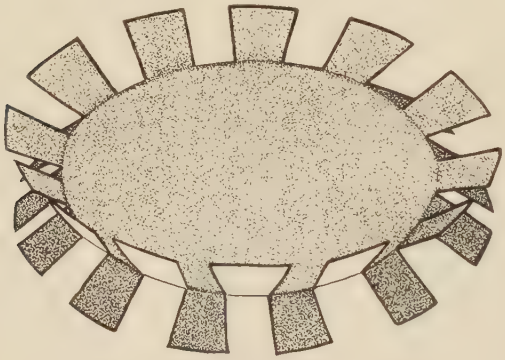


FIG. 2. THE FLANGED DRIVING-WHEEL.

exact center of the flanged wheel he put a "stickpin," and on the point of this he pressed the large wheel. Then he laid this stickpin with its two wheels on the projecting needles, as shown in Fig. 1.

Now he fastened a long straw upright in position, and attached the straw cross-beam to it with a pin, so that it worked without the slightest friction. To each end of the cross-beam he suspended a split straw, one to serve as a piston, the other as a driving-rod. A pin bent as shown in Fig. 3 was stuck through the crank-rod and into the fly-wheel. The holes pierced in the straws were large enough to prevent any but the slightest friction, yet not so large as to permit the pinheads to come through. The dangling piston was allowed to move up and down in a writing-paper cylinder.

When the engine was completed Tom's eyes fairly gleamed with satisfaction, and little Gyp just barked and jumped at him as though she were equally pleased.

Then Tom went to work on the "power plant," as he called it, for as a matter of fact the part that we have just described as if it were the "engine" is in reality the "load," or the driven part; it was Tom's joke that made it appear as if the load were driving the engine.

We will now describe the "sure enough" engine — the part that Tom said really "did the business."

He attached a square bit of cardboard to one end of a knitting-needle with plenty of sealing-wax, and then with more sealing-wax fastened straws on top of this at exactly the same distances apart. Over these straws he drew half-sheets of writing-paper, and fastened these in position with sealing-wax, so that they should all remain at the same angle (Fig. 3). Then he stuck a circle of pins around a slice of a large cork, so that they formed oblique angles upward. Then, just above where these pierced the cork, he placed another circle of pins at oblique angles downward. He used a wooden upright, to the top of which he attached one end of a piece of cardboard at right angles, as shown in the picture. Near the projecting end of this cardboard he bored a hole, and about this fastened three needles with sealing-wax, so as to form a small triangle for the vertical knitting-needle to revolve in. He also fastened a bit of cardboard with a hole in it to the negative upon which the wooden upright was fastened, and placed three needles across this also, so as to form a triangle directly under the upper one. These needle triangles are not shown in Fig. 3, and are really not absolutely necessary. Then, to avoid any chance of friction, he sharpened the lower end of the knitting-needle with coarse sandpaper. This done he lowered the point of the knitting-needle down to the opening in the horizontal cardboard strip, pressed the point of it exactly through the center of the cork wheel, and lowered it again until the sharp tip rested on the glass negative. Nothing remained but to connect the cork wheel and the paper-flanged wheel of the other "engine" with a piece of thread hanging rather loosely, as shown in picture.

And now, if the sun would only shine! Tom's engine stood right in front of the large south window, a gem of careful workmanship, but as motionless as though it were never intended to move. The clouds still scudded rapidly northward as the boy hurried to school the next morning, and not a sign could he detect of clearing weather.

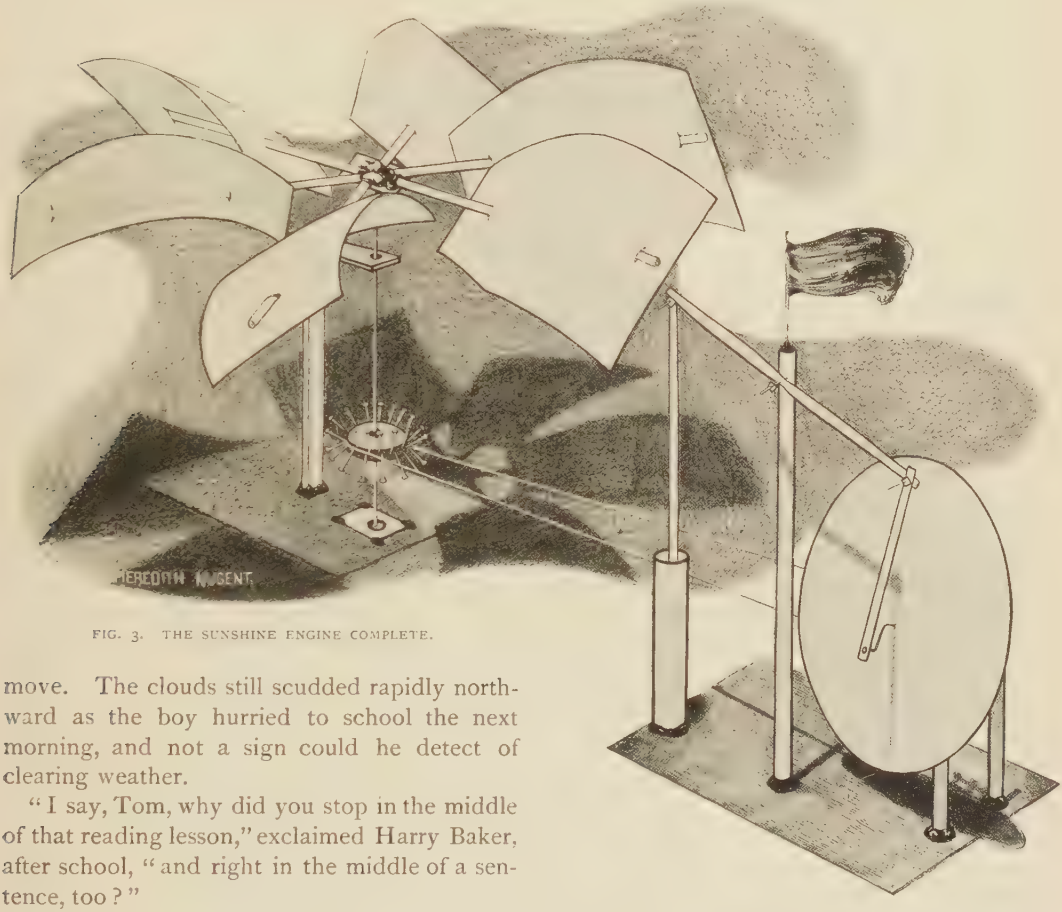


FIG. 3. THE SUNSHINE ENGINE COMPLETE.

"I say, Tom, why did you stop in the middle of that reading lesson," exclaimed Harry Baker, after school, "and right in the middle of a sentence, too?"

"Well, you come along with me, and I 'll show you why I stopped," retorted Tom, somewhat nettled at having so much fun poked at him; "only hurry up," he added on reaching the lower steps, "for I am going to run." Run they did, and in an incredibly short time Tom had thrown open the door of his sunny room.

"But what makes it go, Tom, what makes it go?" repeated Harry Baker, excitedly, as they gazed on the remarkable piece of mechanism.

"What do you think makes it go?" said Tom, proudly, and with a slight air of mystery.

Harry scratched his head and tried to solve the puzzle. He looked first on one side of the engine, then on the other, then under the table, and then unconsciously reached out his hand as though groping for invisible threads.

"I 'll give it up," he said after a few minutes. "Tell me, tell me, what *does* make it go?"

"Sunlight!" shouted Tom, whose exuberance now burst forth in a wild hilarity. And while the little fly-wheel revolved just like that of a real engine, exultant Tom went on to explain the details of his wonderful mechanism, which, as he had told Harry, was run by no other power than the heat rays arising from the glorious sunshine itself.

Any boy reader of ST. NICHOLAS may build sunshine engines for himself by carefully following Tom's method of working; be sure, however, to bend all your energies to the work as did this young inventor, for then you will succeed, and the sunshine will run your little engine for you day after day and week after week.

WHAT ANOTHER SUMMER BROUGHT TO DENISE AND NED TOODLES.

By Gabrielle E. Jackson.

"DENISE RAISED HER HEAD FROM HER HANDS AND LISTENED FOR THE SECOND CALL."

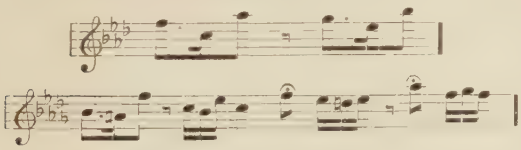
Chapter I.

WHAT THE WOOD-THRUSH TOLD.

Denise sat all alone in her phaëton, her elbows resting upon her knees and her chin propped upon her hands. The soft brown curls fell all about her face, and the brown eyes, which matched the curls in color, looked dreamily off toward the glassy river. The linen carriage-robe had slipped from her knees, and one end trailed out upon the green grass on which the phaëton stood; for she had driven out of the main road into a little byway leading up the mountain,— her favorite spot for a

"good, quiet think,"—and she and Ned Toodles were reveling in the beauty of that early spring day. The atmosphere was so balmy, so filled with the thousand promises of spring, the sun so warm and comforting without the oppressive heat that would come later in the season, and all nature so entrancing in the exquisitely soft green of her new spring attire, that it was no wonder the sensitive, imaginative child of eleven should be transported into a fairy-like reverie, or the little pony, which had now been her constant companion for more than eighteen months, should, so far as an animal can sympathize with a human being's moods, enter into sympathy with Denise's. He stood perfectly still, his head drooping and the usually wide-awake eyes partly closed, as though he, too, had nearly slipped away into a land of dreams.

Presently from out the woodland came the incomparable call of the wood-thrush, rising from its soft, tender note to the clear, joyous call which told to all the world that life was, oh, so sweet! Denise raised her head from her hands and listened for the second call which she knew would follow. It came, and this time a little nearer, as though the bird were searching the woods for its mate. Then back went the answering call, but not from the bird's mate. Raising her head, Denise puckered up the soft red lips, and clear and sweet from between them came the



Then she listened for the reply. It came, and so did the bird. Peering cautiously from the leafy covert, it hopped nearer and nearer to the still figures at the roadside, as though asking, "Where is she?"

Denise smiled, but made no sound; and the little bird, deciding that those odd-looking creatures so near by were harmless, opened his tiny beak and, clear and sweet at her very side, gave his entrancing call again.

The moment it ceased, Denise repeated hers, and for a few moments a very bewildered little bird flitted about the nearest trees, until at last, with an indignant flourish of his brown tail, he flew off to seek his own little lady-love.

As he disappeared into the wood, a merry laugh rippled after him, and, giving one bound, Denise sprang over the wheels and landed upon the grass beside Ned. The move was a sudden one, but Ned was used to moves of all sorts; so, giving a soft little whinny of welcome, he aroused himself, took a step or two nearer, and poked his head under Denise's arm. She dropped upon the soft grass, saying:

"Ned Toodles, it 's springtime! springtime! springtime! I *am* so glad, are n't you?" And, cuddling both arms about the warm head which was thrust into her lap as she sat there, she buried her face in the silky forelock and "snuggled" as hard as she could. Ned responded by a succession of subdued whinnies, as though saying: "More delighted than I can express, for spring means green grass, long walks with you, and no bother with blankets."

"Now, Ned, listen," continued Denise, for these conversations were by no means uncommon—they were held daily. "Spring means warm weather, warm weather means vacation, vacation means Pokey! What do you think of that? You see, Ned Toodles, Pokey is clever, very clever indeed! and some day she is going to be famous, because she told me so. She is going to study hard and get to be a teacher, and buy a dear little house, and furnish it, and have her mother live with her always. But, to do that, she must study hard while she is a little girl, and that is what she is doing now—oh, *so* hard! And just as soon as vacation comes, Pokey will come out here, and—THEN!" This thought was too tremendous to be dealt with sitting, and, springing up, Denise cried:

"Let 's go home just as fast as ever we can, Ned, for I 've a sort of feeling that something fine is going to happen"; and she scrambled into the phaëton and was soon spinning down the road toward home.

Chapter II.

AN OLD FRIEND AND A NEW ONE.

It was the 20th of April—Tan's birthday! At least, Denise considered it his birthday; for upon that date, when she was a wee lassie of four, Tan had been given to her—although

they certainly had not come into the world upon the same day, for Tan was "no kid" when she got him. That he was more than seven and a half years of age she knew, and a friend of her father's who was well up in animal lore said that Tan was not far from fourteen years of age, to judge from the rings upon his horns, which were almost as distinct as those seen upon the Rocky Mountain sheep, which Tan resembled both in size and color. So Tan was growing old for a goat, and during the past winter had suffered somewhat from rheumatism. The veterinary who came to see him did all he could to afford him relief, but said that Tan would probably not live through another winter. But as spring drew near Tan improved steadily, and when the warm days came and he could go out in his field to crop the fresh, sweet grass, it seemed just the tonic he required, and he grew quite gay and frisky. He still followed Denise whenever he could do so, but in some of their long rambles often grew tired and stopped stock-still in the road to pant after a particularly hard climb.

THE "POWWOW" IN THE TREE. (SEE PAGE 595.)

Ned, Sailor, and Beauty Buttons were not able to understand, although Sailor himself, it must be confessed, was not very young.

Directly after luncheon was eaten, Denise flew out to the "Birds' Nest"; for the pretty little play-house and stable for her pets was still as dear to her as upon the day she had received the key to it from papa's hand. Running into the

part which held the carriages for Ned and Tan, she took down Tan's harness, which had not been put on him for many a long day, wheeled out the little carriage, and then went to the door to whistle for Tan.

Out upon the grass in front of the "Birds' Nest" Denise rolled the little old-fashioned carriage, and then turned to greet Tan, who, at the first sight of these familiar objects, felt his poor old bones filled with new life, and his loving old heart beat for joy, for these meant that he was again to draw the little carriage and, as he supposed, his beloved little mistress. With a prolonged *baa-aa-a-a-a*, he came trotting toward her as fast as his stiff legs permitted, and rubbed his head against her sleeve by way of telling her how pleased he was.

It was only a moment's work to her practised hands to adjust the harness, and Tan was a proud goat as he waited for her to get into the carriage. But she had no intention of doing so. Such a load as her plump little self was not to be thought of; so, bidding him stand perfectly still, she ran back into the play-house, and a moment later reappeared with a little pink flannelette blanket, bound all around the edges with black braid, and a piece of broad pink ribbon.

"Here, Beauty Buttons," she called to the tiny black-and-tan terrier, which was enjoying a sun-bath in the play-house dining-room, "come and ride in Tan's wagon, for I 'm too heavy"; and down trotted the small dog, to be dressed in the blanket she had made for this festive occasion, and adorned with a bow to match. He knew well enough what was expected, and hopped into the carriage. Denise put the reins over his neck, and there he sat, a brave little groom, while Denise went up to Tan's head and took hold of the bridle. Poor old Tan! all aches and pains were forgotten, and he stepped off in his bravest style.

Now we will go over there under the apple-trees, and I 'll dress you all up," said Denise; and off they went, and presently were standing beneath trees so filled with beautiful bloom that they looked like huge bouquets. The boughs hung low, and before long, Tan had nearly disappeared under his decorations, for sprigs of apple-blossoms were stuck in every part of the harness where it was possible to place them, the carriage and Beauty also coming in for their share. When all was finished, Denise led Tan to the rear porch and gave a "bob-white" call. It was almost instantly answered by a "bob-white" from within, and her mother's face appeared at an upper window.

"What is this, sweetheart — a flower fête?" asked Mrs. Lombard, smiling at the posy-bank under her window.

"Is n't it pretty?" cried Denise; "and did you ever see such lovely blossoms? Tan seems so much better, and I think he will be all right now that warm weather has come again, don't you?"

"I should not wonder a bit," was the comforting reply.

"Have you a letter?" asked Denise, noticing that her mother held an envelop in her hand.

"Yes, dear. It is a letter from Mrs. Murray, saying that they will be back in their old home this week, and that we may expect to see the house open any day. I am so pleased to hear such good news; for it has seemed very lonely to have our nearest neighbor's house shut up all these years. I wonder if you can remember her children at all? The eldest was only six months older than you, and a dear little lad."

"I am afraid I can't," said Denise, wagging her head solemnly, as though she were found wanting in something.

"Well, keep your weather eye open," said Mrs. Lombard, laughing, "and when you see some one whom you don't know, just say to yourself, 'That is an old friend.'"

"I will," answered Denise, joining in the laugh, and turning to lead Tan and his passenger back under the trees. The apple-trees grew near to the fence which divided Mr. Lombard's property from his neighbor's, and that particular corner of the grounds was always a favorite one of Denise's. Up in one tree was her "cubby," beneath two others swung her hammock, and upon the velvety grass beneath them she spent many a happy hour reading, while Ned Toodles, Tan, Sailor, Beauty Buttons, and the kittens stood, sat, or stretched themselves about her at their will. A hedge of currant-bushes grew along the fence, concealing all that took place within or beyond.

Denise had led Tan to a particularly inviting spot, and taken him from the shafts, although she had not removed the harness and its decorations. Beauty had hopped out of the carriage, and was now sprawled out like a big frog. Seating herself in one of the rustic benches under the trees, Denise drew Tan toward her, and began to pet him. She rambled on in the odd way she had of sharing all her thoughts with her pets (safe confidants, who never betrayed her secrets, and who loved the voice for the voice's sake). Presently a loud, impatient whinny caused her to look over toward the play-house.

"Do you hear that?" she demanded. "I do believe that Ned is jealous for the first time in his life"; and she answered the whinny by giving a peculiar piping whistle.

A stamping and a clatter were the result, and presently John's voice was heard shouting: "Hi, you young scamp! Don't ye dare thry that thrick on me ag'in. It 's takin' out yer own bar-fastening ye 'll be, is it? Don't ye dare! There," as the sound of dropping bars told that Ned was free. "Get-t-t out beyant to Miss Denise, and cut no more capers." And, with a rattle and clatter, out rushed Ned, to come tearing over the grass toward Denise. His abrupt exit so startled the kittens, who were basking in the sunshine just outside the door, that they bounced up like two rubber balls, and tore along ahead of him, with tails stuck straight up in the air like bottle-brushes. They did not stop their flight until they were safe in the branches above Denise's head.

As though to rebuke such unseemly haste, Sailor arose majestically from his favorite corner of the piazza, and, descending the steps, came slowly across the lawn, waving his plumy tail like a flag of truce, and looking with dignified contempt upon such mad antics as Ned was just then giving way to. And for a climax to his performance, Ned rushed around and around two or three times, evidently regarding Denise's pealing laughter as wild applause, and then, coming toward her with a rush, bumped against old Tan and nearly upset him, as he pushed him aside to put *his* saucy nose where Tan's had been.

It was all done so quickly that Denise hardly realized what had happened, till she was startled by a hearty, boyish laugh from the other side of the hedge, and, turning quickly, saw a lad of about twelve looking over the fence and laughing. Giving Ned a shake by his little silky ears, Denise pushed him from her and hopped up from the bench, saying: "Is n't he the craziest thing you ever saw? I suppose you are the person I am to see and not to know a bit, but am to call an old friend"; and with this bewildering announcement, she went over to the fence to speak to the still amused boy.

Hastily reaching in the pocket of his immaculate little overcoat, he drew from it a small card-case, and taking from it a little card, handed it to Denise with a truly Chesterfieldian air, as he raised his cap and waited for her to read the name.

Although a carefully bred child, Denise had not had much experience in conventionalities, and did not go about with a card-case in her pocket. So it never occurred to her to throw any formality into her reply, and her next words banished forever any misgivings the boy might have entertained as to the outcome of this act. "Will she be stiff and prim?" had been his inward doubt while coming back to the home so long untenanted by his parents, and learning that their next-door neighbor had an only daughter of about his own age. He had been at school abroad, and "manners polite" had been as breakfast, dinner, and supper to him for three long years, till very little of the genuine boy appeared upon the surface, however much it seethed and bubbled beneath. True to his training, the card had been produced when occasion called for it; but the sigh of relief which came at Denise's next words told that a mighty burden had been lifted from his boyish soul.

"Oh, how perfectly splendid! You are Hart Murray, mama's old friend's son. Come straight over the fence and let me show you all my pets, and we 'll talk till we can't think of another word to say!"

Chapter III.

HART.

No second invitation was needed, and, resting one hand upon the fence, Hart gave one of those "neck-or-nothing bounds" which only

boys can make, and the next instant stood beside the surprised girl.

"How under the sun did you do it?" she exclaimed; for, never having had any boy companions excepting her cousins from the city, Denise hardly knew what to expect.

"Oh, that 's nothing," answered the boy, modestly, as he followed Denise over the lawn, and a moment later was surrounded by her inquisitive family. Ned promptly struck an attitude, and sniffed from afar in long, audible breaths; Tan presented arms, so to speak, by trying to rear upon his hind legs as of old, and make believe to butt the new-comer; Sailor walked right up to him and put his paw into his hand; and Beauty, not to be outdone in politeness, instantly began to do his tricks for their guest's benefit, finally sitting up on his hind legs to "beg" and "sneeze" three times in rapid succession. Overhead the kittens kept up a sort of accompaniment to the others' performances by running rapidly up and down the limbs and meowing incessantly.

"I say! What a lot of them!" exclaimed the boy. "And are n't they dandies?"

"Yes, I think that they *are* a pretty nice group. Tan is all dressed up because it is his birthday."

"Not really! What a joke, for it 's mine, too. I 'm twelve years old to-day, and that is the reason I came out here — a sort of birthday treat, don't you see."

"How funny!" cried Denise; "but is n't it splendid, too! Let 's leave my pets down here to enjoy themselves while you and I get up into the tree. See the seats up there? It 's a fine place for a powwow."

Hart glanced up into the blossom-laden tree, and, without another word, began to scramble into its fragrant depths, Denise following as nimbly as a squirrel. Seating themselves upon bits of board which had been nailed in the branches, they at once availed themselves of one blessed privilege of youth, and asked questions by the dozen.

"When did you come out?" was Denise's first question.

"Just before luncheon, with Mrs. Dean, the housekeeper. Father and mother won't be out until to-morrow. But I could n't wait any longer. You see, I had n't seen the place since I was just a little kid only five years old, and mother said that she had always lived here when she was a girl, and that your mother was her old school friend. And then she told me about your pets, and — and — well, she said that she hoped you and I would grow to be good friends too, don't you see"; and the handsome blue eyes smiled in the friendliest way. Hart was a handsome boy, tall and well formed for a boy of twelve, with a firm mouth, fine teeth, and the most winning smile imaginable. Little brown Denise was an exact opposite; for his hair was a mass of golden waves, hers as dark as a seal's.

"Why, of course we 'll be friends," said Denise, heartily.

As they sat chattering, a musical "bob-white" whistle sounded almost beneath their feet, and Mrs. Lombard's face peered through the boughs.

"That boy up there is Hart Murray," she said merrily. "I know, for he has stolen his mother's eyes and golden hair and come out here to masquerade. Come straight down and let me shake hands with you."

It would have been hard to resist Mrs. Lombard's cordial welcome, and a moment later Hart's slender hand lay in hers, and she was smiling into his face as only Mrs. Lombard could smile. "I thought I heard a wondrous piping out in the old apple-tree," she said, "and came out to learn what manner of bird had taken possession. I have found a rare one, sure enough, and shall try to induce it to spend a good part of its time in my grounds."

"I don't believe it will need much coaxing," was the laughing reply.

"Oh, we have laid all sorts of splendid plans already," cried Denise, "and were just going over to the stables when you whistled. Come with us, moddie."

Slipping her arm about her mother's waist, Denise led the way. Resting her hand upon the shoulder of the tall boy walking beside her, Mrs. Lombard asked: "And what are the plans for good times?"

"Oh, all sorts of things. Father says that he will get me a pony, and a boat. Denise and I can have jolly rides, and I 'll take her rowing if you will let her go. Will you?" he asked eagerly.

"Dear me! who will guarantee her safe return?" asked Mrs. Lombard.

"Oh, I 'll take first-rate care of her, if you 'll only let her come; please say yes."

Ned Toodles had always displayed a very marked aversion for any one resembling a man, and it was funny enough to watch his attitude toward Hart. At first he submitted to being petted with the air of "Well, good breeding compels me to show no aversion, but, remember, you are only accepted on probation." But Hart was too manly a chap to torment an animal, and before long Ned grew very fond of him.

The stable did not boast a man's saddle, and Ned would be likely to make things pretty lively for the first masculine creature attempting to mount him. So when Hart asked if he could ride him, Denise said, "I shall have to get the new saddle from the harness-room," and went to the pretty little closet containing all Ned's belongings. Taking from it her own beautiful little saddle with its castor seat and immaculate saddle-cloth, she hastily rigged up a stirrup upon the right side, unscrewed the pommels, and, heigh, presto! there was your man's saddle fine as a fiddle.

Ned was then taken from his stall, and the saddle adjusted. So far, so good. That move was not an unusual one, and his little mistress had superintended the operation. No doubt she was going to ride him, even though she had rigged up that queer dangling thing upon the right side of the saddle.

Arrived at the entrance gate, Hart prepared to mount the pony.

Denise knew Ned's peculiarities regarding boys, but it seemed impolite to say more than that he did not like *some* boys. But well enough she knew that there would be, as she mentally termed it, "a high old time" when Hart tried to ride Ned. However, Ned was not vicious, and the worst outcome of the venture would be a spill, which, she thought, Hart would not mind in the least. Now Ned's usual procedure, when submitted to the indignity of a boyish burden, was to stand perfectly still until he had his victim safe upon his back, looking, meanwhile, the very picture of innocence and meekness — a sort of "what-a-good-boy-am-I" expression. So when Hart gathered up the bridle in the most scientific manner,— for he had ridden ever since he was old enough, and was a skilful little horseman,—Ned wagged one ear wisely and "prepared for action."

Hart placed his foot in the stirrups, adjusting the makeshift one to his satisfaction. "Now, old fellow, let 's show our paces!" he said, and Ned took him at his word. First a sedate walk, smooth and easy as a rocking-chair, but gradually growing more rapid. Charming! The walk then changed into a trot, quite the park gait. Now a gentle lope. *Could* anything be more perfect than that gait? His rider became more than ever convinced that the animal he was bestriding was the most perfectly broken one he had ever ridden. All this time one wise eye was cocked knowingly backward, to watch the boy upon his back, and note with great satisfaction that his confidence in his mount was momentarily increasing. Then! Off like a mad thing, tail up in the air, head down, and Tam o' Shanter's imps in hot pursuit, till about three blocks are told off. HALT! Up went the hind legs, and down went the head, and it is indeed a skilled rider who sticks on at that point of the game.

But this time Master Ned had reckoned without his host, for his host "did n't spill worth a cent," as that host himself asserted. Then came a tussle, and up and down the road tore that crazy little beast, bent upon dislodging Hart or dying in the attempt. Meanwhile Denise was standing at the gate, screaming with laughter, and Mrs. Lombard looking on with considerable anxiety. Hart's hat had long since sailed into a neighboring field, and most of his attire looked as though he had dressed himself in the dark. But he was still on Ned's back, and, so far as that bad little scamp's efforts were concerned, likely to stay there.

"Ned Toodles, how *can* you be so bad!" cried Denise. Ned stopped short at that sound, and took time to consider the situation. Fatal moment! Fatal, at least, for Hart; for into that wise little horse-noddle flashed an idea, which without a second's hesitation was acted upon. With a wild, triumphant neigh, he wheeled short around, made a rush for an open gate at the end of the grounds, pelted through it like a

monstrous cannon-ball, and a second later was in Buttercup's cow-yard. Now Buttercup was the dearest cow in the world, and her eyes were beautiful to behold, and her coat was like satin. But the barn-yard — well, they are very nice places for *cows*. Into this yard came Ned like a tornado, scaring poor Buttercup out of her wits, for, although upon the friendliest of terms, she had never before received a visit from Ned.

"So you *won't* get off my back!" said Ned's face and attitude, as plainly as words could have said it. "We 'll see!" And down he went flat upon his side. What happened next would better be left untold. Alas for the pretty castor saddle! When Denise arrived upon the scene Ned was still resting from his labors, Hart stood staring at the peacefully reposing animal with a decidedly crestfallen air, and John had come up to "drop a casual word" on affairs in general.

Ned had never been whipped, but he came near to chastisement that time, and did not forget his sound scolding; but after that an armistice was declared, and Hart was permitted to ride all he wished, Ned evidently feeling that he had earned the right to do so.

Not long after this, Hart's pony was given to him, and although somewhat larger than Ned Toodles, as warm a friendship was formed by the two little horses as existed between their master and mistress. "Pinto," as Hart's pony was named, on account of his peculiar markings, was a dear little beastie, although he never attained to the degree of intelligence that Ned displayed as the years went on. But that, no doubt, was because his life had not been so closely associated with a human being as Ned's had been ever since he became Denise's pet.

Denise and Hart, mounted upon Ned and Pinto, ranged the country far and wide, and it was a far corner indeed that they did not find their way into, sooner or later. Those spring months, with all their bud and bloom, were halcyon days for the boy and girl, for Hart literally lived at Mrs. Lombard's home, till Mrs. Murray, who was calling one day, said to her: "Emilie Lombard, when do you intend to send in my son's board bill? This is simply dreadful! He is hardly out of bed in the morning before he is making some excuse to come over here."

"Let him come as often as he likes, please. It is good for Denise to have such a sturdy playmate, for she has never had any real crony but Pokey, who is such a gentle little soul that I 'm afraid Denise will think more of her own way than some one's else."

"Well, you have no idea what it means to me to have that boy so happily associated!" exclaimed Mrs. Murray. "Denise is just the jolly little chum for him to have."

"It all seems too delightful to be true," said Mrs. Lombard; "and to have you again for my neighbor after all these years of separation makes me feel like a young girl again."

"You have never been anything else," replied Mrs. Murray; "for you have stayed young with Denise, and that is the secret of your beautiful attitude toward each other. Well, you must not let Hart remain to dinner tonight, at all events," added Mrs. Murray. "Send him home in time to dine with his father, or I do not know what will happen."

"Very well; home he goes at the stroke of five, to remove all traces of the afternoon's siege before Mr. Murray's arrival at six."

"Yes, please; it will be a real kindness: for my time is so occupied with the other children that I fear I have let Hart 'paddle his own canoe' more than I should have done. But they are all so small that they need me more. Good-by, and run over when you can."

(To be continued.)

BLUE MONDAY.

A COMEDY IN WAX.

(Begun in the November number.)

By B. L. Farjeon.

Chapter XX.

Lulla, Lulla, Lullaby.

The appearance of the grounds of Marybud Lodge did not favor the idea that the world was coming to an end, what was taking place thereon being particularly lively and jolly. The little estate having no regular orchard, the fruit-trees were dotted about here, there, and everywhere, in the most charming disregard of mathematical system; and this made it all the more delightful, because you were continually coming upon a fruit-tree when you least expected it. The apples and pears were growing, but were not yet eatable; the cherries, however, were quite ripe and very fine, one white-heart tree in particular eliciting a chorus of admiring "oh's!" Loushkin's tremendous height gave him a great advantage over the other celebrities, and being a glutton in the eating of fruit, he stuffed himself with cherries as fast as he could pluck them. To the general outcry that he was not playing fair he paid no attention. Cries of "Unfair!" "Oh, you greedy!" fell upon deaf ears. He paid no regard to them, and looked down upon the royal pigmies with disdain. None of the warriors had the hardihood to come to blows with him; even the Lion-heart did not feel himself equal to such a contest.

It was Tom Thumb who solved the difficulty, and who once more proved to be the hero of the party.

"I 'll be lambasted if I 'm going to stand this!" he cried; and he ran to the kitchen and returned with Mrs. Peckham's toasting-fork,

with which he prodded the giant's legs, by way of little pin-pricks, which made him stamp and roar. But Tom easily dodged the huge legs; nimbly and gleefully did he skip in and out, like a school-boy playing a game, and continued to tease Loushkin till the giant could stand it no longer, and cried a truce. To show that he bore no malice, he hoisted Tom up into the tree, and the little man climbed to the higher branches, loaded with magnificent cherries, which he threw down to the eager celebrities, who feasted on them to their heart's content. They were all very gay, and behaved more like children than the famous people they were. It was hard to believe that the world, at one time and another, stood in awe of them. Queen Elizabeth had taken a great fancy to Lydia, who had put cherries with double stalks over Lucy's ears and her own, and so far unbent as to say:

"Those cherry ear-rings in thine ears become thee marvelously well. Fix a pair in mine, maiden."

The fashion being set, all the ladies followed suit, as is the way of ladies, and were presently walking about decked with cherry ear-rings. Richard III, in a crafty voice, was complimenting Mary Queen of Scots upon her beautifully shaped ears, which these adornments, he declared, made even more beautiful, when she, taking his compliments in earnest, asked him to sling a hammock for her between two trees. This he proceeded to do, and when he had finished, he offered his hand to the lady to assist her. But Tom Thumb, who had been watching him, sprang forward and cried:

"Do not use it, Scotland's Queen! See—he has so cunningly twined the ropes that the moment you get into the hammock you will fall to the ground." Then, turning to the crooked king, he said: "You will earn the tar and feathers yet, Richard Three, and I shall be glad to be at the barbecue."

"Pest on thee!" exclaimed Richard III. "How darest thou interfere, and what meanest thou by thy tar and feathers?"

"It is a national institootion, monarch," replied Tom Thumb, "—an institution which the free and enlightened citizens of a great republic are much skilled in and greatly proud of."

"Nay, Tom of the Thumb," said Richard Cœur de Lion, "thou canst not claim that novel penalty as a national institution, for it is one of our own ordinances, devised for the punishment of knaves when we were on the English throne."

"Knave in thy teeth!" cried Richard III, "darest thou apply that epithet to us?"

"Ay, thou false rogue. I dare that, and more, and will prove it, an thou wilt, on thy scurvy pate."

"Bully for you!" said Tom Thumb. "Now, Richard Three, speak your little speaklet and show your muscle."

But the surly monarch slunk away, muttering direst vengeance against the little man and all his royal cousins.

Queen Elizabeth, who had been standing near, said to Lucy:

"Our gallant little Tom of the Thumb hath a shrewd head upon his shoulders. Had he more inches he would have been a great soldier. As for the hammock, we deem such beds a sweet resting-place for babes, while the careful mother, rocking it, sings a lullaby. We do not recall that Will Shakspere wrote a lullaby for babes. If he had done so it would surely be sung in every English home. There are some sweet lullaby words in that marvelous play 'A Midsommer Nights Dreame,' writ in the true spirit of poesie. Titania—do you know who Titania was, child?"

"No, your Majesty," replied Lucy, embarrassed at having to display her ignorance.

"You should, child. She was the fairy queen, and fell in love with a donkey. Titania says to her train:

> 'Come, now a Roundel, and a Fairy song;
> . . . Sing me now asleepe,
> Then to your offices, and let me rest.'

How doth the chorus run? 'M, 'm, 'm! Ha, I have it:

> 'Philomele, with melody,
> Sing in your sweet Lullaby;
> Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
> Never harme, nor spell, nor charme,
> Come our lovely Lady nye,
> So good night, with Lullaby.'"

"Lulla, lulla, lullaby," sang Lucy to herself. "How beautiful it is! 'So, good night with

lullaby. Lulla, lulla, lullaby.' And here is the prettiest daisy-chain of all for you. I love you, Queen Elizabeth."

"And we love thee, sweet child," said Queen Elizabeth. "When our revels here are ended we shall be always pleased to see thee in our court at Marylebone. It will gladden our eyes to look on thee when thou art grown to be a maiden like thy sister Lydia."

"I will come often," said Lucy, and went on singing "Lulla, lulla, lullaby," as she moved about the grounds. She could not forget the words, nor for that matter did she wish to forget them.

"And we lay it upon thee," continued Queen Elizabeth, "that now and again thou shalt devote an hour to the sweet singer whose poems shed luster on our reign. Whither is the fair Lydia flying? There is quicksilver in her pretty feet. Goeth she to put a girdle round the earth?"

"To the front gate," cried Lucy, starting up. "I hear Harry Bower's voice!"

"Run, child, run. Our trusty knight, Tom of the Thumb, will remain by our side."

Oliver Cromwell was keeping guard when the front door-bell rang, and kept his hand on Sir Rowley's collar as the old gardener limped forward to open the gate.

"Be that you, Mr. Bower?" Sir Rowley called.

"Yes, Rowley," answered Harry, outside.

"Open the gate—quick!" cried Lydia. "Don't be frightened, Harry!"

In a twinkling the gate was open and shut, Harry was inside, and Oliver Cromwell, stern and straight, was looking down upon the young man.

Lydia rushed into Harry's arms and kissed him, and he kissed her. They forgot that everybody was looking on.

Cromwell frowned. Mary Queen of Scots and Mme. Sainte Amaranthe laughed.

Harry Bower had in his arms a packet of immense size.

"I have brought them, Lydia," he whispered.

"The chocolate creams, Harry?"

"Yes; fourteen pounds in pound bags—I bought some of every sort they had in the shop."

He did not show any astonishment at what was going on around him, whatever he might have felt. Lydia's letter had prepared him for the most amazing events, and he kept saying to himself as he walked to Marybud Lodge: "Harry, my boy, you must not be surprised at anything you see. There is something very mysterious behind all this, but Lydia knows what she is about, so be prepared for wonders." That is why he did not take to his heels when he saw all those strangely attired celebrities staring at him, and why he smiled quite brightly when a little old woman in black came forward and said:

"Take him away, Lucy and Lydia, and tell him everything."

So the two girls conducted the fortunate young man to a secluded part of the grounds called the Nut Walk, and poured the wonderful news into his ears. He took it all very coolly, the only remarks he made while they were talking being, "Yes, yes, yes," "Oh, of course," "Very natural."

"But are you not surprised, Harry?" asked Lydia.

"A little—inside of me," he answered.

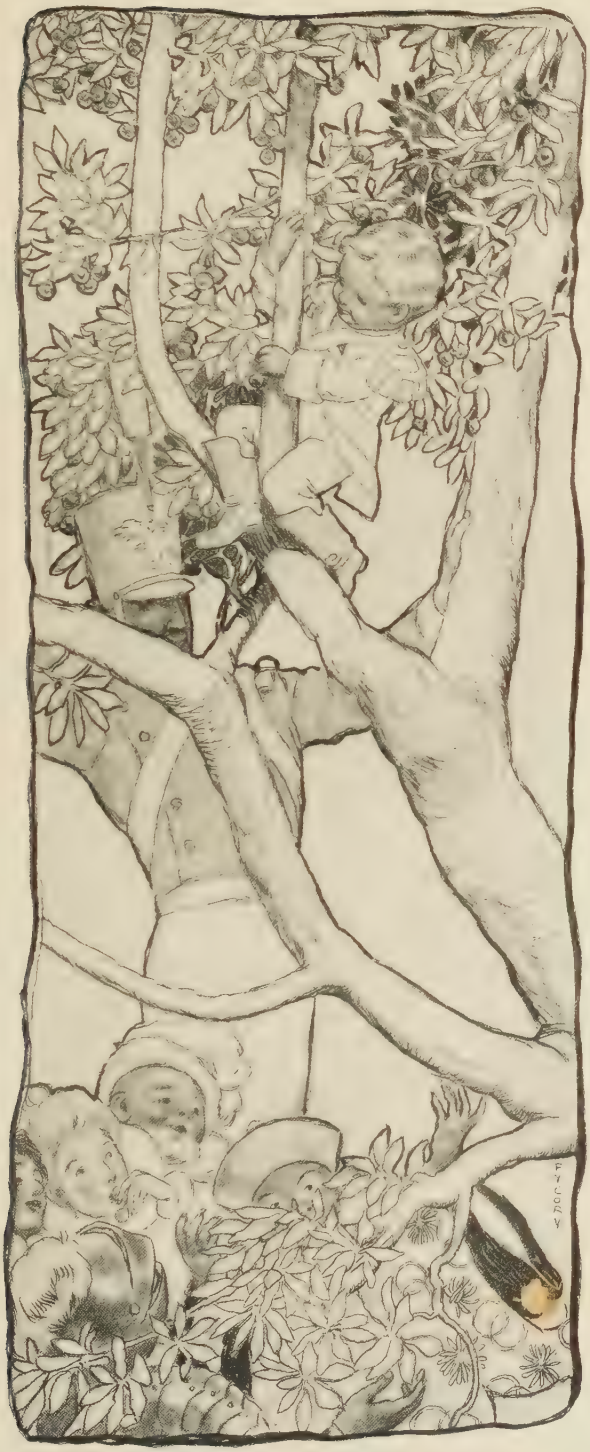
"You would never have guessed, would you?"

"Never. But now that I know what it is, and see them all walking about, and hear them all talking, it seems the most natural thing in the world. What did you say in your letter? That you had every confidence in the strange friends by whom you were surrounded. That is enough for me. *I* have every confidence in the strange friends by whom *I* am surrounded. Can Lydia be wrong in *any*thing she says, Lucy? No, she cannot. Would I go through fire and water for Lydia? Yes, I would. Is n't this much pleasanter than going through fire and water? Yes, it is. There it is in a nutshell."

"You dear boy!" said Lydia, brimming over with love for him.

"You dear girl!" said Harry, brimming over with love for her.

Then they both threw their arms round Lucy, and lavished the fondest endearments on her for having brought them together so happily, and Lucy said, "It *is* nice, is n't it?"



"TO SHOW THAT HE BORE NO MALICE, LOUSHKIN HOISTED TOM UP INTO THE TREE."

"I came here prepared, you see," said Harry, pursuing the theme. "If, when I entered the Lodge, I had seen all the trees walking about, dressed in the latest fashion, and all the cherries had hopped off the branches and run after me, begging me to eat them, and if your dear little pony had trotted up to me and remarked in French that it was a bright day, but that he feared we should have rain, I should have thought nothing of it at all, after reading Lydia's letter."

"We must n't stop talking here any longer," said Lucy. "There are things to be purchased; we have a grand dinner-party to-night, and Mrs. Peckham has nothing to cook."

"Listen to Mama Lucy," said Harry, merrily. "Lydia, I think I shall marry Lucy instead of you."

"I would n't have you, Harry," said Lucy, in a stately way. "You are the property of another person. Come along, come along."

Harry was introduced to the celebrities, and immediately won their good graces by distributing three pounds of chocolate creams among them. Mme. Tussaud took charge of the remainder, saying it would not do to make her people sick. Then she and Lucy and Lydia went into the kitchen and discussed provisions with the Marchioness of Barnet, and if anything were needed to complete their happiness it was supplied by old Mr. Scarlett, who popped in and said to Harry, "How do you do, Harry?" just as if there had never been the slightest difference of opinion between them; and when Harry replied that he had never felt better in his life, and hoped Mr. Scarlett was the same, the old gentleman said in an offhand manner: "Just so, just so. Of course you will spend the day here and take dinner with us?"

"I shall be more than delighted, sir," said Harry, who was in the seventh heaven of happiness.

It was altogether the very pleasantest scene that had ever taken place in a kitchen, and one could fancy the sly little god of

love peeping out of a corner and clapping his chubby hands in approval.

Then Harry had a happy thought. He said that he could not go out and purchase the provisions alone; he must have feminine assistance.

"You see, Mme. Tussaud," he said, "it is not only quantity, but quality, that has to be seen to. I can do the quantity, but I can't do the quality. That requires a lady's judgment."

"Lucy," said Mme. Tussaud, with a sly twinkle, "you go with Harry Bower and look after the quality."

Harry and Lydia looked imploringly at Lucy, who promptly replied: "I should make the most absurd mistakes. I don't know a duck from a goose unless they are walking about. Lydia is the proper person."

"But perhaps Lydia does n't want to go with Harry," said the old lady.

"Oh, I don't mind a bit," said Lydia, which set them all laughing.

"It can't be done," said Mme. Tussaud, "without some alteration in the articles of war. At present no one except Harry is allowed to go in and out."

Away she trotted to consult her celebrities, and had a hard task of it. Henry VIII insisted that it was he, and he alone, who should escort Lydia to the shops, and Richard III declared he could get everything that was needed at the point of the sword, and that it would make it much easier for Lydia if he went with her. Mme. Tussaud would not listen to them, and eventually returned to the kitchen and said that Harry and Lydia were to go. Off flew Lydia for her hat and mantle, and then the happy lovers went to the gate.

"Tarry not, fair maiden," said Henry VIII; "our heart will be heavy until thy return. If thou art long absent, the birds will forget how to sing."

"He does n't mean anything by it," whispered Lydia, pressing Harry's arm. "It is only his way."

Chapter XXI.

LORIMER GRIMWEED APPEARS.

It took Lydia and Harry a long time to make their purchases, and when all the supplies had been bought, the kitchen and larder were furnished with such quantities of provisions as to cause great astonishment and admiration among the domestics. Every hook had to be brought into use, and tables, dressers, and shelves were fairly loaded. Harry, feeling that this was the turning-point in his life, made purchases in the most reckless manner, and he was not a bit annoyed, but only laughed at Lydia's gentle remonstrances.

"My darling girl," he said, "Quality is your department, Quantity is mine. Just you see that everything is fresh; I will take care that they have enough."

There was no doubt about that. Never was there such a provider! Ducks and fowls by the dozen, fore quarters and legs of lamb, ribs of beef ("Short ribs, please," Lydia had said to the butcher, and Harry thought it very wonderful of her), saddles of mutton, all the kidneys and sweetbreads the butcher could supply, great baskets of green peas, French beans, asparagus, new potatoes, tomatoes, and delicacies of every possible kind. The tradesmen were jubilant, and kept recommending things to Harry—hothouse pineapples, peaches, nectarines, grapes, and goodness knows what; and he kept nodding his head and saying, "Yes, we will take that, and that, and that," paying all the bills without asking the price.

"Oh, Harry," said Lydia, "you will be ruined!"

But, for all that, she could not help admiring her dear boy for his generosity. He purchased other things as well as provisions—air-pistols, bows, arrows, and targets, bats and shuttlecocks, skipping-ropes, humming-tops, whip tops, balls, kites, monkeys on sticks, Japanese fireworks, rolling-hoops, marbles, ping-pong, and an "Aunt Sally"; and he hired a magic lantern and slides. He almost emptied the toy-shop. Lydia kept pulling at his sleeve and saying, "No, no, Harry!" and he kept on ordering more things and saying, "Yes, yes, Lydia; it 's all right! The more the merrier." At last she sank despairingly into a chair in a state of comic stupefaction,—which made her look prettier than ever, if anything could,—and the shopwoman brought her a glass of water.

They made half a dozen journeys back to

the Lodge, followed by a regiment of stout errand-boys carrying heavy loads, and every time they presented themselves they were received with shouts of approval by a very jolly lot of fun-loving royalties and notables.

All the toys and games they had purchased were carried to the playground, and Harry and Lucy and Lydia had as much as they could do to explain them to the celebrities. Harry fitted up a new swing, which was much enjoyed, the ladies sitting in it one after another, and the gentlemen pulling the ropes and pushing. "Higher, higher, higher!" screamed Queen Elizabeth and Mme. Sainte Amaranthe; but Mary Queen of Scots was less daring, and shrieked in terror when she was whirled high in the air. Animated as was the scene which had been presented to the eyes of Mr. Scarlett when he first beheld the celebrities, it was tame in comparison with what was now to be

"THE CELEBRITIES WERE WILD FOR FUN, AND WERE BEHAVING LIKE SCHOOL-BOYS SET FREE FROM SCHOOL." (SEE PAGE 604.)

seen in the playground. The celebrities were wild for fun, and were behaving like schoolboys set free from school. They flew from one pastime to another. Queen Elizabeth was sitting on a rocking-horse, and Tom Thumb was rocking her; Cromwell and Richard Cœur de Lion were whirling a skipping-rope for Mary Queen of Scots and Mme. Sainte Amaranthe and Lucy; Guy Fawkes was setting off Japanese fireworks; Henry VIII and Richard III were trundling hoops; Houqua had taken pieces of very thin paper of various colors from the folds of his robe, and was making butterflies, which he kept flying in the air with his fan; Lydia and Harry were having a game of battledore and shuttlecock; Loushkin was on guard at the front gate, and Charles II on guard at the back.

It was just when Henry VIII had run his hoop between Richard III's legs, and when the crooked monarch was picking himself up and growling and fuming, and when Harry, roaring with laughter, was mischievously trying to trip the ladies with the skipping-rope, that Lorimer Grimweed rang the front door-bell. Being admitted, he saw nothing of these mad pranks, the playground being round the corner, at a little distance from the lawn. The only persons in view were Loushkin and Sir Rowley.

"Hello, Rowley," cried Lorimer Grimweed. "Who is this lamp-post, don'tcherknow?"

But Sir Rowley had scuttled off. Lorimer looked at the giant in amazement, but Loushkin took no notice of him.

"This is a rum go," said Lorimer Grimweed. "I say, you May-pole, who are you when you 're at home?"

"When I am at home," replied Loushkin, in a thunderous voice, "I am drum-major in his Imperial Majesty's Preobrajensky Regiment of Russian Guards."

"Oh," said Lorimer Grimweed, in still greater amazement, "that 's what you are?"

"That is what I am, and I give you to understand that it is against orders to speak to the man at the wheel."

"But look here, you know," remonstrated Lorimer Grimweed, with an eye to exactitude; "you 're not at the wheel, you know."

Loushkin did not reply in words. He placed the fingers and thumb of one huge hand upon Lorimer Grimweed's head, and spun him round like a teetotum.

"Oh, I say, you know!" cried Lorimer Grimweed. "Here! Look out! What are you up to? Oh, grimes! Oh, oh, oh!"

This was the protest which came in breathless jerks from the spinning schemer, his teeth chattering, his eyeballs rolling wildly, and his hands stretched forth in the endeavor to catch hold of something to stop his spinning round and round. He caught hold of a human form, —the form of Miss Pennyback,—who, observing what had taken place, had rushed out to his rescue.

"Keep tight hold of me," he gasped, clinging to her both as a prop and a protection. "The world 's going round—and oh, grimes! my head! Did you witness the assault? Don't deny it, don'tcherknow. You *must* have witnessed it."

"I did, sir," she answered in a sympathizing tone, "and I was deeply grieved—though I cannot say I was astonished."

"Oh, were n't you? That 's a good un, that is. Not astonished? Oh, ah! What next, I wonder?"

"Goodness knows, sir," she said, as she supported him into the house. "After what has taken place this day nothing would astonish me. But, hush! Mr. Scarlett approaches!"

"Good morning, Mr. Grimweed," said the old gentleman. "Good morning, good morning, good morning." He was so nervous that he would have continued to repeat "good morning" several times had not Lorimer Grimweed stopped him.

"Hang your 'good mornings'! Here, I say —who 's the man on stilts, and what 's the meaning of the assault committed upon me the moment I entered the Lodge? None of your shirking, don'tcherknow. I 've got a witness, and I 'll have heavy damages."

"Assault! Dear me! Assault! Dear me, dear me!" The old gentleman was quite at sea. He stammered; he kept mopping his brow with a huge bandana handkerchief; indeed, in those few seconds he did several things for which there was no reason whatever.

Lorimer Grimweed looked at him with suspicion. "There 's something in the wind," thought he.

"Where 's Lyddy?" he asked.

"My daughter is in the garden."

"Oh, is she? She knows what I 've come for, does n't she? And *you* know what I 've come for, don't you?"

"Yes, of course. The new lease. Have you brought it?"

"I 've brought it, right enough. Here it is, and it will be signed when Lyddy gives me the answer I expect—not before, Mr. Scarlett, not before. I 'm not going to be played upon any longer. Not if I know it, sir! Does n't think I 'm good enough for her, hey? My stars! That 's rich. Not good enough? Oh! Ah!"

"It is n't exactly that, Mr. Grimweed," said Mr. Scarlett, and he was glad that Lorimer Grimweed interrupted him, for he did not know what he was going to say next.

"Oh, it ain't exactly that, ain't it? I say, Mr. Scarlett, there 's a sort of change in you that I don't find agreeable. If you 're playing any of your tricks on me, look out, that 's all I 've got to say—look out. Hello!"—as, greatly to Mr. Scarlett's relief, Mme. Tussaud sailed into the room—"here 's another of 'em. Who are *you* when you 're at home?" This was a favorite form of inquiry with him; he considered it smart and cutting.

"I am a friend of the family," replied the old lady, "when I 'm at home, and when I 'm out."

"Oh, are you? The family have a lot of new friends I did n't know anything about. You look as if you 'd just come out of the Ark," said Lorimer Grimweed with a grin. "Grimes! What a bonnet! How 's Noah and all the little uns? But here, stop a minute—I 've seen you before somewhere. By Jove, yes! But, no, it can't be!"

"My name is Mme. Tussaud. I should think you *have* seen me before."

"Not the wax un?" exclaimed Lorimer Grimweed, lost in astonishment.

"Do I look like 'the wax un'? I 'm the original." Miss Pennyback was about to make a remark when Mme. Tussaud said, "We can dispense with your presence, Miss Pennyback. Oblige me by retiring. Remember!"

For a moment Miss Pennyback thought of resisting. She recognized a possible ally in Lorimer Grimweed, and she would have dearly loved to checkmate her enemy; but when Mme. Tussaud advanced toward her, with the magic cane extended, she gave utterance to a shriek, and fled.

"What is this?" said Mme. Tussaud, taking up the copy of the lease which Lorimer Grimweed had put on the table.

"Here, I say, just you drop that! It belongs to me, don'tcherknow? Just you hand it over," said Grimweed.

"I perceive that it 's a new lease of Marybud Lodge," said Mme. Tussaud, paying no heed to his request. "Are you going to sign it? I will be a witness."

"Wait till you 're asked, old lady. The lease will be signed when the conditions are fulfilled."

"Is Miss Lydia one of the conditions?"

"Yes, she is, if you want to know. Here, I say, Mr. Scarlett, what 's the meaning of all this? I 'm not the man to stand any one's impudence, you know."

"My dear Mr. Grimweed," said Mme. Tussaud, very sweetly, "why put yourself out? You and I and the ladies and gentlemen who have accompanied me are going to be the best of friends. I will take care of the document."

"It is n't worth the paper it 's written on till it 's signed," said Lorimer Grimweed.

"Of course it is not."

"I say, how does it happen you know my name?"

"How does it happen I know a great many things?"

"And what do you mean by the ladies and gentlemen who have accompanied you?"

"You will soon find out," said Mme. Tussaud. "Come and see."

(To be continued.)

THE COYOTE.

By J. M. Gleeson.

The coyote (kō-yō′te) is a most unpopular little beast, sharing, though to a greater degree, the general discredit attached to his more or less civilized brother, the yellow dog. As he prowls around a camp or lonely ranch-house, making night hideous with his shrill yap-yap-yapping, and on the lookout for anything good to eat, from a leather bridle to a leg of lamb, his reception is ever the same—hard words and a harder bullet, or more likely a little strychnine. He will eat anything he can catch: mice, prairie-dog, prairie-chicken, and of course the scraps left over by the big gray wolf. He is, in fact, a mere scavenger, but one whose services have not been found acceptable to man. He has neither the cunning of his small cousin the fox, nor the speed and strength of his big cousin the wolf, but for all that, and in spite of constant persecution, he manages fairly well to hold his own against the ill will of an unsympathetic world.

In many of the Western States these animals are still quite numerous, and when we remember that in a single family there may be from six to ten little coyotes, we can readily understand why in the wilder sections of our country they do not disappear altogether.

A FAMILY OF COYOTES AT HOME.

It must keep Papa and Mama Coyote very busy to care for their numerous family, for they have not only to be fed, and that requires con-

stant foraging, but also guarded against innumerable dangers.

In captivity they are not always good parents, and I saw one coyote that killed seven out of her litter of eight. Perhaps she did not wish them to grow up in captivity. It was curious, however, that she should have saved just one. She was an anxious though not overgentle mother to the little survivor of this gruesome domestic tragedy. Sometimes, for no evident reason, she would pick him up in her mouth, the long, sharp fangs closing down over the little fellow wherever she happened to seize him, sometimes on the back, but just as often on his head, and trot around her cage on noiseless, tireless feet, as though looking for a place to conceal him, the little fellow kicking and squealing all the time to be set free. Of course he could not understand that in this fashion his mother would have carried him away from danger had they been on the prairie, where all her instincts were developed.

It is a very pretty sight to see a litter of little, brown, fuzzy coyotes when they begin to crawl about, and I have watched them for hours as they clambered and tumbled around their mother. They soon tried to get over the high board threshold of their house, and on one occasion, when one stronger and braver than the rest finally did so and landed on his head in the wide, wide world, the very first thing he did was to totter over to the pool of water in the center of the cage and tumble in. And there he would have remained had I not hastily summoned a keeper, for his mama made no response to his cries for help.

I have never had any difficulty in making friends with the gray wolves I happened to be sketching. Immediately on my appearance, no matter what they were doing, they came at once to the bars to be scratched and talked to, and when their coats were changing and their skins very sensitive they would stand there any length of time while I pulled away the loose tufts of hair, their every action expressing a somewhat sullen friendliness. But with the coyote it was different. They never make friends with nor lose their fear of man.

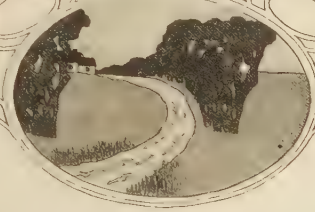
Generally speaking, they resemble the prairie-wolf, but are much smaller and of a browner color; their fur is also longer and the tail more bushy. They vary considerably in color, changing with the seasons. In winter their coat is lighter, in summer darker and with more brown. Black coyotes, while not common, are sometimes seen, but these are only freaks of nature.

PRAIRIE FOES.

"SISTER BETTY'S LITTLE STORY."

SISTER BETTY'S LITTLE STORY.

By Louise R. Baker.



This is the tale that Betty told
To the baby brother, as good as gold,
As he cuddled down with a listening air
In her lap as she sat in the rocking-chair:

"There once was a boy who came through the gate,
And he saw by the sun he would surely be late
If away to the school-house he did n't run;
So he went like a shot — and that makes 1.

"Past the old mill-pond, past the old mill,
Past the old churchyard, a-running still;
When out of the churchyard a little dog flew
And kept at his heels — and that makes 2.

"Down to the turnpike, and on to the spring,
You might almost have thought they were birds on the wing.
And a girl with a book-bag, under a tree,
She also joined in — and that makes 3.

"The three, like a whirl of the gustiest wind,
Left the mill and the spring and the tree far behind;
Then they startled a cow down back of the store;
She joined the procession — and that makes 4.

"The girl and the boy and the old moo-cow
And the little dog barking a bow-wow-wow,
They all were attacked at a hornet's hive
By a furious hornet — and that makes 5.

"Over the field by the shortest way,
Where the mowers had finished a-harvesting hay,
And, sure as you live! at the big hayricks
They scared up a rabbit — and that makes 6.

"High in the light clouds sounded a song,
But it stilled right there as they rushed along,
And down from the beautiful, beautiful heaven
Flew a curious flicker — and that makes 7.

"The seven they passed like a lightning-flash,
And making the noise of a thunder-crash;
The boy and the girl they were sure they were late,
When a lamb came bleating — and that makes 8.

"With a clippety-clop, with a buzz and a moo,
With the bark of the dog and a bird-note, too,
On through the glen where the white sands shine
Rose a butterfly flapping — and that makes 9.

"Now hurrah for the fun! They were going so fast
That the little red school-house they almost had passed,
When forth stepped the teacher as trig as a wren,
And called: 'Are n't you early!' — and that makes 10."

"Ten!" echoed baby, his little blue eyes
Filled with a far-away faint surprise;
Then decision crept into the face of the tot:
"*Ten*, Betty Martin? It makes ten WHAT?"

A GIANT IN FEATHERS.

By John R. Coryell.

IERRE CHARTONNE was not by any means the least excited person on the French fleet which cast anchor in Rafala Bay, Madagascar, on a certain day some three hundred years ago. Pierre was to go ashore for the first time in more than a year. The captain had promised that in the morning he would accompany the men who were going to look for fresh water.

The next morning, with his beloved blunderbuss borne upon his shoulder, Pierre stepped proudly on the beach, ready and anxious to meet the savage men and curious wild beasts he felt sure he was going to see.

Shortly before dinner-time it was proposed that some of the sailors should try to shoot a few of the birds of which the forest seemed full; for fresh meat to a sailor is one of the greatest of luxuries, and it seemed a pity to do without it when it was directly at hand. Here was an opportunity which Pierre did not let pass. He entreated his commanding officer so earnestly to let him be one of the shooting-party that consent was given.

Pierre, blunderbuss in hand, and three sailors started for the forest.

An hour later, the three men hurried down to the beach laden with game, but without Pierre. Where he was they did not know; they had missed him more than half an hour before, and supposed he had returned to the beach.

"Here he is now," suddenly exclaimed one of the men.

And there indeed he was, hatless and in haste. As quickly as his short legs could carry him he was tearing through the underbrush; and as he drew nearer the men on the beach could see that he was frightened.

When he reached the alarmed sailors, he sank, panting and exhausted, on the sand. To all their hurried questions he could only gasp out, "After me!" and point to the forest. Whereupon they all gathered eagerly about him to hear his story.

"After we had gone about two miles into the forest," he began, "I left the others, because I thought we would see more game in two parties than in one.

"A little while after I had left them I saw what looked like a large round white stone in the thick brush. I thought I might as well find out what it was, and made my way to it, and, I give you my word, it was a great big egg—almost as big as a tar-bucket. I made up my mind to carry it back to the ship to take home, though it was heavy; but while I stood with it in my arms, brushing off the dirt that was on the under side, I heard a rustling in the bushes, and then I thought there must have been a big bird to lay that enormous egg, and then I shook so that I nearly dropped the egg.

"I got behind a tree near by and stooped down so that I could see through the bushes what kind of a bird was coming.

"I never saw such a thing in my life before! Maybe you won't believe me, but that bird made so much noise as it came through the bushes that I thought it was a herd of cattle. And when it came to where I could see it, each of its legs looked as big round as my leg, and it was as tall as a small tree. And such a beak as it had!

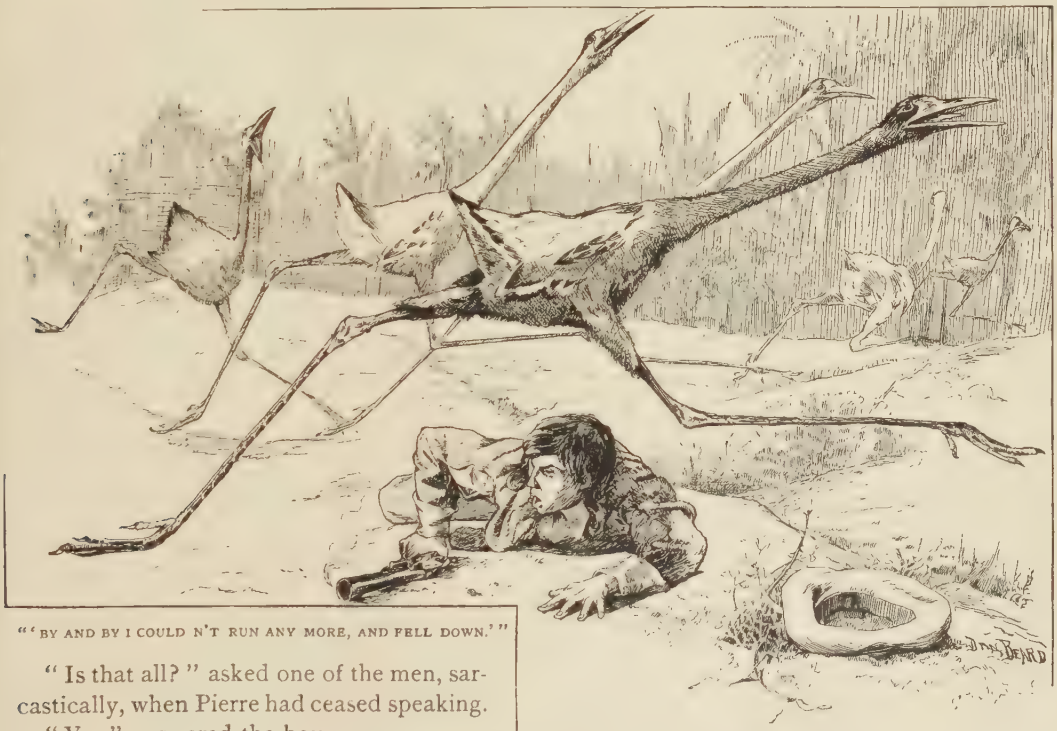
"It went directly to the spot where the egg had been, and then I was frightened, for I knew if it caught me with the egg I 'd be eaten up in a minute. But I did n't dare to move. When the monstrous creature missed the egg,

it set up an awful squawk. Then I dropped the egg and ran in the direction that seemed clearest of trees.

"The bird ran, too, for I could hear it crashing through the bushes, and I expected every minute to be taken in its big mouth. By and by I could n't run any more, and fell down, when five big birds similar to the one I had already seen came leaping along straight at me.

"I lifted my gun, but before I could shoot, the first bird had run over me and knocked me down.

"I jumped up and ran, and I did n't stop running till I found you, and here I am."



"'BY AND BY I COULD N'T RUN ANY MORE, AND FELL DOWN.'"

"Is that all?" asked one of the men, sarcastically, when Pierre had ceased speaking.

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Well," said the man, "if I were going to make up a yarn I 'd try to have it reasonable, or end in something exciting."

"But I did n't make it up!" exclaimed Pierre, indignantly.

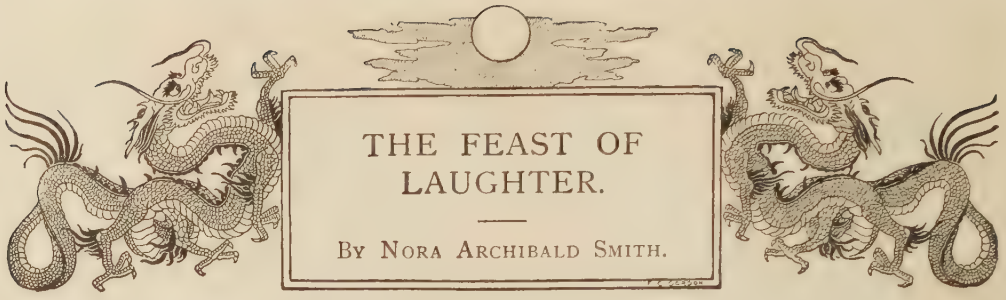
"All I 'm sorry for," said one of the men, "is that he did n't bring the egg with him. It would have made such a rare omelet."

At this the sailors laughed.

As long as Pierre lived he was known as Big-Bird Pierre, for he could get nobody to believe him. Since his time, however, more has been learned of Madagascar, the island where Pierre landed; and though nobody has seen a living bird such as Pierre described, eggs and skeletons of the birds have been found, and, judging from them, it is no wonder that the little French boy was frightened.

The egg is larger than a football, and would, it is calculated, hold as much as one hundred and sixty hens' eggs. As for the bird, it was of the same family as the ostrich, but was more than twice as tall and proportionately heavier, so that, towering as it did a man's height above the tallest elephant, it must have been a startling bird to see for the first time unexpectedly.

The æpyornis, as the bird is called, does not exist now, but Mr. Wallace, the great naturalist, thinks that all the indications are that it may have lived within the last two centuries.



THE FEAST OF LAUGHTER.

By Nora Archibald Smith.

IS the very first "day of the hare"
In Wasa, the province of Kishu,
And the breezes that sweep through the town
Depart all a-ripple with laughter —
With light-hearted, musical laughter.

The month is the tenth in Japan,
In Wasa, the province of Kishu,
And the leaves of the bamboo are stirred,
And the sugar-cane trembles with laughter —
With rustle and tinkle of laughter.

The brown baby smiles in his sleep,
In Wasa, the province of Kishu;
While the fathers ha-ha at their work,
The mothers' lips bubble with laughter —
With honey-sweet, mellow-toned laughter.

Shall I tell you why mirth is abroad
In Wasa, the province of Kishu?
Why the owls in the deep, gloomy shade,

And the toad in his hole, shake with laughter —
With silver-shrill, jubilant laughter?

Listen all who listen can,
And hear this tale of old Japan!
Ages ago the thing befell,
But people still the story tell.

'T was in the misty long-ago,
Ere yet this gray old earth
Had grown too staid and sober
To indulge o'ermuch in mirth.

To the sacred shrines of Isè,
Where Izumo's walls appear
Purple-clad, the gods assembled
In the tenth month every year.
All affairs of love and wedlock
In the whole land of Japan
There were mooted, there were settled,
On a wise celestial plan.

At the first one of these meetings,
Having half forgot the date,
When the grand debate was over
Certain gods arrived too late!
Sympathy nor pity gave they —
Brother gods in parliament —
Ridiculed the tardy comers,
Every one on laughing bent.

Since that time in all the district,
On the "first day of the hare,"
Ancient men and toddling children
Unto Isè's shrines repair.
Journey ended, all the graybeards
Face the curious, wond'ring throng:
"Laugh, ye bright-eyes! Laugh, ye sweet-lips

Laugh and jest the whole day long!"
Ready smiles break out in answer
On each satin, dusky cheek;
Hands are clapping, feet are dancing,
Dimples playing hide-and-seek.

Laughing hear the feathered people,
Laughs the sun as he looks down,
And, the sweet contagion spreading,
Laughter rings through all the town.

By Rev. Charles M. Sheldon.

(*Author of "In His Steps."*)

The stage curtain had gone up, and the impatient audience, packed closely into the little theater of San Benito, was growing clamorous. It had come to be amused by the great prestidigitator, M. Truchette, and it had waited now full ten minutes and no appearance of the great magician. An Italian audience is frequently a restless one. This one had lost patience. There on the stage was the apparatus of the master—the famous table, the mysterious curtain, and various devices for astonishing the unlearned. But monsieur himself did not make his appearance, and the people were beginning to grow abusive of the theater-manager, M. Truchette, his assistants, and even the innocent little orchestra tooting and scraping away to fill up the time, and growing nervous at the murmurs of discontent on every side.

But if the audience could have gone behind the scenes it would have been satisfied with the sight of a very effective little tableau. Upon a faded green settee lay the famous performer, while near by stood a youth of a very fair countenance and a very determined look. He was evidently dressed for the performance, and his appearance was exceedingly pleasing. Near the stage exit of the room stood a nervous little man, evidently the stage-manager. His hand grasped the tasseled curtain near the head of the couch where M. Truchette was lying. He was remonstrating with him in a quiet but imperious tone. "The performance must go forward, monsieur. If the lad can take your place, as he says he is able to do, why not let him! He can but fail. The people will not be silent much longer. Hark! They begin to call out already. Do you remember that night in Christmas week, when the first tenor was unable to sing at the great jubilee in this very place? The people rushed upon the stage and tore down all my best pieces. Ah! It was an irreparable damage." And the little manager shrugged his shoulders pathetically.

The man on the couch tried to raise his head, but groaned and fell back. With great difficulty he gasped: "He—but he is only a lad! He cannot do anything!"

"You forget, M. Truchette. I am eighteen years old. I have learned many things. I will do my best. I will not try to take your place. I will only pacify the audience."

"Ah, well, go! I expect the audience will mob us both. Ah! The pain in my eyes again!" And the artist sank back and seemed to have fainted.

"Go on and do what you can, young man," said the proprietor of the theater. "I will see to M. Truchette. Do you keep those childish people quiet. At least," he added, with a grim smile, "give them something to nibble on, for they are growing hungry indeed."

The noise in front of the curtain was swelling into a roar when the youth stepped from the room. He advanced slowly and with dignity to the footlights, and made an impressive bow. The audience was in a bad humor, but there was a moment's hush, and the young man instantly took advantage of it.

"Ladies and gentlemen: I regret to say that M. Truchette has been suddenly seized with a blind headache and will be unable to appear before you to-night. I am Rudolph Cluny, his assistant. And by permission of monsieur I will do my best to amuse you this evening, begging you to excuse any slight mistakes I may make owing to the absence of any assistant."

There was something so frank and winsome about this speech that many of the audience regained their good nature. But there were loud cries from different parts of the house. "Truchette! Truchette! This is one of his tricks! This is but a lad! He cannot do the feats of monsieur!"

Rudolph saw that his slight hold of the audience would be gone in a moment unless he did something to arrest attention. He knew enough about audiences to know that once out of the grasp of the artist it is well nigh impossible to get them back again. He immediately determined on his course of action. His stay of two years with his master as assistant had given him a good command of the regular stage jargon common to jugglers. And being exceedingly observant, he had learned many things of which monsieur himself was ignorant, and had even practised some new tricks of his own. He was bold and was determined to succeed. And across his vision there flitted to inspire him the little mother and the sister in the vale of Camprais for whom he was serving monsieur, and whom he hoped before long to visit when he had earned a little more.

He ran his fingers through his curly hair and began to laugh. The cries of the audience ceased, and very soon the people began to laugh, too, Rudolph's laugh was so contagious. In the midst of it all Rudolph raised his hand and pointed to the ceiling of the theater. Instantly every eye was turned that way.

"See!" cried Rudolph. "See the messengers of Cupid on their way, coming down to earth to bring a missive to the fairest lady in San Benito!"

It was a common trick of the master juggler, but it happened to be new to the people of San Benito. A pair of snow-white doves appeared to fly down from the very center of the theater dome. They alighted upon Rudolph's shoulders. In the bill of one of the birds was a bit of paper. Rudolph took it, unfolded it and pretended to read as follows:

"This to the fairest in San Benito.

"Cupid sends thee greeting, wishing thee beauty and happiness many years, and assures thee that thy beauty will fade and thy happiness vanish if thou dost frown upon him who is specially favored of the gods,

"RUDOLPH CLUNY of Camprais."

There was a moment's quiet from the audience, and then the generous applause that followed assured Rudolph that his first attempt had given him favor with the fickle people. He smiled and grew confident. The bird trick, seemingly so impossible, was in reality very simple. The doves were well-trained pets of M. Truchette. Rudolph had come upon the stage with the birds concealed in one of the *profondes*, or deep pockets, of his dress-coat. When he pointed to the ceiling of the theater, and every eye in the audience was directed to it, he drew the birds from the *profonde* and tossed them up into the air. They soared up a little higher and then settled back upon the young man's shoulders. Every one is familiar with the fact that the eye is easily deceived as to distances. To the audience it appeared as if the birds actually came down from the dome. The light was dim up there, and at any rate there the birds were, and they did fly from somewhere and alight on the lad's shoulders. As for the letter, Rudolph simply by a rapid movement, as he caressed one bird, placed a bit of paper within its bill. And the rest was easy, as every stage juggler is provided with plenty to say, speeches of flattery or nonsense, just to divert the audience as much as possible from the movements of the hands.

Over the audience went that rustle of expectation so dear to the soul of every actor, that sharp but *still* sound, caused by the sud-

den catching of breath on the part of many people. Rudolph, with the sensitive acuteness of the true artist, heard and interpreted the sound to mean an interest on the part of the audience that would increase with the success of his performances. He felt proud to think that he was succeeding so well at the start and proceeded with his next trick with a jubilant feeling in his heart.

This was the "Mysterious Table," on which he placed a basket of oranges which, after being covered with a silken cloth, were transformed to vases of fresh-cut roses. The trick succeeded perfectly, as did also the "Mysterious Curtain," another favorite trick of his clever master. The trick was witnessed by the simple but sharp-eyed people of San Benito with feelings of astonishment, and loud cries of "Bravo!" greeted the youthful performer, who bowed his acknowledgments and felt very happy as he proceeded with his next attempt, the "Magic Painting."

This was also entirely new to the people of San Benito, who were beginning to have an admiration for this young man from Camprais. They watched the performance with great eagerness. While Rudolph, who had never before attempted the magic painting alone, determined that come what might he would succeed with it. But alas! Who can anticipate all the possibilities which await one in that difficult game of legerdemain.

A gilt frame, four feet square, resting upon an easel, had been standing upon the stage during the performance. Rudolph now placed it upon a small platform which he brought out from behind the scenes, saying as he did so, that he wanted everybody to see the most wonderful painting in all Europe, or, for that matter, in the world.

Within the picture-frame was a piece of blank canvas, or what appeared to be this. Rudolph now walked deliberately to the side of the stage and waved his wand. The people looked on in breathless anticipation. Slowly the outlines of a landscape began to be visible on the canvas. Then they disappeared, and Rudolph turned pale, and for the first time in the evening seemed disconcerted. The trick had failed, and owing to the peculiar way in which it was performed by the master, Rudolph was uncertain concerning the next movement. He hesitated, and for a moment he was so confused that he could not think of anything to do or say in order to cover his failure.

That hesitation was fatal to him. The fickle audience began to hiss. Rudolph stretched out his arm with a gesture of beseeching appeal. It was too late. The people began to raise the cry, "Truchette! Truchette!"

Rudolph stepped to the footlights and tried to pacify them. At that instant the little manager also appeared and added his voice to that of the young performer. But the sight of the manager seemed to arouse the audience rather than quiet it. He was very unpopular with some of the leading citizens of San Benito. And instantly a cry arose against him.

"Bring out Truchette! Make good the performance! Bah! The lad cannot repay us for coming!" were the cries of many. In vain the manager protested that monsieur was ill and unable to appear. In vain Rudolph begged the people to have patience and he would show them wonders. The people were not to be appeased.

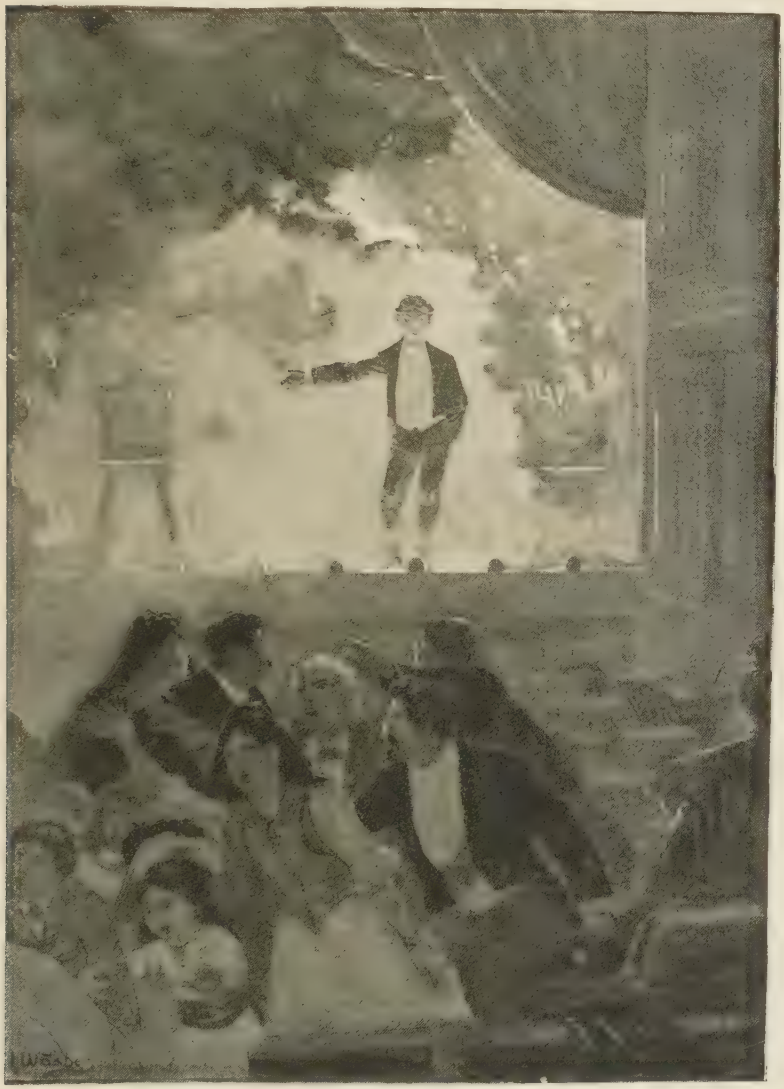
Just then a cry of "Fire!" was heard.

The little theater was surrounded by buildings, and its entrance was small and insufficient. It had been condemned by the inspectors, but nothing had been done to remedy the matter. It was this, for one thing, that had made the people of San Benito indignant at the theater-manager. That cry of fire raised a panic. The people turned and made a frantic rush for the doors. Women shrieked, and men howled like wild beasts as they trampled one another. It was at that moment that Rudolph Cluny regained his composure and saw that unless the panic was arrested, a horrible disaster would befall the people.

He had a very sweet voice, and at once he began to sing one of the popular ballads of the day in a tone so tender and expressive that the people stopped. It is a well-known fact that singing can be heard much farther than a shout or an ordinary call of the human voice. And this plaintive song rising from the soul of the slender lad upon the stage was so thrilling in its fearless courage and quiet repose that it

had the effect of stopping the mad rush for the doors. The lad finished one stanza of the song and began the second, and the song seemed to have an enchantment for the music-loving Italians. They actually applauded the singer when the last note died away. Again Rudolph instantly seized the opportunity. He spoke clear and strong:

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is the rear of the theater which is in flames. See the smoke coming toward me from the back? The front is open and untouched. There is plenty of time to escape if you go out as usual. Behold me! I will remain here until you are all safely out!"



"THE LAD FINISHED ONE STANZA OF THE SONG AND BEGAN THE SECOND."

The people shouted "Bravo!" and began to go out, but without any panic. The theater had indeed caught fire at the extreme rear. The flames burned with extraordinary rapidity. Rudolph could see them bursting through the scenes at his left. Before all the people were out of the theater, the smoke rolled in billows across the stage and a burning piece of wood was blown to Rudolph's feet. He leaped down to make his way out. But ere he had groped his way through the orchestra circle, already blinded by the smoke which filled the little auditorium, there flashed into his mind the fact that M. Truchette lay asleep or perhaps suffocating in the little room at the right of the stage! He had been forgotten by everybody!

Rudolph did not hesitate a moment. He leaped up again and crawled on his hands and knees across the stage toward the entrance of the little room where monsieur had been left. The heat and smoke were terrible. He felt burning brands drop on him. Twice his hair caught fire. He extinguished the flames with his hands and still crept on. The door of the little room was open. He rose to his feet and rushed in. He could not see. He could only feel. Yes, monsieur was still on the

"HE CAUGHT HIM UP AND STAGGERED OUT ACROSS THE STAGE."

couch. Whether dead or suffocating he could not tell. He caught him up and staggered out across the stage. The stage was in flames. Rudolph rushed through them, and with the burden in his arms again descended to the orchestra circle. It was a terrible moment to him. The entire building seemed aflame, so rapidly had the fire spread. But at last he reached the doors. He rushed out. Ah! How sweet the air and the cool night! And how the people shouted when he appeared with his burden! He fell fainting, but strong arms raised him and bore him to a place of safety, while the theater of San Benito roared in the embrace of the fiery element as if enraged at the escape of its prisoners.

When Rudolph recovered from his burns, which were serious and at one time threatened to be fatal, the people of San Benito honored him with everything in their power. They were not ungrateful. A medal was struck off, commemorating the event, and Rudolph proudly wore it home; and the little mother and sister in the vale of Camprais wept glad tears over the dear lad who had done so much to honor them.

M. Truchette was not unmindful of his former assistant, and gave him encouragement to study music and develop his voice, which a noted master declared to be well worth the instruction. And several years later Rudolph Cluny was singing the ballads of the country to delighted audiences in Europe. He grew to be a tall, handsome man. And, better than all, he was brave and good. And he always wore the medal given him by the fickle but generous people of San Benito.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.—This story was related to me by an Italian lady who was present at the scene of the performance in the little theater. Rudolph Cluny is a real being of flesh and blood, although he is known by another name. The story has never until now been made public in this country. C. M. S.

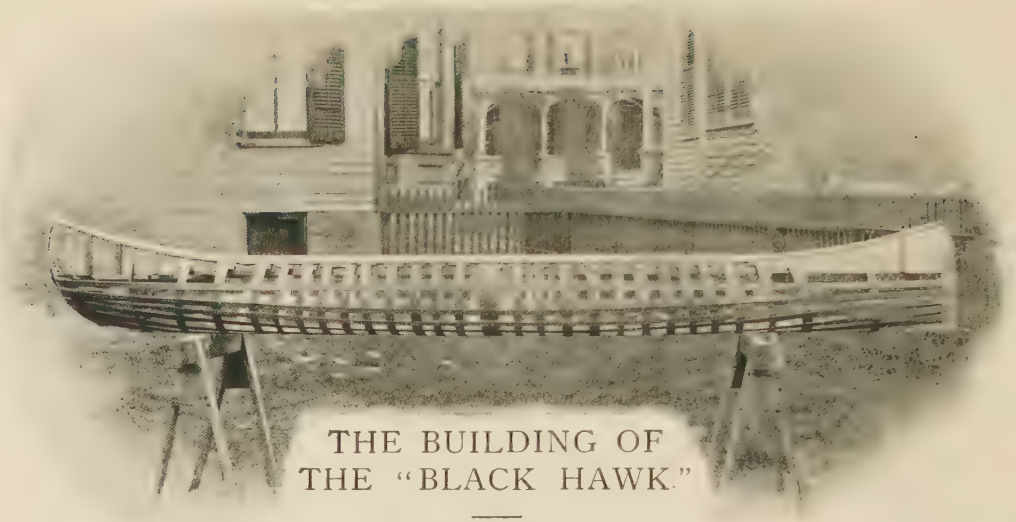
THE PICTURE.

BY M. M. D.

DEAR little Marjorie Boulton,
Sweet little lady mine!
One of earth's blithesome fairies,
Alert in the glad sunshine.

Well may the grateful blossoms
Nestle and thrive in thy clasp,
And hearts grow warm and tender
At the thought of thy gentle grasp.

So, little Marjorie Boulton,
We 'll gaze on the picture awhile,
Quite sure that the face in a moment
Will brightly respond with a smile!



THE BUILDING OF THE "BLACK HAWK."

By S. D. V. Burr.

The *Black Hawk* was built last year and paddled and sailed all summer by a boy of fifteen, who did not spare the boat in any way, and it now lies in dry-dock (down the cellar) for the winter, safe and sound in every stick. This summer it will be sandpapered, painted, and put in commission again.

There are two ways of building a canoe: one is to get a plank for a keelson, a couple of strips for the gunwales, any old wooden barrel hoops for ribs, tack on the canvas, and there you are. This certainly makes a quick job, but the result is a thing horrible to look at, and which will surely be thrown away unless the owner can find a more foolish boy who will pay him fifty cents for the outfit.

The next way is to build the boat in accordance with a plan, knowing beforehand just what you are going to do, and having in your mind a clear picture of what the boat will look like when finished. This is not only the best method but the easiest, and is sure to produce a craft of which you will never be ashamed, either for its looks or its sailing qualities. Perhaps it will seem that this last plan is slow, because it is necessary to do a little work before the actual building begins; but it is really quick, since, when once started on the frame, things go with a rush.

The *Black Hawk*, however, is a regular Indian canoe model, with raised stem and stern, bulging sides, and flat bottom. It is 11½ feet long, 12 inches deep, 24 inches wide at the gunwales at the center, and 28 inches in the widest part at the center. The bow is curved, while the stern is straight to carry the rudder.

The keelson is of spruce 4 inches wide by 1 inch thick and 10 feet long. At each end this is recessed to receive the stem and stern posts,

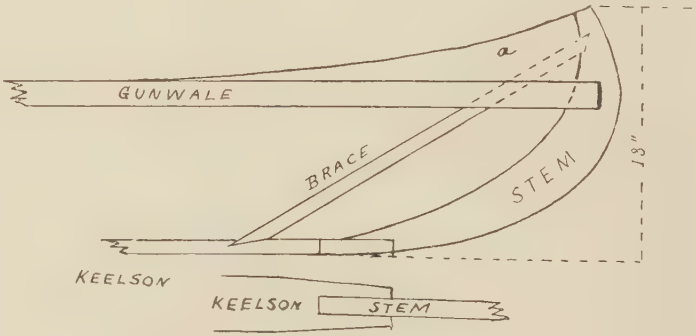
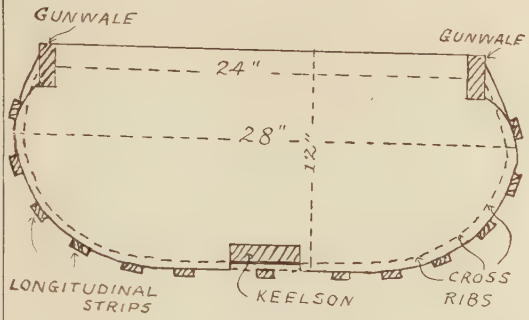


FIG.

which are held in place by brass screws. The stem piece (Fig. 1) is made of 1½-inch plank, properly curved at its forward edge, which is beveled each side to make the edge ½ inch thick. Along this edge the canvas is afterward



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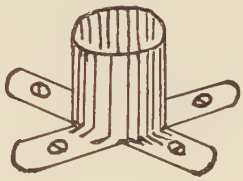

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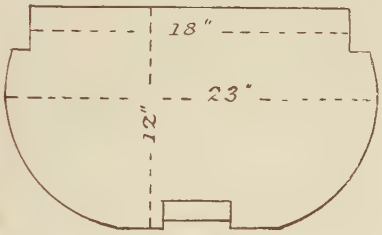


FIG. 3.

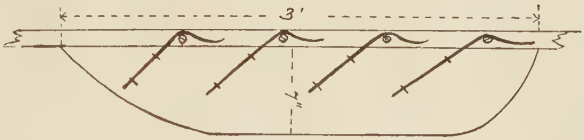


FIG. 8.

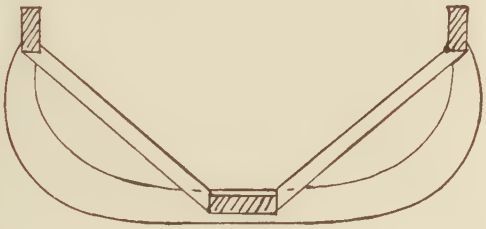
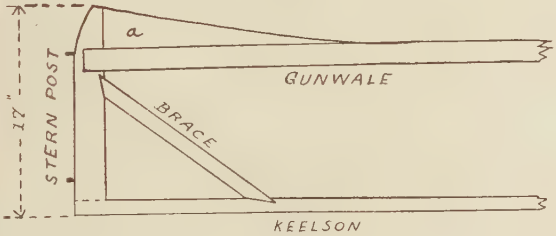


FIG. 4.



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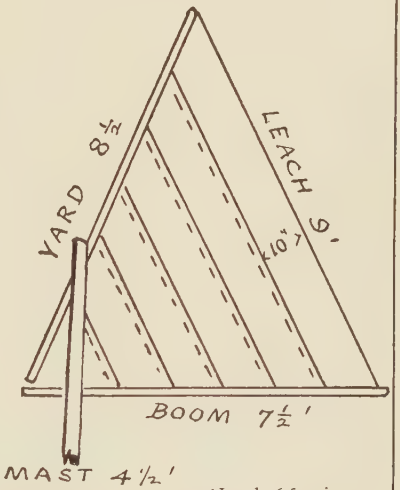


Dimensions of the mizzen-sail: { Leach, 6 ft. 3 in. / Yard, 6 ft. / Boom, 4 ft. 2 in.

FIG. 9.

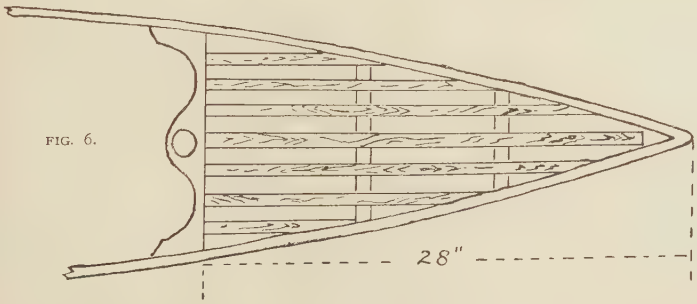


FIG. 6.

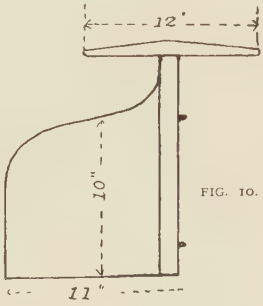


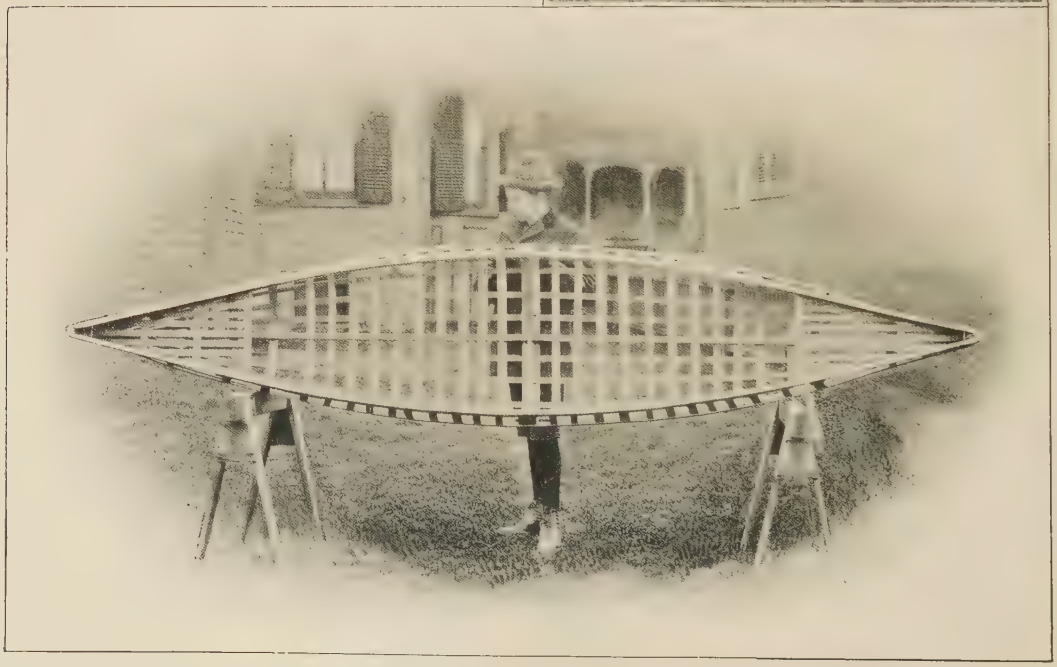
FIG. 10.

CONSTRUCTION DIAGRAMS OF THE *BLACK HAWK*.

tacked. Both bow and stern posts are braced to the keelson as indicated in the drawings. Each end of each gunwale (they are made of 2½ by ¾ inch spruce) is planed off so as to fit nicely against the posts, and is held by screws. The same course is afterward followed with the longitudinal or lengthwise strips.

We are now ready to make the three mold-boards which govern the cross-section, and upon which depend the lines of the boat (Figs. 2 and 3). One of these (Fig. 2) is placed at the center, while the other two (Fig. 3) are placed one at 28 inches "forward" and one 28 inches "aft" of this center mold-board. The two end mold-boards are of the same size. All of these are made with notches to receive the gunwales and keelson, which are only lightly nailed in place, as the boards are, of course, to be removed finally. A permanent cross-rib and braces are shown in Fig. 4. This is to be inserted after the temporary mold-board (Fig. 2) is removed. The frame is now in shape, with the keelson, gunwales, and posts in position, and is ready to receive the longitudinal strips.

These strips can be made of spruce. The longest are 12 feet. They should be 1¼ inches wide by $\frac{3}{16}$ inch thick. The best and cheapest



SKELETON PLANS OF THE *BLACK HAWK*

way to get them is to pick out a plank free from knots and of the required thickness, and have this sawed into strips at the mill. Better get twenty of these. The ends of these are beveled and nailed permanently to the posts. Be careful not to nail these strips to the mold-boards, which, as has been said, are later to be removed. One strip is placed along the keel and six on each side. Since these ribs govern the outside appearance of the boat after the canvas has been put on, it is of the greatest importance to have both sides of exactly the same curvature. By turning the frame upside down and standing at one end, any irregularity can be seen and remedied. First-class cross-ribs, to be found everywhere, can be made of sugar-barrel hoops. This wood is strong and tough, easily worked and easily bent. These hoops should be dressed down to ¾ or 1 inch wide by ¼ inch thick. They are now to be bent to the cross-section of the boat, in order to fit within the lengthwise strips already in the frame. The longer ones are selected for the center, the shorter ones being used near the ends. They are soaked in a bath-tub full of hot water, after which they can be bent to the desired shape.

In placing the ribs it is best to work from the center, one rib at a time, alternately toward the stem and stern. The ribs are first nailed to the keelson, and are then tacked to each of the long strips. This should be done with copper tacks, from the inside, long enough to pass through both pieces and be clenched on the outside. The only reason for nailing from the inside is that it makes a better appearance to have the heads inside, rather than the clenched ends. The ends of the ribs must be firmly secured to the gunwales, as these ribs form their only support, and are under great strain when the sail is full, and the captain is sitting on one gunwale, with his toes under the other, and "hiking" out to keep the canoe on a level keel. In the *Black Hawk* a strip of soft, thin brass was carried along the gunwale over

A DRY SAIL.

the ends of the ribs. It was nailed at each side of each end of each rib, these nails going through the gunwale and clenching upon the inside.

To form the upward curve at each end, four pieces of ½-inch pine plank are cut to the proper curve (*a*, in Figs. 1 and 5). These are nailed to the posts, and are held to the gunwales by vertical cleats nailed over the joints. A brace is placed between the gunwales, 28 inches from each end. This not only strengthens the frame, but also forms the support for the mast, as shown in Fig. 6. This, in addition, receives the deck strips, which are afterward covered with canvas.

The mainmast step is made of a piece of brass tubing 2 inches in diameter by 4 inches high (Fig. 7). This is cut quartering for 2 inches, and these parts are bent outward at right angles to form a spider. This is screwed to the keelson by four brass screws. The same course is followed with the mizzenmast, which need be only 1½ inches in diameter at the bottom.

We are now ready for the canvas. This should be No. 10 duck, 52 inches wide and 12 feet long. It is tacked along the keelson for about 5 feet; then, beginning at the center, it is hauled over the gunwale upon each side and tacked about half-way down the inside face of the gunwale. This work must go along evenly upon each side. At about 2½ or 3 feet each side of the center it becomes necessary to split the canvas along the keel and take out a gore piece, in order that the cloth may be taken around the ends without wrinkling. If this work is carefully done the surface should be perfectly smooth. Where the duck is split the edge of one piece is tacked to the frame, then the joint is covered with white lead, and the other edge pulled over and tacked on top. There is no danger of a joint made in this way ever leaking, for the tacking presses the outer layer of canvas in the closest contact with the white lead, which, in a measure, acts as a waterproof cement.

A keel of 1 by 1½ inch spruce is then screwed on the bottom, extending from the end of the curve at the bow to the stern post;

BLACK HAWK UNDER FULL SAIL.

the forward end of the keel is beveled to meet the bevel of the curved bow. The keel is then screwed on. This is then covered with a brass strip, which is extended around the cutwater. This protects the bottom when dragging the canoe over the ground.

In sailing it will be found necessary to be provided with a deep detachable keel. A sketch of this with its dimensions is shown in Fig. 8. Four springs, made of a bed-spring and shaped as shown, are secured to each side of the keel-board by copper staples. At each side of the permanent keel are four brass screws so placed that the springs pass over them and hold the board in place, and yet, by pulling the keel toward the bow, it can easily be removed when necessary.

The first coat of paint on the canvas which now completely covers the outside of the canoe, with the exception of the keel, should be a first-class mixed white lead. The duck is first thoroughly wetted and the paint then laid on, on the outside only. Not so much paint will be needed if the canvas is wet, and by using white paint for a first coat the boat will not be disfigured upon the inside by any paint that may strike through, for the paint is almost sure to do this. After this has thoroughly dried, it is rubbed down with coarse sandpaper and the final coat of yacht black put on.

Fig. 9 gives the dimensions and shape of the sails, which are of the ordinary lateen pattern. A good quality of heavy muslin with double seams will answer the purpose.

The rudder-blade (Fig. 10) is made of a ⅜-inch spruce board, let into a 1¼-inch square stick. In the rudder are inserted two brass screw-eyes, 10 inches apart. Two similar screw-eyes the same distance apart are put in the stern post. A brass rod (fastened to the boat with a short chain in order to prevent its being lost) is passed through all the eyes.

The tiller-rope extends through screw-eyes on the inside of the gunwales to a pulley-block at the bow, so that the rudder can be handled no matter at what place in the canoe the boy may be. Three jam cleats for fastening the sheets are conveniently placed along the gunwales on both sides.

Do not use any iron in any part of the boat; use brass screws and screw-eyes and copper tacks and nails. To do this costs a little more, but there is no danger of an important joint giving way through rust, for water is bound to get in the boat, either from the rain or from shipping it over the sides.

The descriptions and the diagrams given in this article have avoided, as far as possible, going into minute details, for the reason that such details often confuse any but a trained mechanic. It is expected that the photographs of the finished boat will furnish to the boy canoe-builder the information intentionally omitted in the descriptions. The main purpose of this article is to start the boy right in the essential part of the work, and then let him exercise his own ingenuity in the matter of finish.

The expense account should not exceed the following:

Wood	$ 2.75
Copper tacks and nails	.60
Brass screws and screw-eyes	.60
Gromets for sails	.15
Fittings, galvanized	2.00
Sail-sticks, spruce	.75
Canvas	2.20
Muslin for sails	1.30
Paint	1.75
Rope	.70
	$12.80

BED-TIME.

By Katharine Pyle.

GOOD NIGHT IN THE NURSERY.

Now all the little toys are going to sleep,
The dolls and Noah's Ark and old tin sheep,

The music-box, the marbles, and the kite:
The curtains have been drawn, and it is night.

They do not wish to play; they talk no more:
Put them away and close the cupboard door.

TOMMY TOYMAN.

When the little children
Are all asleep in bed,
Comes old Tommy Toyman,
With his noiseless tread.

No one sees him coming,
Creeping up the stairs,
In the tasseled nightcap
That he always wears.

A pair of great round spectacles
He has upon his nose,
And straight up to the nursery
And to the toys he goes.

When old Tommy Toyman
Finds the little toys
Torn and scratched and broken
By careless girls and boys,

He sends each one bad dreams,
To dance above their heads;
So all night they see them,
Whirling round their beds.

But when Tommy Toyman
Finds that, after play,
The toys are all in order,
And neatly put away,

Then puff! he blows the good dreams,
Like bubbles, shining bright,
To float above the children's heads
And round their beds all night:

That 's what Tommy Toyman
Does, I 've heard it said,
When the little children
Are all asleep in bed.

NOVEL EXPERIENCES.

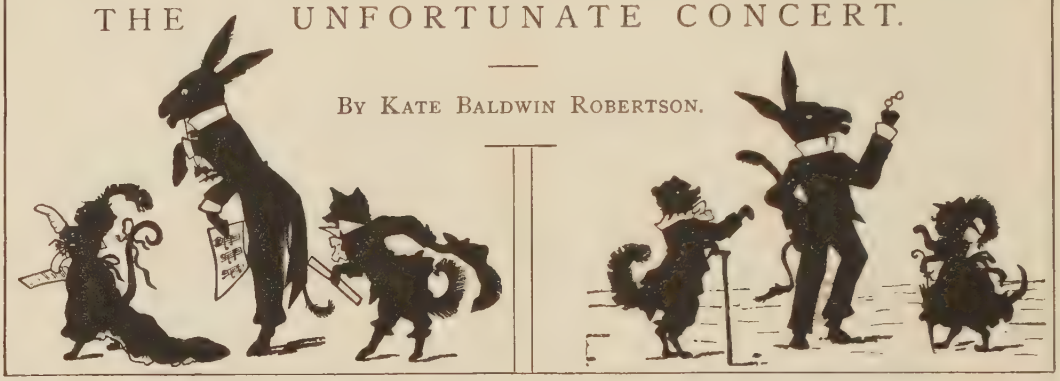
By Carolyn Wells.

Just once, in far-off Labrador, the sun gave warming rays,
And this excited Eskimo exclaimed in great amaze:
"Though all my life I 've known the cold, and ice, and freezing storm,
I *never* knew the sun could shine enough to make one *warm!*"

Another day, on desert sands, the rain came pouring down,
And this affrighted African cried, with a fearful frown:
"All my life long I 've known the heat and burning sun, but yet
I never knew the rain could fall enough to make one *wet!*"

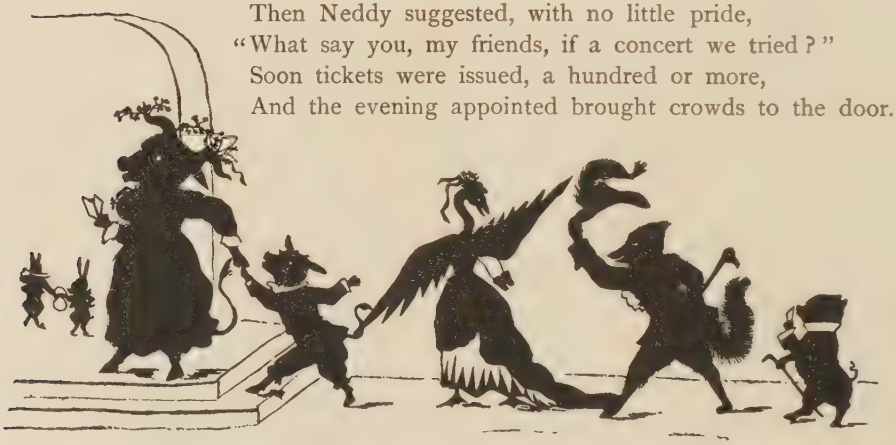
THE UNFORTUNATE CONCERT.

By Kate Baldwin Robertson.

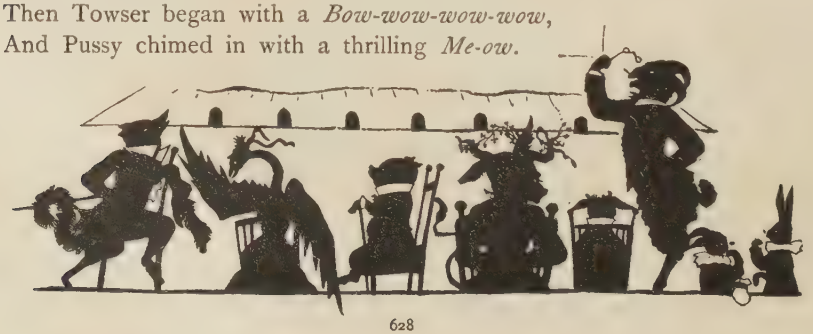


Miss Pussy and Towser and Neddy, all three,
Were sure that their singing was sweet as could be.
"What a pity," they said, "that the world cannot hear
The sound of our voices so sweet and so clear!"

Then Neddy suggested, with no little pride,
"What say you, my friends, if a concert we tried?"
Soon tickets were issued, a hundred or more,
And the evening appointed brought crowds to the door.



Miss Pussy appeared in a dress of bright green,
Quite pleased with herself — that was plain to be seen.
Then Towser began with a *Bow-wow-wow-wow*,
And Pussy chimed in with a thrilling *Me-ow*.



The audience looked troubled, and cried, "This won't do!
This concert is scarcely worth listening to."
Just then Mr. Neddy gave forth his best bray;
It startled the audience, and they all ran away.

Our trio to blows I 'm afraid almost came;
Puss stoutly maintained Ned was chiefly to blame;
She scolded the poor chap, and Towser did, too,
And then off the stage all three of them flew.

Straight back to their home Puss and Towser did run,
While Ned soon found thistles than singing more fun;
I fancy they 'll now be content to remain
In their own humble sphere, nor try concerts again.

A DUTCH TREAT.

By Amy B. Johnson.

"'VE been crying again, father."

"Have you, sweetheart? I 'm sorry."

"Father."

"Yes, darling."

"I don't like Holland at all. I wish we had stayed in New York. And I would much rather stay in Amsterdam with you to-day than to go and see those horrid little Dutch children. I 'm sure I shall hate them all."

"But how about Marie? You want to see her, don't you?"

"No. I 'm very much annoyed with Marie. I don't see why she could not have been contented in New York. After taking care of me ever since I was a baby, she must like me better than those nieces and nephews she never saw till yesterday."

"I am sure Marie loves you very dearly, Katharine, but you are getting to be such a big girl now that you no longer need a nurse, and Marie was homesick. She wished to come back to Holland years ago, but I persuaded her to stay till you were old enough to do without her, and until Aunt Katharine was ready to come to New York and live with us, promising her that when that time came you and I would come over with her, just as we have done, on our way to Paris. We must not be selfish and grudge Marie to her sisters, who have not seen her for twelve years."

"I am homesick now, too, father. I was so happy in New York with my dolls — and you — and Marie — and —"

"So you shall be again, darling; in a few months we will go back, taking dear Aunt Katharine with us from Paris, and you will soon love her better than you do Marie."

Katharine and her father, Colonel Easton, were floating along a canal just out of Amsterdam, in a *trekschuit*, or small passenger-boat, on their way to the home of one of Marie's sisters, two of whom were married and settled near one of the dikes of Holland. Katharine was to spend the day there with her nurse, and make the acquaintance of all the nieces and nephews about whom Marie had told her so much, while her father was to return to Amsterdam, where he had business to transact with a friend. They had arrived in Holland only the day before, when Marie had immediately left them, being anxious to get home as soon as possible, after exacting a

promise from the colonel that Katharine should visit her the next day.

Katharine felt very sure she would never like Holland, as she gazed rather scornfully at the curious objects they passed: the queer gay-colored boats, the windmills which met the eye at every turn, with their great arms waving in the air, the busy-looking people, men and women, some of the latter knitting as they walked, carrying heavy baskets on their backs, and all looking so contented and placid.

"Try and think of the nice day you are going to have with Marie and the children," said the colonel; "then this evening I will come for you, and we will go together to Paris, and when you see Aunt Katharine you will be perfectly happy. See, we are nearly at the landing, and look at that row of little girls and boys. I do believe they are looking for you."

"Yes; they must be Marie's sister's children; I know them from the description Marie has read me from her letters. Are n't they horrid little things, father? Just look at their great clumps of shoes —"

"Yes — *klompen;* that is what they are called, Katharine."

"And their baggy clothes and short waists! One of them knitting, too! Well, I would never make such a fright of myself, even if I did live in Holland, which I 'm glad I don't."

By this time they had made the landing. Then Katharine and Marie fell into each other's arms and cried, gazed at in half-frightened curiosity by seven small, shy Hollanders, and in pitying patience by a very large colonel.

"THE WINDMILLS WHICH MET THE EYE AT EVERY TURN, WITH THEIR GREAT ARMS WAVING IN THE AIR."

"Au revoir. I will call for Katharine this afternoon," called Colonel Easton, when the time came for him to go on board again.

Katharine waved her handkerchief to her father as long as his boat was in sight.

"See, Miss Katharine," said Marie, — in Dutch now, for Katharine understood that language very well, Marie having spoken it to her from her infancy, — "here is Gretel, and this is her little sister Katrine and her brother Jan. The

others are their cousins. Come here, Lotten; don't be shy. Ludolf, Mayken, Freitje, shake hands with my little American girl; they were all eager to come and meet you, dear, so I had to bring them."

Katharine shook hands very soberly with the little group, and then walked off beside Marie, hearing nothing but the clatter-clatter of fourteen wooden shoes behind her.

Soon they arrived at the cottage, and in a moment seven pairs of klompen were ranged in a neat row outside a small cottage, while their owners all talked at once to two sweet-faced women standing in the doorway. These were Marie's sisters, whose husbands were out on the sea fishing, and who lived close beside each other in two tiny cottages exactly alike.

"Oh," exclaimed Katharine, as, panting and breathless, she finally joined the group, "do you always take off your shoes before you go into the house?"

"Why, of course," said the children.

"How funny!" said Katharine.

Then Marie, who had been left far behind, came up and introduced the little stranger to Juffrouw Van Dyne and Juffrouw Boekman, who took her into the house, followed by the three children who belonged there and the four cousins who belonged next door. They took off her coat and hat and gave her an arm-chair to sit in as she nibbled a tiny piece of gingerbread, while large pieces from the same loaf disappeared as if by magic among the other children. Then Gretel showed to her her doll; Jan shyly put into her hand a very pretty small model of the boat she had come in on that morning; Lotten offered her a piece of Edam cheese, which she took, while politely declining Mayken's offer to teach her to knit; little Katrine deposited a beautiful white kitten on her lap; Ludolf showed her a fine pair of klompen on which his father was teaching him to carve some very pretty figures; Freitje brought all his new fishing-tackle and invited her to go fishing with him at the back of the house. It was not long before Katharine forgot that she was homesick, and grew really interested in her surroundings; and later the dinner, consisting chiefly of fish and rye bread, tasted very good to the now hungry Katharine.

It was after dinner that the tragedy happened. The children had all started out for a walk. Before they had gone more than a mile from the house the fog settled all around them — so dense, so thick, blotting out everything, that they could not see more than a step ahead. They were not frightened, however, as all they had to do was to turn round and go straight ahead toward home. The children took one another's hands at Gretel's direction, stretching themselves across the road, Katharine, who held Gretel's hand, being at one end of the line. They walked on slowly along the dike for a short time, talking busily, though not able to see where they were going, when suddenly Katharine felt her feet slipping. In trying to steady herself she let go of Gretel, gave a wild clutch at the air, and then rolled, rolled, right down a steep bank, and, splash! into a pool of water at the bottom. For a moment she lay half stunned, not knowing what had happened to her; then, as her sense came, "Oh," thought she, "I must be killed, or drowned, or something!" She tried to call "Gretel," but her voice sounded weak and far off, and she could see nothing. Slowly she crawled out of the pool, only to plunge, splash! into another. She felt, oh, so cold, wet, and bruised! "I must have rolled right down the dike," she thought. "If I could find it, I might climb up again." She got up and tried to walk, but sank to her ankles in water at every step.

She was a little lame from her fall, and soaked from head to foot. Her clothes hung around her most uncomfortably when she tried to walk. But, if she had to crawl on hands and knees, she must find the house; so, plunging, tumbling, rising again, she crawled in and out of ditches, every minute getting more cold and miserable.

But on she went, shivering and sore, every moment wandering farther from her friends, who were out searching all along the bottom of the dike.

After what seemed to her a long time, she came bump up against something hard. She did not know what it was, but she could have jumped for joy, if her clothes had not been so heavy, to hear a voice suddenly call out in

LITTLE MAYKEN.

GRETEL AND KATRINE.

Dutch: "What 's that? Who has hit against my door? Ach! where in the world have you come from?" Then in a considerably milder tone: "Ach! the little one! and she is English. How did you get here, dear heart?"

"I — I — fell down the dike. I have — lost — everybody. Oh, how shall I ever get back to father?" answered Katharine in her very poor Dutch.

"But tell me, little one, where you came from — ach! so cold and wet!"

"I was spending the day with Marie and Gretel — and — Jan — and we were walking on the dike when the fog came on; then I fell, and could not find my way —"

"Gretel and Jan — could they be Juffrouw Van Dyne's children?"

"Yes, yes," eagerly; "that is where I was. Oh, *can* you take me back, dear, dear juffrouw?"

"Yes, when the fog clears away, my child. I could not find the house now; it is more than two miles from here. Besides, you must put off these wet clothes; you will get your death of cold — poor lambkin."

At this Katharine's sobs broke forth afresh. It must be late in the evening now, she thought; her father would come to Marie's and would not be able to find her —

"No, dear child; it is only four o'clock in the afternoon. The fog may clear away very soon, and then I will take you back."

Quickly the wet garments were taken off and hung about the stove. Katharine presently found herself wrapped up in blankets in a great arm-chair in front of the fire, a cushion at her back and another under her feet, drinking some nice hot broth, and feeling so warm and comfortable that she fell fast asleep, and awoke two hours later to find the room quite light, the fog almost gone, the juffrouw sitting beside her knitting, and a comfortable-looking cat purring noisily at her feet.

"I think I have been asleep," she said.

"I think you have," said Dame Donk.

Just then a loud knock was heard at the door, a head was poked in, then another, and still another. The cottage was fast filling up. There stood, first of all, poor, pale, frightened Marie, holding a large bundle in her arms, Jan with another smaller one, Gretel carrying a pair of shoes, and one of the sisters, completely filling up the doorway with her ample proportions, last of all.

It appears that as soon as the fog had begun to clear, the good Dame Donk had despatched a boy from a neighboring cottage to let them know where Katharine was, and that her wardrobe would need replenishing.

The excitement on finding the child safe and sound may be better imagined than described. How she was kissed, cried, and laughed over, what questions were asked and not answered, as she was taken into an adjoining room and arrayed in a complete suit of Gretel's clothes, even to the klompen, for, alas! her French shoes were now in no condition to be worn, the pretty blue frock torn and stained and hopelessly wet, the hat with its dainty plume crushed and useless; indeed, every article she had worn looked only fit for the rag-bag.

Gretel was so much smaller than Katharine that the clothes were a very tight fit, the skirt which hung round Gretel's ankles reaching just below Katharine's knees, and it was a funny little figure that stepped back into the room — no longer a fashionably dressed New York maiden, but a golden-haired child of Holland, even to the blue eyes, sparkling now with fun and merriment.

"But did n't you bring a cap for me, Marie?" she asked in a grieved tone.

"Ah, no, deary; I never thought of a cap."

"Well, you must put one on me the minute we get back."

"Oh, what will father say?" she cried delightedly, as she surveyed herself in the little mirror.

This sobered Marie at once. What would "father" say, indeed? Would he not have a right to be very angry with her, that she had allowed the child to get into such danger?

"Where is Katharine?" asked the colonel, as he stood, tall and commanding, on the threshold, later that evening, surveying eight small Hollanders, looking so much alike, except for the difference in their sizes, that they might have passed for eight Dutch dolls propped up in a row against the wall.

A sudden shriek of laughter, and one of the

dolls was in his arms, smothering him with kisses. Then every one began to talk at once, as usual, and it was not until late the next evening, when he and Katharine were steaming out of Amsterdam, that the colonel was told the whole story and for the first time fully understood all that had happened to his little girl on that eventful day.

Meanwhile the new light in his daughter's eyes and the laughter on her lips kept him from any desire to inquire too deeply into the reason for a certain embarrassed frightened look on the faces of the women.

Before leaving Amsterdam the colonel was obliged to purchase a complete suit of Dutch garments for Katharine as a memento of this visit, and "because they are so pretty, father," she said, and "Oh, father, I just love Holland! As for those Dutch children, I think they are simply the dearest, sweetest things I ever saw, and I have promised to write to Gretel as soon as ever I get to Paris."

THE CHILDREN OF HOLLAND.

By Clara F. Berry.

THE children of Holland, that queerest of places,
Are healthy and happy, with bright little faces.

You 'll hear them go clattering down on the street
With queer-looking, quaint wooden shoes on their feet.

These children are kept just
as neat as a pin,
For *dirt* is considered in
Holland a sin.

They play hide-and-seek, fly kites in the air —
No happier children you 'll find anywhere.

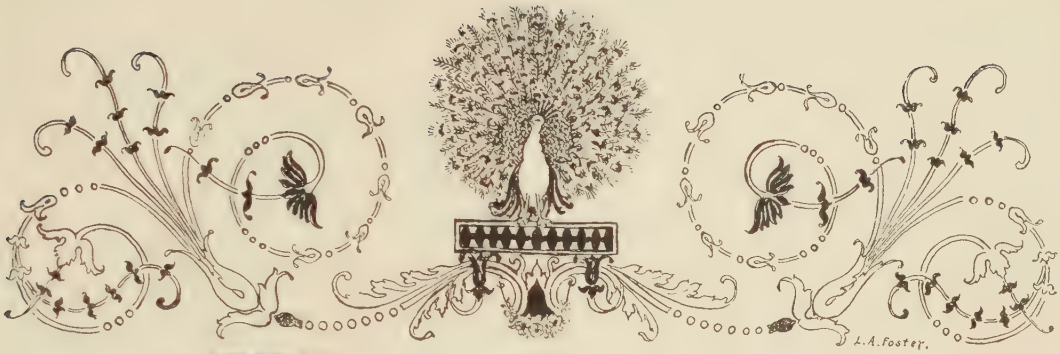
UP and down, by the dikes, they
will skate like the wind;
In games and amusements
they 're never behind.

They 've dolls, tops, and marbles, and all sorts of toys,
And the girls are as sturdy and gay as the boys.

They keep at their tasks till the work is all done;
Then they sport and they frolic in jolliest fun.

What matter Dutch costumes or Yankee togs, pray,
When young lads and lassies are ready for play?

HIDE-AND-SEEK.



A BLOOMING BIRD.

By Mary Evelyn Thomas.

They were walking on the terrace,
Mama and little Fred;
There they met a stately peacock,
His gorgeous tail outspread.

As they stepped out of the pathway,
To give His Highness room,
"Oh, look!" cried Fred, astonished,
"The peacock is in bloom!"

MAY-MOVING IN THE WOODS: "AH, THIS IS THE PLACE FOR US!"

TITO'S HOME-MADE PICTURE-BOOK.

By George Frederick Welsford.

"Will you draw me something, papa?"
"Yes, my boy. What shall it be?"
"I want an owl and a piggy —
The owl up in a tree.

"And then I want a donkey,
And then —" "Well, that will do;
We must have the rest to-morrow"—
That is how this story grew.

To the little pig that cried *wee! wee!*
Strange things befell, as we shall see;
For Piggy was lost, when he met an owl
And asked his way of that wise old fowl.

Now this owl was a mischievous bird, you know,
With a heart as black as the blackest crow.
He winked his eye, and he snapped his bill,
As he thought how to serve poor Piggy ill.

He first sent Piggy, when he asked his way,
To a silly old donkey — to lead him astray.
The donkey, when found, was having his tea,
Which he shared with our Piggy, as here you will see.

But as to the way that Piggy should go,
That stupid old donkey did not know.
So, after tea, they got in a boat,
And toward Mother Goose Land were soon afloat.

The first one they met, as they came to land,
Was Humpty Dumpty, with smile so bland.
They asked him the way, but, sad to tell,
Before he could answer, down he fell.

They fetched the king's horses, they fetched the king's men —
With the pig and the donkey the number was ten.
But when they arrived at the base of the wall,
They could not find Humpty Dumpty at all.

PIGGY TAKES TEA WITH THE DONKEY.

Now the owl had played them a trick, you see;
For the donkey went home to finish his tea,
And Piggy much feared he would never get home,
But his whole life long round the country would roam.

Then he turned, and he saw dear Mrs. Gray Goose,
Who said she would willingly be of some use,
Though where Piggy's home was she did not just know,
But the highroad to Pigland she gladly would show.

The road to it ran through the Gobillillies' wood,
A mischievous sprite-folk that do little good.

As soon as they saw the cart drawing near,
They tipped it quite over, with many a jeer.

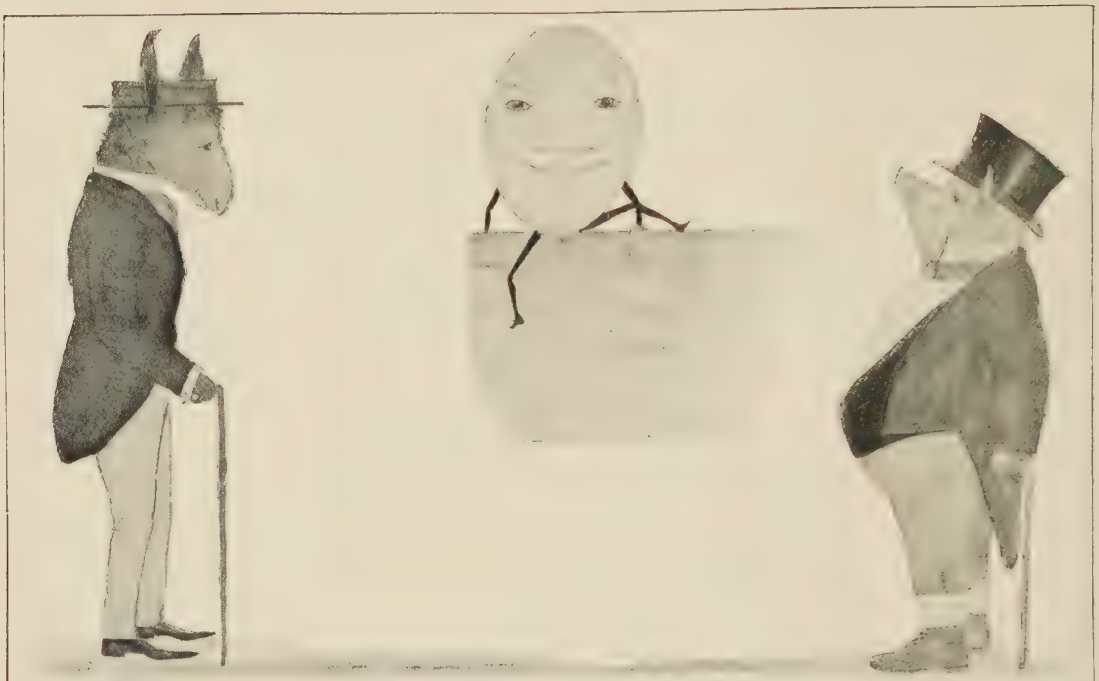
Mrs. Goose was so nimble she rose safe and sound,
But out fell poor Piggy upon the hard ground;
And, thoroughly frightened, Mrs. Goose ran for aid,
For that Piggy was dead she was sorely afraid.

Piggy slowly came back to his senses at last;
But the wee Gobillillies were holding him fast.
They soon tied together his feet and his hands
With long heavy chains and strong iron bands.

He then in a dark prison dungeon was thrust,
His fare was but water and hard moldy crust,
With nothing to cheer the mysterious gloom,
And to live there forever he feared was his doom.

But in at the window a light glimmered soon,
And in through the bars hopped the Man-in-the-Moon.
He threw Piggy's chains on the floor with a clang,
And out through the window a free Piggy sprang.

PIGGY GOES TO MOTHER GOOSE LAND.



PIGGY CALLS ON HUMPTY DUMPTY.

Piggy could not run fast,—he was not very thin,—
And closer and closer came a terrible din.
He heard just behind him the Gobillilly crew,
And hoots of the owl; now what could he do?

Little dreamed the poor Piggy that help was at hand,
Or that he was near to the Piccaninny Land—
The dear Piccaninnies, so brave and so good,
Who lived in the orchard beyond the next wood.

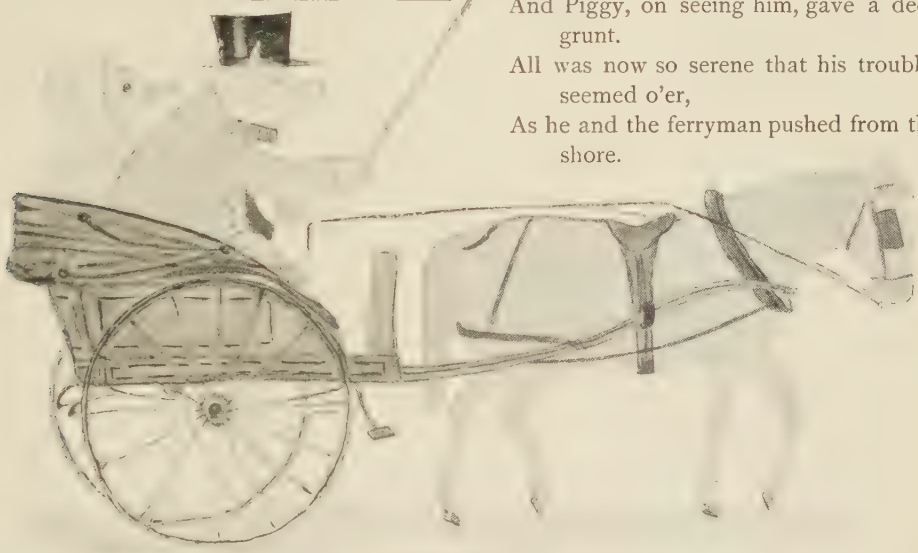
"ALL THE KING'S HORSES AND ALL THE KING'S MEN."

PIGGY MEETS MRS. GRAY GOOSE.

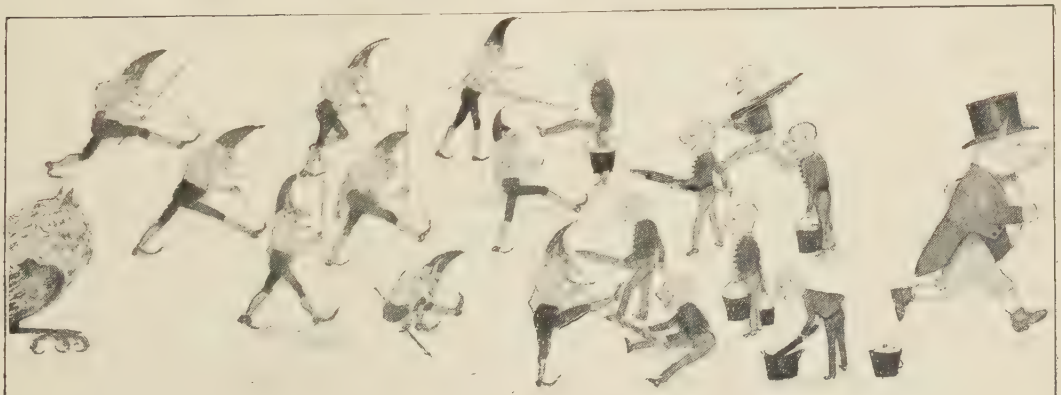
Before them the base Gobillillies soon fled;
Of the bold Piccaninnies they had a great dread.
Straight back to their shadowy woodland they ran,
While Piggy gave thanks to that other kind clan.

When Piggy had rested, he started again
To seek his lost home, throughout meadow and fen.
He very soon came to a cool river wide;
His home, he thought, lay on the opposite side.

Young Ferryman Frog was there with his punt,
And Piggy, on seeing him, gave a deep grunt.
All was now so serene that his troubles seemed o'er,
As he and the ferryman pushed from the shore.



PIGGY STARTS FOR PIGLAND.



THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE GOBILLILLIES AND THE PICCANINNIES.

PIGGY IS CAST INTO PRISON BY THE GOBILLILLIES.

But when the old owl saw him, happy and bright,
And nothing the worse for his terrible fright,
He took a great stone and, flying in front,
He dropped it right through the thin floor of the punt.

And so the boat sank, and they both had to swim,
And, hastening off, the frog hallooed to him,
"Strike out for the bank. I wish you good luck!
But I must beware of that greedy white duck."

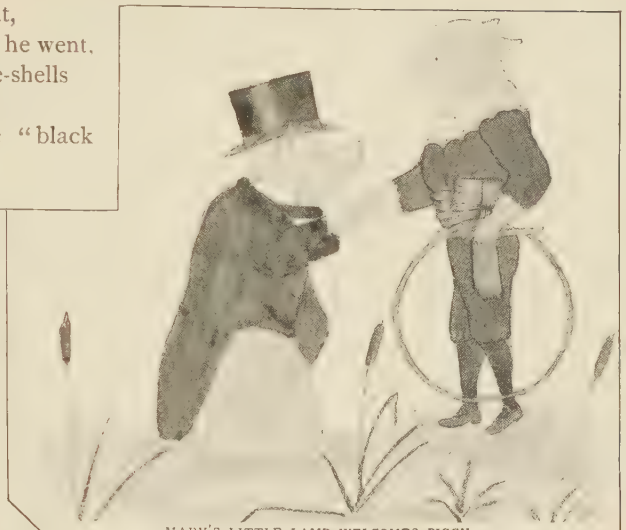
Then Piggy struck out, and he soon came to land,
And a kind little lamb reached out for his hand,
And exclaimed to poor Piggy, as he wished him "good day,"
"I fear you have met with ill luck on your way.

"You are wet to the skin, and as cold as can be.
I pray you, good sir, won't you come home with me?
'T is only a step, for our house is close by,
And there we will soon make you 'comfy' and dry."

THE MAN IN THE MOON RESCUES PIGGY.

THE FROG FERRIES PIGGY ACROSS THE RIVER.

To this Piggy gratefully gave his assent,
And shivered as off to the lamb's house he went.
In through the garden where the cockle-shells grow,
And was welcomed by Ba-Ba (the "black sheep," you know).

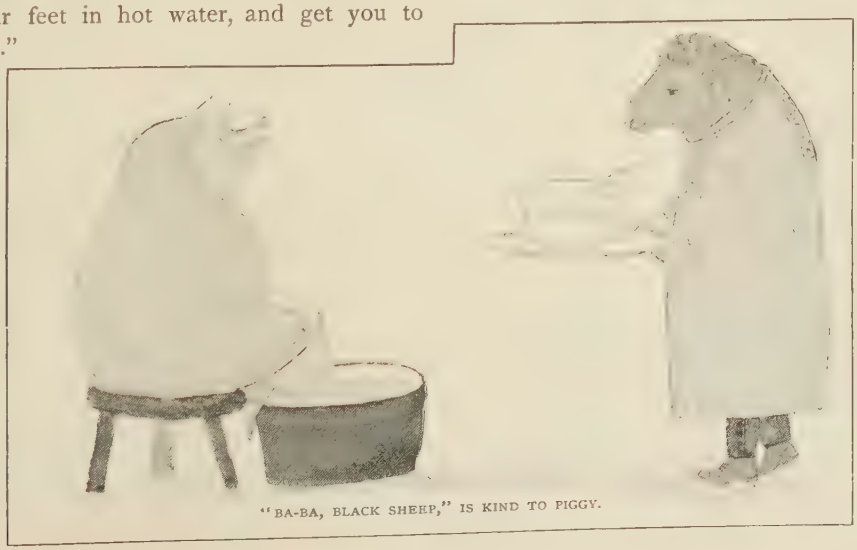


MARY'S LITTLE LAMB WELCOMES PIGGY.

THE OWL WITH A STONE SINKS THE PUNT.

"We will dry your wet clothes," friendly Ba-Ba then said,
"Put your feet in hot water, and get you to bed."

"In this curious world," said Piggy, "I find
That a black sheep is often exceedingly kind."



"BA-BA, BLACK SHEEP," IS KIND TO PIGGY.

Next day, well refreshed, Piggy tried once again
To find his lost home, and the way seemed
quite plain;

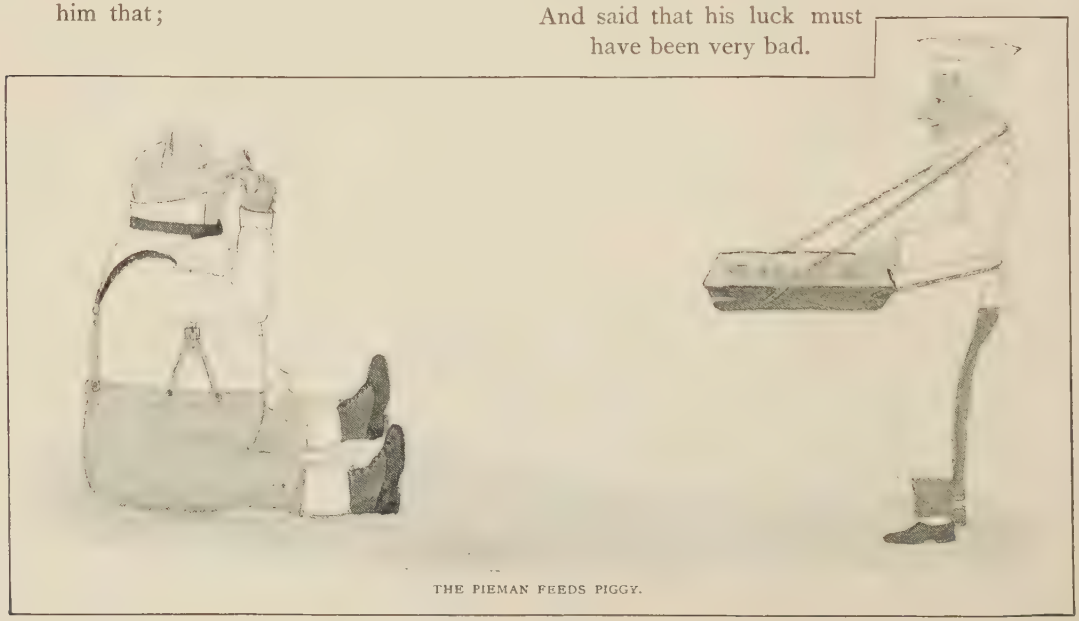
OLD WOLF GRAY ROBS PIGGY.

But scarce had he started when, right in the
way,
He saw, to his horror, the fierce old Wolf Gray.

The wolf then robbed Piggy of coat and of
hat.
Piggy begged for his life, and the wolf spared
him that;

But, as he went off, he remarked, with a grin,
"You must thank the witch-owl for the plight
you are in."

A pieman was passing just then, with his pies,
And seeing poor Piggy with tears in his eyes,
He felt very sorry to find him so sad,
And said that his luck must
have been very bad.



THE PIEMAN FEEDS PIGGY.

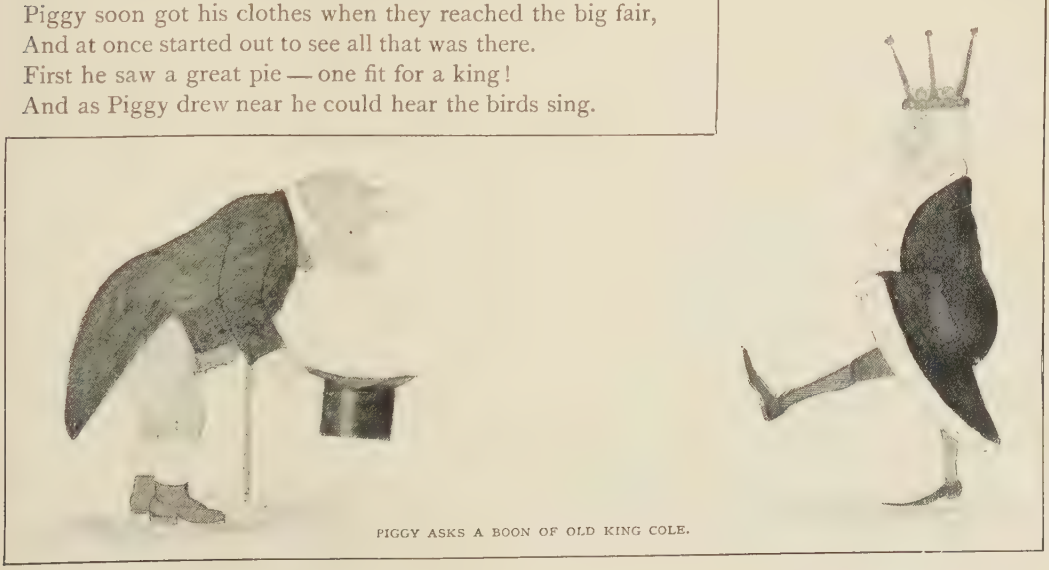
Then out of the pie, like a swarm of great bees,
Came twenty-four blackbirds, as lively as fleas.
They flew at his face, with twitters and cries;
And pecked at the poor Piggy's ears, nose, and eyes.

He rushed away madly till deep in a wood.
This time his way home he had quite lost for good.
When out of the wood, with his pipe and his bowl
And his fiddlers, came suddenly — good Old King Cole.

FOUR-AND-TWENTY BLACKBIRDS ATTACK PIGGY.

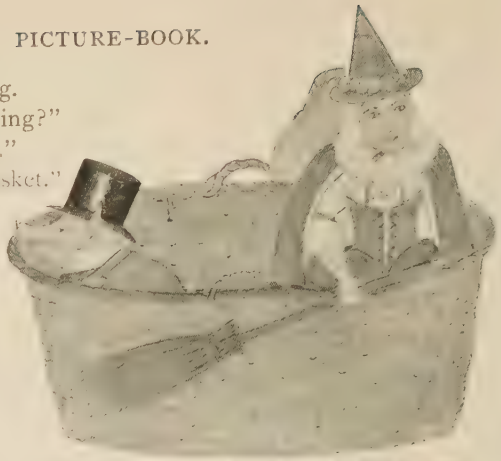
"Cheer up," said the pieman, "and eat a nice tart.
We 'll catch that old wolf, and we 'll soon make him smart.
We 'll get back your clothes when we come to the fair,
With the help of my dog, who is sure to be there."

Piggy soon got his clothes when they reached the big fair,
And at once started out to see all that was there.
First he saw a great pie — one fit for a king!
And as Piggy drew near he could hear the birds sing.



PIGGY ASKS A BOON OF OLD KING COLE.

Piggy bowed humbly then to the kindly old king.
"A boon! Sire, a boon! won't you grant me this thing?"
"It is granted, O Pig, and you have but to ask it."
"Then let the old woman take me home in her basket."

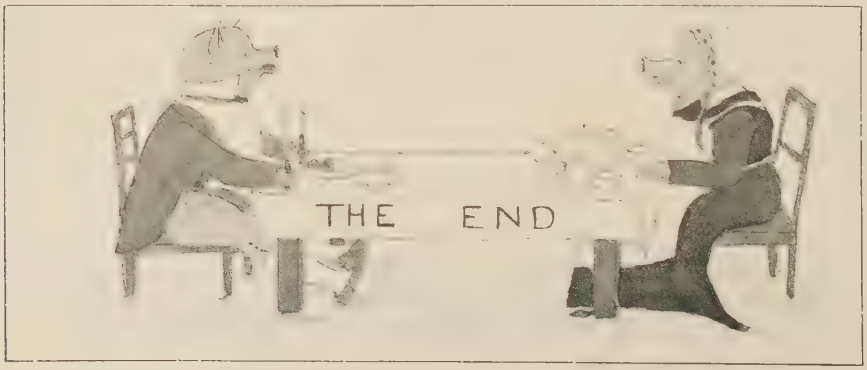


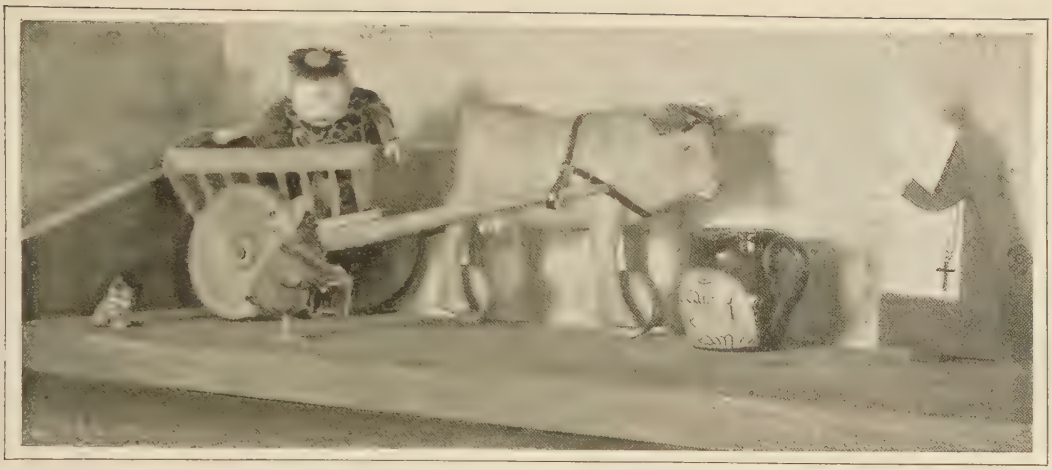
THE OLD WOMAN TAKES PIGGY HOME IN HER BASKET.

Snug and deep in the basket here Piggy now lies
As they mount up and up — right up to the skies;
Then down, down they come. Piggy fears for his life,
But the old woman brings him safe back to his wife.

PIGGY GETS HOME.

Good-by, dear old Piggy; your troubles are over.
With your wife and your children you 'll now live in clover;
With your wife and three children all safe in your home,
Be content there henceforth and no more try to roam!





LIFE ON THE MANTEL-SHELF.

By Clifton Johnson.

The Japanese doll got up very early one morning, and harnessed his wooden cow to the cart, that he might go to town.

He traveled and traveled along the mantel-shelf a great way. The wooden cow did not go very fast, so the Japanese doll saw all the sights along the way.

Suddenly he heard some one calling, "Jappy, Jappy, Jappy, stop!"

And the Japanese doll said, "So, Bossy! so, Bossy!" to the cow, and the cow stopped.

Then the doll saw who it was that had called to him: it was a paper nun. She was standing now in front of the wooden cow, with a great earthern jar in her arms as big as a tub.

"Your cow looked so hot and thirsty," said the paper nun, "that I thought I would bring her something to drink."

"You are very kind," said the doll, as the nun set the jar down in the roadway.

The cow sniffed it and then drank it all up, for it was full of milk instead of water.

A little Maltese kitten had followed the nun, and while the cow was busy drinking the milk, the kitten crept from behind the nun's skirts to lap up some spatters of milk around the bottom of the jar.

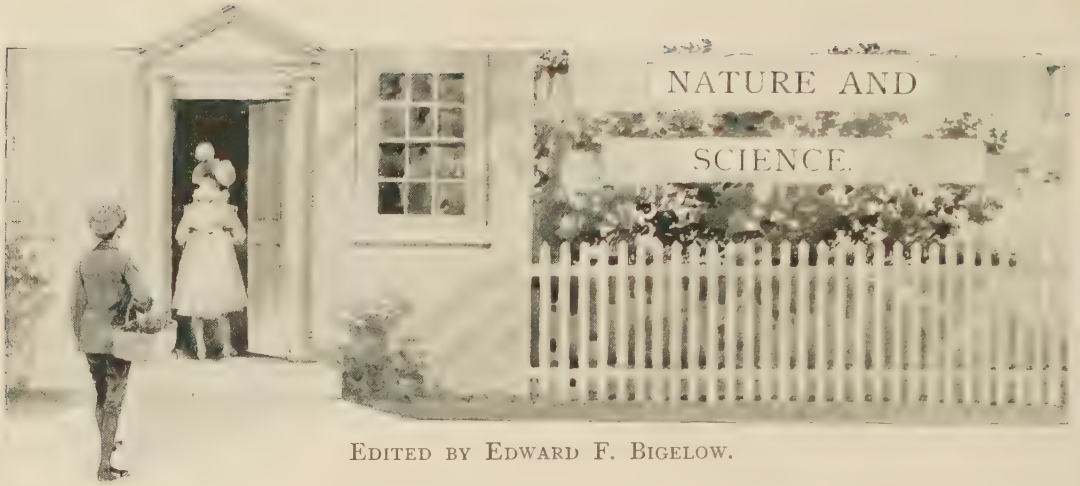
Just then a loud and very peculiar noise from away down the road—I mean the mantel-shelf—made the kitten scamper off for safety.

The nun and the Japanese doll looked down the road in the direction from which the sound came. Even the wooden cow turned her head and the kitten peeped around from the shelter of the nun's black skirt.

What they saw was a yellow china chicken coming with a hand-organ. When it came up to them the chicken stopped, and it played such a merry tune that the kitten came out in the road where it could hear better.

The nun clapped her hands, for she was good-natured and liked a bit of music now and then; while the Japanese doll leaned over the rail of his cart and said to the chicken, "That is a very pretty tune, sir."

The doll had just finished speaking when the sun rose. Its bright rays shone in at the window and clear across the room. That made the mantel-shelf folk all stop just where they were; they never move about by daylight. And when little girl Margaret came downstairs, there she saw the Japanese doll and the wooden cow and the paper nun and the kitten and the chicken with the hand-organ exactly as you see them in the picture.



EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW.

THE MOSQUITO.

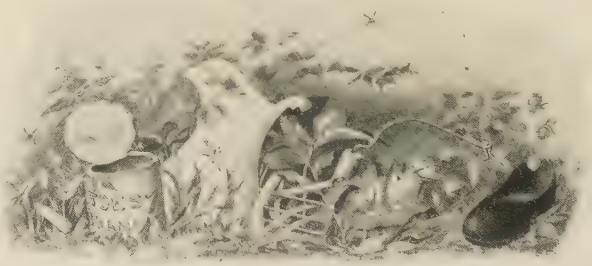
"BUZ-Z-ZIP-PAH! Hateful screen-n-n-now I 'm through-oo-oo. D-d-dinner-r-r! Ah-here!"

WHACK!

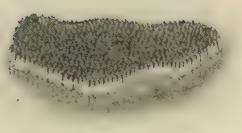
"Buz-z-z — narrow-s-s-scape-that! — z-z-z — here 's-another-place-to-z-z-zettle. — Ah!"

Everybody knows the song that the mosquito sings, varied, of course, to suit occasions; but listen a bit, keeping in mind the surroundings, and you can translate it easily enough. It may be the bad boy's tough cheek that is the burden of the refrain, or the little girl's tender cheek; it may be mama's white forehead, or papa's ear, or baby's dimpled hand. That song always presages evil, and the worst of it is that it is not always a solo, but often a chorus. There are some things that make us exceedingly angry, and yet the next moment seem funny or ridiculous. The mosquito is one of these things. Over the exasperating bloodthirsty, disease-spreading pest we can get justly wrathful until we long for something to descend on each and every winged nuisance and put them all out of existence. But the lively little wriggler larvæ, the water-babies of this insect, with their funny antics, are only amusing until we call to mind that in a short time they will become mosquitos; and then perhaps the oil-can promptly pours its contents upon the surfaces of their habitations. There is nothing that gives a better opportunity to practise consistency than one's opinions of the mosquito. Generally ignorance or carelessness interferes. We hate the pests; often they cannot be tolerated; we do what we can for the moment to get away from them—retreat within the house and quickly close the screen door after us, and the tiny little foes shortly squeeze through the screen and get at us in spite of our wire guards.

And all this fuss when, with very little trouble, we might go calmly about and be altogether rid of the pests. Just interest the neighbors in the same idea! Let everybody see that no stagnant water exists near by, fill up or drain the natural little pools, overturn the tomato-cans, broken pitchers, bottles, old rubber shoes, and anything else that can catch rain-water; or if swampy ground, rain-barrels, tanks, watering-troughs, or surface cisterns cannot be avoided, either pour some



OTHER HOMES OF MOSQUITOS.
Almost anything that will hold water is acceptable.

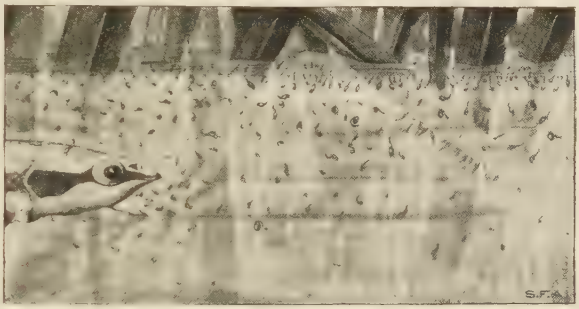


MOSQUITO EGG "BOAT," OR "NEST." (MAGNIFIED.)

The eggs are placed on end and packed closely together on the surface of water, or on wet earth where puddles occur. Sometimes as many as 400 eggs are in one mass.

kerosene on their surfaces, say three or four times during the summer, to spread over as a film; or if the water is to be utilized from above, just put in a few little fish of any kind—minnows, sunnies, or baby perch. Then watch for results. If this plan is carried out consistently in any mosquito-ridden neighborhood, there will be no more mosquitos in that section for some time, although each year these preventive measures should be resumed.

MOSQUITO EGGS, AND LARVÆ HATCHING FROM THEM. (MAGNIFIED.)



MOSQUITO LARVÆ WRIGGLERS AND PUPÆ JUMPERS ALONG THE EDGE OF A POND.

In such places they are generally protected by the dense grass. A "wolf" in the fold, in the shape of a little chub-minnow, which might seem to the mosquitos a veritable monster, forces its way into the retreat, and gobbling up the wrigglers wholesale, soon rids the place of them. Thus is the little fish one of man's best friends.

Mosquitos are numbered among the many insects that live an aquatic life during their imperfect stages as larvæ and pupæ. The female lays her eggs, from a hundred to several hundred, in a boat-shaped mass on the surface of water. In twenty-four hours, if the weather is warm, the eggs hatch, the tiny wrigglers wriggling out of the lower ends of the upright eggs into the water below. They feed upon minute algæ, diatoms, and animalcules, and every now and then wriggle to the surface, head down, to breathe air through their air-tubes. They grow very rapidly. Three times, finding their skins will not stretch as fast as they grow, they discard them for new ones, after the manner of many other kinds of larvæ, such as caterpillars. In about a week or ten days they go through a remarkable change, from the larva to the pupa form, casting their wriggler stems off altogether and turning back up instead of tail up. With little round, fat bodies and heads all in one, and curved tails with paddles, they go to kicking and jumping instead of wriggling. They do not now feed at all, but require more air than before, and get it through two little air-tubes that look like ears sticking out of their backs, and they spend much time at the surface for the purpose. If frightened, they give a vigorous kick which sends them down to the bottom, though they float to the surface again at once unless they keep on kicking.

MOSQUITO LARVÆ WRIGGLERS. (MAGNIFIED.)

Those at the surface are breathing air through their air-tubes.

In two or three days they again become almost inert, and their backs, projecting a little out of water, crack open, and out of each one comes a regular full-fledged mosquito. Putting legs out first and standing on the water or on the pupa skin, it draws its body up and out into the free air. At first it seems limp and soft and its wings are small and milky white. In a few moments it becomes darker in color and more active, and, its wings expanding and stiffening, it rises in the air and flies away—ready for its prey, an active enemy of the human race.

There are many erroneous ideas concerning the mosquito. It is commonly said that mosquitos "bite." The impression

A FAVORITE "NESTING"-PLACE OF THE MOSQUITO.

The eggs are laid on the surface, and the young mosquitos swim in the water.

is also common that grass, weeds, and shrubbery are alone responsible for their existence. As a matter of fact, the male mosquitos are not bloodthirsty; their appetites, if they have any, are more gentle and peacefully inclined.

Only the females "bite," and they do not really bite. They have no teeth for biting. It is a piercing and blood-sucking act they perform, quite as bad, no doubt, as biting, but not accurately described by that word in a scientific account.

A MOSQUITO EXPERIENCE.

She approaches, expectant, on bloody business bent, "singing" a high-pitched, joyful song. She alights upon the investigator's sleeve, and the song ceases. She likes not the sampling thereof, and removes, the song continued, to the willing victim's finger-tip. She proceeds to business, and fills herself with blood and the finger with itching, whereat, rejoicing exceedingly, she harkens away, singing again, and lays numerous eggs in the rain-filled tomato-can.

While they find shelter in the low herbage, mosquitos depend absolutely on water or very moist earth for existence, though winds will sometimes blow them quite a distance away from water and in great numbers. This explains the fact, often noted, that a town or village near the sea is sometimes visited for days by hordes of these insects, and again is suddenly freed from them when the wind shifts to the opposite points of the compass.

Mosquitos have many enemies: bats and birds, and, more than these, dragon-flies catch countless numbers of them. But these are not to be controlled, though they should be protected.

If we wish to wage relentless war on the mosquito, that not only annoys us but endangers our lives by carrying diseases,—for it appears to be the sole cause of malaria and in tropical countries of yellow fever,—we must call upon the agents that are destined to exterminate the pests in time. Of these methods the principal are, kerosene on the water, filling up the stagnant pools with earth, discarding rain-barrels, and putting fish in the small ponds to eat the larvæ. The dragon-fly and many other water insects feed upon the mosquito larvæ and thus aid us in keeping down the numbers of mosquitos.

MOSQUITO PUPÆ. (MAGNIFIED.)

The one at the surface on the left is breathing air through its air-tubes. The one on the right has completed its transformation, and the adult mosquito is coming out of the pupa skin through a slit in the back. Its wings will soon expand and dry, and it will fly away to seek food.

It is to be hoped that some day the national and the state governments will appropriate large sums of money to combat and destroy the mosquito. This has been done in certain sections, as in New Jersey, South Carolina, Havana, Cuba, etc. But it must be done everywhere at once to be successful, else the insects will be carried from infested to "exterminated" regions by means of boats, trains, etc.

SAMUEL FRANCIS AARON.

MALE MOSQUITOS.

These plumed "dandies," though hard to see and find, are common about the matted grasses, rank weeds, and bushes in low meadows and damp woods, never far from water. They subsist mostly on vegetable matter and sweets.

WARRIOR MOUND-BUILDERS.

We Nature and Science readers have heard of the mound-builders as an extinct race, probably the ancestors of our North American Indians, whose only traces now left are the rude mounds or tunnels found in various parts of the country.

But the mound-builders with whom we are now concerned are warriors as keen and alert on the war-path to-day as any extinct ones whose name they may bear. Surely they may not be so swift of foot, though they have four pairs of legs and can move backward as well as forward. And keen of eye these fellows are too, for their eyes are mounted on movable stalks and can be turned in any direction.

The crawfish is a member of the lobster family, and just at this time of the year not in the best of spirits, being hungry and in poor condition from the winter's confinement.

He does not hibernate in the strict sense of the word, that is, pass into a state of torpor, but withdraws into a round dwelling of his own construction during winter's cold.

If we wade out into the water and lift up some of those rocks, we shall surely find one or more of the animals. So numerous are they that here under this first stone is a good-sized, ferocious-looking one, fully four inches long. The average length of the crawfish is from three to four inches. On close inspection, he exactly resembles a little lobster of a dull greenish or brownish color.

He is a good fighter, this crawfish warrior; but as an enemy it would be almost impossible to meet him in a fair open fight, for he is sadly lacking in the true warrior's sense of honor.

Indeed, the term "crawfish" has come to mean a withdrawal, a backing down from one's position; and just watch this fellow in order to understand the significance of the term. He is moving slowly away from us, crawling along the bottom of the stream by means of his four pairs of legs. We bend down cautiously to seize him, but before we can realize it the rascal has eluded us. With sudden jerks he is rapidly swimming backward, propelled by the strokes of the broad fan-shaped tail which terminates the hinder end of his body.

A shield covers the front part of our warrior's body, and two purple pincer claws are his chief weapons of offense and defense. Behind his two mounted eyes follow two pairs of feelers, one ending in two short-jointed filaments, like a whip-lash, which is more than half the length of the animal's body.

CRAWFISH IN THEIR MOUNDS.

If we can keep track of him and follow him to the bank, he will surely retreat into his fortress. Here at our feet are many of these little fortifications, which look like mud mounds or chimneys, from four to twelve inches in height and with an opening about two inches in diameter.

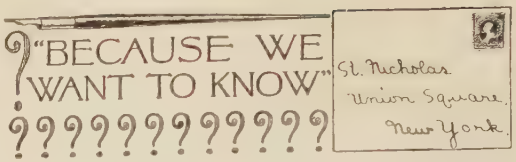
The warriors have constructed these fortifications by burrowing a hole into the ground, which reaches muddy water at bottom, where they may wet their gills. The earth thrown up in the burrowing process forms the mud chimney, a rough pyramidal mound, usually

the only opening being the entrance to the burrow.

In front of many of these mounds, guarding the entrance with outstretched claws, may be seen others of these queer fellows — eyes alert, feelers protruding like the mustachios of a fierce bucaneer, ready to seize and devour water-snail, tadpole, or frog; in fact, few things in the way of food are now amiss, for throughout the winter the most alert have been able to find little. Sometimes they make foraging expeditions inland in search of vegetable food, and I am sorry to say these unprincipled fellows are often guilty of cannibalism.

Crawfish vary quite a little in their habits, according to the locality in which they live. In some places they build their chimneys at a considerable distance from any permanent body of water, and we find whole acres of prairie-land completely covered with their curious mounds. EVA E. FURLONG.

A CRAWFISH ON THE BANK OF A STREAM.



A SPARROW WITH CONSPICUOUS WHITE FEATHERS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read you for many years, but I like better than anything in your volumes (that we have saved up) the talks in Nature and Science. I have noticed in our yard a sparrow with white in its wings, and with outer tail-feathers of pure white. I wish to know if there are many sparrows like this. I hope you will answer me, for I am sure this is the first one I have seen.

THE VESPER-SPARROW.

Your loving reader,
CANDLER COBB (age 13).

This is the vesper-sparrow, that is a permanent resident in Washington and southward, but is seen by our Northern observers only from April to October or November.

The song has been described as "pensive but not sad; its long-drawn silvery notes continue in quavers that float off unended like a trail of mist." This sparrow does not usually sing while gathering food, but seeks some elevated position, where he devotes himself entirely to song. The evening, as his name implies, is his favorite time for singing, but he is not altogether silent in the morning and midday.

BIRDS NEAR THE HOUSES.

WAYNE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the winter, as I was walking along with a young friend of mine, he called my attention to a robin in a tree near the street. It was the first one that I ever saw in winter, though I had once read that they stayed in sheltered places in the winter. What I wish to know is: Do they go south in the winter, and, if so, how it happened that this one is still here?

Your loving reader,
ALFRED REDFIELD.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have had an unusually cold winter and more snow than we have had for years. The birds do not seem to go South, but stay right around all the time. There are robins and bluebirds, sapsuckers, and many other birds. Will you please tell me why this is, and if it means we will have an early spring? We cannot understand this at all.

Your devoted friend, HILDA C. WILKIE.

It is not at all unusual for robins to be seen singly or two or three together in winter near Philadelphia, and our field observers have reported them every winter for some years in the neighboring country districts.

They are more or less local, of course, which accounts for their being seen in one spot and not noticed at another. The comparative inactivity of ornithologists in winter has a good deal to do with their apparent absence, however. Bluebirds are still more regularly resident, now that they are regaining their former abundance.

As to Delaware, the same remarks apply, except that I have every reason to expect that both birds are far more abundant there than in this neighborhood in winter.

In southern New Jersey there are large flocks of robins every winter.—WHITMER STONE, *Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, Pa.*

"I remember one long winter spent in the country, when it seemed that spring would never come. At last one day the call of a robin rang out, and on one of the few bare spots made by the melting snow there stood the first redbreasts! It was a sight I can never forget."

FLORENCE MERRIMAN BAILEY.

ELECTRICITY IN ONE'S HAIR.

ESSEX, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a question to ask you. I have thought and thought, but I cannot think of the answer to it. How, when, why, and where did electricity get into our hair? I don't know that anybody knows, but if anybody does it is you. Mama, my friend Carrie, and my teacher, and I all thought it over, but we cannot find the answer.

Your faithful reader, FREDA R. STAFFORD.

All bodies are surrounded by the electric fluid, and the electric current is supposed by some to consist of ring-like whirlings in this fluid, which move onward much like those smoke-rings sometimes made by a locomotive, or by a smoking man. Any dry body, when rubbed, will become charged with electricity. Rub a piece of sealing-wax with a woolen cloth, and it will pick up bits of papers. Shuffle the feet on the carpet when the weather is cold, and sparks may be taken from the body. So an india-rubber comb becomes electrified when

ELECTRICITY IN THE HAIR.

The friction of a comb supplies a small amount — enough to make tiny sparks. This young lady took a large charge from an electrical machine. You will note that some of the hair, though over two feet in length, is extending upward. She is seated on a chair on a platform supported by blocks of glass, so that the electricity cannot easily run off.

passed through dry hair, which is itself a poor conductor and prevents the electricity from passing off rapidly. If the hair is wet, the electricity will pass into the earth through the body, and not be noticed. When thinking of these matters we must remember that vast "ocean" of electric fluid which surrounds the whole earth, and that any manifestation of electricity is only a disturbance in this great "sea." We have done something to set those rings to whirling. The comb has the power to cause this disturbance. The hair has neither gained nor lost anything. The movement of the comb on the hair has simply caused a commotion in this universal sea of electricity. You

can disturb the Atlantic Ocean by dipping your hand into it. You can make a change in this electrical ocean by passing a comb through your hair, or by rubbing the fur on the cat's back. Kitty may not be pleased, for you must rub her fur the wrong way; but the experiment is interesting on a cold day, especially when made in the dark, for then the fire will flash, and sometimes the electricity will make your fingers tingle. The rubbing has caused a commotion in the sea of electricity that surrounds all things, and those whirling rings have run off from the points of the hairs, and the result has made itself seen or felt, or perhaps both.

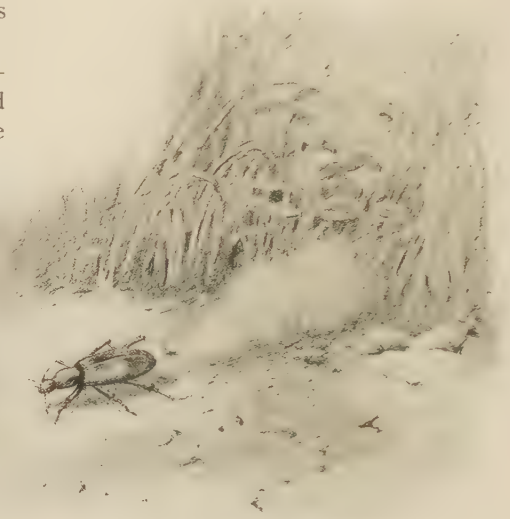
The usual scientific explanation, with its vortices, and its negative and positive electricity, and how the electrical fluid spreads over the whole surface of a sphere, and neutralization, and strain, and the action of pointed bodies, and all the rest of it, is difficult for anybody to understand, and I trust that this less technical answer will be found a simpler and clearer explanation of the phenomenon.

BOMBARDIER-BEETLES.

THE following is a communication from a young lover of nature showing rather unusual diligence in observation.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Two friends and myself took a walk across the field to the "Knoll" to hunt for wild flowers. As I wished to get some insects, I left the others to fill their baskets with flowers, while I went back of the hill to hunt under a pile of stones. Imagine my astonishment when, upon turning over one of the stones, I was greeted with a dozen small reports like the shooting of tiny revolvers. What had made these? Well, what I saw was half a dozen little blue beetles under the stone, running about, trying to get away, and each one was shooting at me! — shooting something which I could not see, but which burnt my fingers when it hit them, and which not only made the report that had surprised me, but was accompanied with a little puff of blue smoke. I had read about these beetles, and now I was so pleased and excited over actually finding some that I quickly gathered them into my cyanide-jar, and went rushing over the hill-crest, wildly shouting to the others, "I have seen the bombardiers! I have seen the bombardiers!" At first this considerably alarmed them, till I showed them the beetles. I have since learned that the bombardier-beetles belong to the genus *Brachymus*, which contains twenty-six species widely distributed over the United States, varying in size but almost alike in color, wing-covers blue, the rest reddish brown. The genus *Galerita* contains beetles of the same shape and color, but much larger (three fourths of an inch or more in length, whereas bombardier-beetles are never much over one half-inch), and they are much more common here in Pennsylvania. Beetles of the genus *Lebia* resemble bombardier-beetles, but have more shiny wing-covers. These three genera



THE BOMBARDIER-BEETLE.

may thus be roughly distinguished, and there are no other beetles in the United States which closely resemble bombardier-beetles. It is almost impossible, even for an experienced entomologist, to tell the species of bombardier-beetles, so minute are the differences. So we young collectors have to be content with labeling the specimens "*Brachymus* sp. ?," if we want to use the Latin name at all. They belong to the family *Carabidæ*.

The shooting of the bombardier-beetles is done for defense, and is probably very effective against small enemies. It is said that they will shoot as much as a dozen times in succession, but I have never been able to make them shoot more than two or three times. It is also said that when the reservoir which contains the liquid is opened by dissection, it effervesces and evaporates instantaneously.

The beetles are not uncommon in the United States, and I wonder how many times in succession they can be made to shoot.

J. CHESTER BRADLEY.

THE TRUE WATER-SPIDER.
Not found in this country. It carries bubbles of air into its under-the-water home.

A "BACK-SWIMMER" NOT A WATER-SPIDER.

WORCESTER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Yesterday I discovered what I suppose to be a water-spider, and found it so interesting I thought your readers would like to know about it. The insect is about three fourths of an inch long and one fourth of an inch wide. It has six legs and uses but two when swimming. It swims on its back. When the insect finds an air bubble it puts a small tube, which is on the end of the body, into it, takes the air, and disappears. It is very shy and soon there was not one to be seen. Your interested reader,

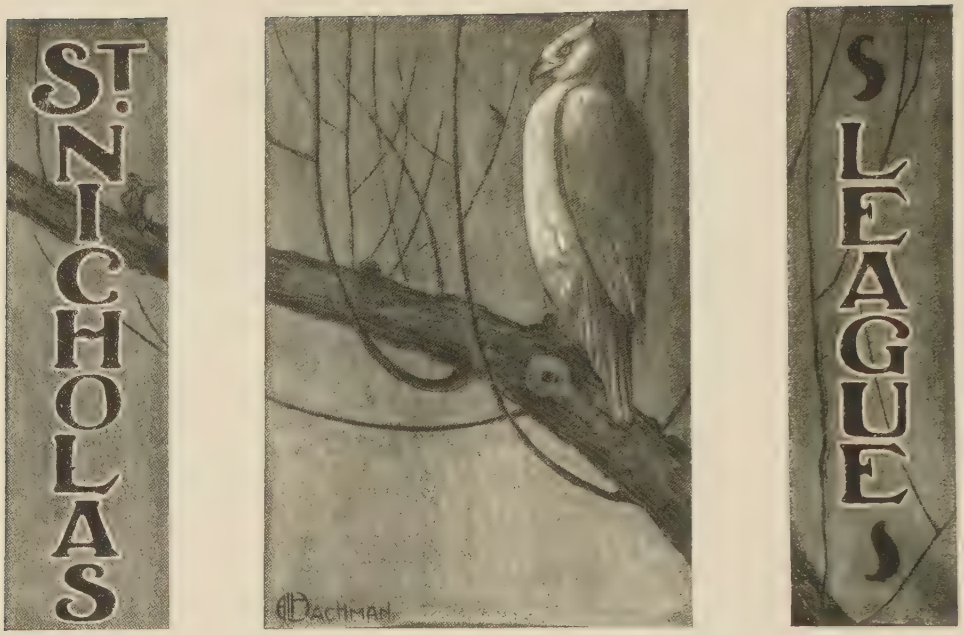
HELEN B. GREEN (age 12).

The water insect you saw is the "back-swimmer" (*Notonecta*).

In Europe there is really a water-spider that makes a nest on plants under water and lives there a large part of the time, but, as far as anybody knows, there is no water-spider in this country, though there are many kinds that live near the water and can run over its surface without sinking or getting wet. The back-swimmer is allied to the squash-bug, chinch-bug, and insects of that kind. It swims usually back downward, and carries air attached in a bubble to the hinder end and sometimes over the whole under surface. In swimming, it folds up the first and second legs, and uses the long hind pair as your letter describes. From these two long legs extending like the oars from a boat, the insect is sometimes called "water-boatman." This common name more strictly belongs to another insect (the *Corixa*) that somewhat resembles the back-swimmer in appearance and habits. The *Corixa*, however, swims with back upward.

The eggs of one Mexican species are used for food by Indians and half-breeds, and large quantities of the insects are sent to Europe as food for game and song-birds, and for poultry and fish. It is estimated that one ton contains twenty-five million insects.

THE "BACK-SWIMMER."
This is an insect, not a spider, but this and the "water-boatman" are sometimes miscalled "water-spiders."



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY HARRY B. LACHMAN, AGE 17. (CASH PRIZE.)

THE ORIOLE'S NEST.

BY PHILIP STARK (AGE 14).

(*Cash Prize.*)

An April shower is falling fast upon the grasses green,
And in the meadow by the brook the wild flowers may be seen;
While sitting in the window-seat, my story-books among,
I see a nest that in a tree the orioles have swung.

It has a story I will tell to every listening ear;
How long it seems since first 't was built—and yet 't is but a year!
So skilfully the nest was made, each thread was placed with care,
And soon a dainty cradle soft was swaying in the air.

'T was first the patient mother bird that sat upon the nest;
She safely kept secure and warm the eggs beneath her breast.
But soon four tiny, fluffy birds sat waiting to be fed—
The sunbeams shone through branches green and lit each downy head.

And thus the summer passed away, the days grew short and chill,
The air that once was full of song but for the wind was still;
The birds had to the southward flown, for cheerless grew the air,
And in the maple-tree a nest clung to the branches bare.

* * * * * * *

The mountains melt in rosy mist, the flowers with beauty glow,
And fretting 'gainst its mossy banks I hear the river flow;
But though the spring has come again, with nature's beauties free,
I sigh to see an empty nest still swaying on a tree.

The League editor has written much about the object and purpose of our organization, and of the spirit of unselfish endeavor in which the competitions should be entered and the work performed. But nothing the editor might say could so well express just what is meant as a letter from one of the League's oldest and most persevering members, who now, in the hour of her "graduation," sends this farewell word:

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dear St. Nicholas: I am so proud and happy I scarcely know how to thank you for my prize! When my name was on the roll of honor for the first time, I never thought that when I should "graduate" I could have attained this height.

I never shall forget the day, now more than three years ago,—although I can hardly believe it,—when I first saw my name in print. It was one Christmas morning that I opened my St. Nicholas and saw that I had advanced a step with the New Year number. I felt that it was the best of all my Christmas presents, for I had been working almost a year in the League and it was the first time my work had been noted. And then, later on, when I received the silver badge, I think I was the happiest child in the city.

Last August, when my gold badge came, as I look back now, I can see there was a difference in my pleasure.

At first it was the delight of winning, but last summer it was the delight in the work itself. Last of all comes this five-dollar prize,—the first money I ever earned,—for which I find it harder to express my thanks than ever before. Not that I do not value it as much, but because it means so much to me.

Now that I am about to leave it (the May competition will be my last), I see more clearly than ever what the League has been to its members, and I feel with deeper realization the strong spirit of fellowship and kindness that has enabled us to go thus far on our way, with no thought of envy, only sincere good will toward

the fortunate ones whose work brought them first to the front to receive their just reward; and then they passed on, leaving their places to the next to come.

And now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, since my time has come to say good-by, let me thank you for this, the last prize the League can give me, and then earnestly say that while I may leave the ranks of my fellows to take my place in the world, it is with heartfelt regret that I may no longer actively engage in its work and feel myself actually one with the many that love it.

But, wherever I may go, whatever my work may be, I shall always hold the thought of my "League days" as one of the most precious memories of my life. And while not a member, I may try to follow out the motto of the League, and perhaps in living to learn I may in time learn how to live.

Thanking you once more, I am, as always,
Sincerely yours,
ELLEN DUNWOODY.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 53.

IN making awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Philip Stark** (age 14), Sawkill, Pike Co., Pa.

Gold badges, **Anne Atwood** (age 13), Stonington, Conn., and **Gerald Pyle** (age 10), Carrcroft, Del.

Silver badges, **Gladys Nelson** (age 13), Sycamore Springs, Butler Co., Kan., and **Ray Randall** (age 13), 2000 Durant Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

Prose. Gold badges, **Florence Elwell** (age 15), Amherst, Mass., and **Mary Elsie Newton** (age 13), Oxford, Mass.

Silver badges, **Clara Shanafelt** (age 12), 816 N. Market St., Canton, Ohio, **Fred S. Hopkins** (age 10), 110 Mill St., Springfield, Mass., and **Gladys Carroll** (age 13), Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Drawing. Cash prize, **Harry B. Lachman** (age 17), 802 Oakland Ave., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Gold badge, **Muriel C. Evans** (age 16), 226 Jarvis St., Toronto, Can.

Silver badges, **Doris Shaw** (age 13), Tor Vina, Tavistock, Devon, England, and **Dorothy Sturgis** (age 12), 7 Chestnut St., Boston, Mass.

Photography. Gold badges, **Harold S. Schoff** (age 17), 3418 Baring St., Philadelphia, Pa., and **Robert Edward Fithian** (age 13), 140 W. Commerce St., Bridgeton, Conn.

Silver badges, **H. W. H. Powel, Jr.** (age 16), 22 Kay St., Newport, R. I., **Elizabeth Howland Webster** (age 14), 5405 Woodlawn Ave., Chicago, Ill., and **Robert B. Platt** (age 12), 414 E. Broad St., Columbus, Ohio.

Wild Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "'Possum," by **Thurston Brown** (age 15), Middleburg, Va. Second prize, "Wild Ducks," by **Hervey Hubel** (age 13), 112 Alexandrine Ave., Detroit, Mich. Third prize, "Chickadee," by **Samuel Dowse Robbins** (age 16), Box 64, Belmont, Mass.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **John Dunton Keyes** (age 15), Ridley Park, Pa., and **Henry Morgan Brooks** (age 14), 1012 West Oregon St., Urbana, Ill.

Silver badges, **Elizabeth B. Berry** (age 12), 823 Federal St., Camden, N. J., and **Alice Knowles** (age 8), 248 Morris Ave., Providence, R. I.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Mary Beale Brainerd** (age 16), 1114 Fifth Ave., Seattle, Wash., and **Ruth Bartlett** (age 10), Hampton Falls, N. H.

Silver badges, **John P. Phillips** (age 16), St. Davids, Pa., and **Samuel B. Fairbanks** (age 16), 9 Dane St., Beverly, Mass.

"A WINTER STUDY." BY MURIEL C. EVANS, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

BOB-WHITE NEST SONG.

BY GERALD PYLE (AGE 10).

(*Gold Badge.*)

AMONG the hills
And by the brooks,
By ruined mills
And shady nooks,
Now listen well,
And you 'll not miss
A woodland trill.
It sounds like this:
"Bob-white!"

But now it 's gone;
'T is heard no more
In shady nooks
Where heard before;
In well-known haunts
We greatly miss
The woodland trill
That sounds like this:
"Bob-white!"

MY FAVORITE STORY IN MYTHOLOGY.

BY FLORENCE ELWELL (AGE 15).

(*Gold Badge.*)

ONE day Cupid was sitting on a mossy bank, mending his bow and arrows, when Apollo chanced to come that way. Apollo noticed what Cupid was doing and said to him, "Those weapons you have belong by right to me; for have I not slain that dreadful monster, the Python, with them? Why will you meddle with what you are not worthy of? A little fellow like you should have no use for warlike weapons."

At this Cupid was very much offended and determined to take vengeance on Apollo with those very weapons which he claimed for himself. So, after inspecting

his quiver, he drew out two arrows, one of gold and very sharp, the other a blunt one of lead. The golden one was to excite love and the other to repel it. The first he sent straight through the heart of Apollo; with the second he struck a very beautiful girl named Daphne.

Immediately their spell began to work. Apollo was seized with an ardent love for Daphne, while she feared him equally. He tried to approach her and spoke pleasant words to her, but she only feared him the more and ran away like a frightened deer.

"O beautiful maiden, do not flee from me. I do not wish to harm you. Only stay and let me tell you how beautiful you are." So he tried by tender words to induce her to stay, but she only ran the faster, and he followed.

But Apollo was swifter than she, and soon the maiden saw that he would surely overtake her, so she looked about her in search of some way of escape. Sinking to the earth, she prayed to her father, the river-god, to help her. Scarcely had she said this than she found herself rooted in the earth and her body covered with bark. Her arms became branches and her head a tree-top, while her long hair formed leaves.

Apollo, following just behind, stopped astonished at her sudden transformation. "Although I may not wed you," he said, "I will take you for my tree. The victors of the games held in my honor shall be crowned with wreaths of your leaves." Thus, the story tells us, Apollo came to choose the laurel for his emblem.

"BITTER COLD OUTSIDE." BY ROBERT EDWARD FITHIAN, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

"BITTER COLD." BY HAROLD S. SCHOFF, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE MINSTREL'S NESTING SONG.

BY ANNE ATWOOD (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

I LEAVE thee, smitten with the wander-need,
And dally down the roadway through the spring.
I love thee, but the summer calls me forth
To rouse her minions with my chanty's ring.

When golden-chaliced daffies bend and sway
And swallows give the deep, rich, mating-call,
I 'll carol through the budding forest ways
To make thee mistress of my forest hall.

Where deep the streamlet runs through primrosed banks,
Where cold winds never blow nor gray clouds frown,
We 'll nest together in the golden spring,
And carol daily as life's sun goes down.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN MYTHOLOGY.

BY MARY ELSIE NEWTON (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

MY favorite episode in mythology is the story of Prometheus.

A long, long time ago there lived two brothers, Prometheus and Epimetheus. Prometheus, not caring to live among the clouds on the mountain-top, went down into the world to see what he could do toward making it wiser and better.

He found all mankind in a very miserable condition.

They were living in caves, shivering with cold (for fire was an unknown thing to them) and dying with starvation.

Immediately Prometheus went boldly to Jupiter and asked him for fire. However, Jupiter refused the request, and Prometheus turned sorrowfully away.

As he was walking by the shore he noticed a reed. He saw that the hollow center was filled with a dry

"BITTER COLD." BY H. W. H. POWEL, JR., AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

pith, which would burn slowly and keep on fire a long time.

He took the stalk to the dwelling of the Sun in the far east, where he obtained a spark of fire.

Then, hastening home, he showed the shivering men how to build a fire and warm themselves by it. Soon every home in the land had a fire, and the men, women, and children were warm and happy.

Besides giving them fire, Prometheus showed them how to build houses, how to cook their food, and how to defend themselves from the wild beasts.

One day Jupiter chanced to look down upon the earth. The sight of the smiling land and the prosperous people angered him. He demanded the name of the man who had brought about this change, and finding out that it was Prometheus, he had him punished.

Prometheus was taken to the Caucasus Mountains, and there he was chained to a rock, so that he could move neither hands nor feet. The winds whistled about him and the fierce birds tore his body with their claws. Yet he bore all his suffering without a groan.

Year after year he hung there. Ages passed, and at last a hero, whose name was Hercules, came to the land of the Caucasus. He climbed the high mountain, he slew the fierce birds, and with one blow smote the chains of Prometheus and set him free.

I like this story because of the noble qualities of Prometheus.

He was always ready to help others, never thinking of the consequences, and he never murmured against his lot.

THE BIRD'S NEST IN WINTER.

BY GLADYS NELSON (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

Oh, ye little architects, ye birds by summer known,
Ye fashioned me with greater skill than man has ever shown.
Ye made my walls of maple twigs —they seem by nature twined.
This nest with downy feathers for the baby birds ye lined.
How black the sky above us now—how white the drifting snow!
I long for joyous summer and the gentle zephyrs low;
But now 't is just the moaning of the winter winds I hear;
Oh, when will summer come to end this winter bleak and drear?
Oh, how my heart is yearning for the birds which springtime brings!
How oft they 'd come, ere they were strong, to rest their tired wings;
But ye are gone, and I am but a wild bird's empty nest,
Swaying in the maple's arms like a babe on mother's breast.
The moaning winds of winter sing a mournful lullaby:
"Sleep, sleep, thou lonely bird's nest, till the springtime draweth nigh."

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN MYTHOLOGY.

BY CLARA SHANAFELT (AGE 12).

(*Silver Badge.*)

I THINK that my favorite episode in mythology is the story of Phaëton and the chariot of the sun. How natural it was that he should become angry when his schoolfellows laughed at the idea of his being the son of the great Phœbus Apollo, and how eagerly he started out to find his father! When he did find him, how he begged and entreated him to let him ride in the sun-chariot, as the son of any mortal would. I remember I once went to hear Theodore Thomas's orchestra

"BITTER COLD." BY ELIZABETH HOWLAND WEBSTER, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

"A WINTER STUDY." BY DORIS SHAW, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

and heard that story in music, and how very real it seemed. At first the horses went smoothly and quickly, but they soon perceived that their load was lighter than usual, and they dashed forward as if the chariot were empty. They left the traveled road and dashed along past the Great Bear and Little Bear, and past the Scorpion with his poisonous breath. Phaëton became weak with fear and dropped the reins. The horses, feeling them loose on their backs, dashed headlong into the unknown regions of the sky, now up among the stars, now down scorching the earth. The moon was surprised to see her brother's chariot far below her own. The mountains took fire, the highest with their crowns of snow. The rivers smoked and all the harvest burned, and Phaëton, blinded with smoke, dashed forward he knew not whither. Then Earth prayed to Jupiter that, if she must perish, that he strike her with his thunderbolts, or, if he wished to save her, to send down rain. But the clouds were all burnt. Jupiter threw a thunderbolt, and Phaëton was hurled headlong into the river Eridanus. And the naiads reared a tomb for him and inscribed these words on it:

"Driver of Phœbus' chariot, Phaëton,
Struck by Jove's thunder, rests beneath this stone.
He could not rule his father's car of fire,
Yet it was much so nobly to aspire."

That, you might say, is the moral: "so nobly to aspire." It may have been a foolish thing to do, but it was at least a noble aspiration.

THE SPARROW'S NEST.

BY RAY RANDALL (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

A LITTLE gray sparrow is building her nest
In exactly the same sort of way—
With a bit of straw here, and a bit of string there—
As the first sparrow did the first day.

She sings of the morning,
She sings of the leaves,
She sings of her little home
Under the eaves.

When she thinks she has made it just so every year,
There is never a sigh nor a frown.
She never is sad because she still wears
Her last year's old-fashioned gray gown.

She sings of the sunshine,
She sings of her nest,
She sings of the little eggs
Under her breast.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN MYTHOLOGY.

BY FRED S. HOPKINS (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

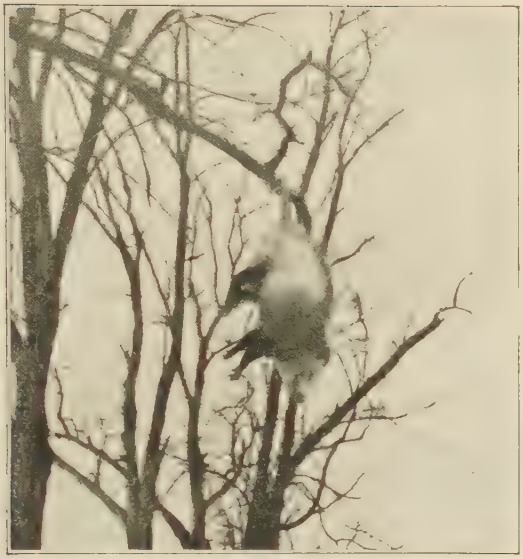
MY favorite episode in mythology is the story of Baucis and Philemon. I like it because they were so kind to strangers.

One day Jupiter called to his swift-footed messenger, Mercury, and asked him if he would go to the earth with him. He said he had heard that there was a village where the people were very unkind and that he wished to see if this was true. He told Mercury to leave his cap and shoes and put on some old clothes.

They got very tired with their journey to the earth, and so they stopped at the first house they came to and asked for some food and water. A woman answered the door and told them to go to the next house. They called at house after house and asked for the same thing, but no one would give them anything.

The children threw mud and sticks at them.

"BITTER COLD." BY ROBERT B. PLATT, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



"'POSSUM." BY THURSTON BROWN, AGE 15. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

Finally they saw a house on a hill and thought they would try that. Baucis saw them coming, and told her husband to go and meet them while she got supper.

All they had for supper was a loaf of bread, a bunch of grapes, and a pitcher of milk; but they were glad to share it. There was only enough milk to go around, but when the strangers passed their cup for more there was always enough to serve them. They had only one bed, but they gave that to the strangers.

The next morning they all went out to see the sun rise, and in the place of the village was a beautiful lake, and in place of their house was a palace, and Jupiter told them that was to be their home. He told them he would give them anything they wanted. Baucis said: "By and by Philemon and I will die: let us go together."

One day some one came to look for them, but they could not be found, and in their place were a linden and an oak tree. Tired people rested at their feet, and the linden said: "I am Baucis"; and the oak said: "I am Philemon."

They welcomed people in their old house, they welcomed people in their new house, and they welcomed people still.

"CHICKADEE." BY SAMUEL DOWSE ROBBINS, AGE 16. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

THE HUMMING-BIRD'S NEST.

BY HAROLD R. NORRIS (AGE 11).

ONE little nest in the maple-tree,
Daintiest, tiniest of them all;
One little bird near the nest so wee,
Fluttering swiftly his wings so small:

Guarding his mate, who, with patient care,
Sits on the eggs and keeps them warm;
Never she stirs from her home in the air,
Through tempest and thunder and summer storm.

"WILD DUCKS." BY HERVEY HUBEL, AGE 13. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN MYTHOLOGY.

BY GLADYS CARROLL (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

MY favorite episode in mythology is the spinning contest which was held between Athena, queen of the air, and a maiden named Arachne.

Arachne spun beautifully. Whether she spun silk, thread, or even the coarsest flax, it was always beautiful. People came from all over the world to see her work. She was very proud of it, too, and knew she spun well. When people asked her who taught her she would say, "Nobody taught me." Most people thought, however, that Athena taught her.

One day as she was spinning, with some people watching her, she boasted of her work, and said that there was no one in the world that could spin so well as she. While she was boasting she happened to look up, and she saw Athena standing in the doorway. "Arachne," said the queen, "I have heard your boasting; do you mean to say that I did not teach you how to spin?" "Nobody taught me," said Arachne, boldly.

They went on talking for a few minutes, and as Arachne kept on saying that no one could spin so well as she, a contest was arranged to see which was the best spinner. They decided to have the great Juno as their judge.

When the day arrived, thousands of people came to see the contest. Juno sat in the clouds and watched the spinners.

Arachne fixed her spinning-wheel on the earth and began. She picked out some very fine floss and wove a beautiful network of silk.

Athena fixed her wheel in the air, and when she began the people held their breath.

She used the red of the sunset, the blue of the sky, and many other colors of nature.

As soon as Arachne saw it she began to weep. It had been agreed that the one who lost should never spin again; and it made Arachne so sad that Athena, taking pity on her, changed her into a spider, so she could spin as long as she lived.

"BITTER COLD." BY EDWIN SHOEMAKER, AGE 16.

"BITTER COLD." BY KATHARINE A. MARVIN, AGE 14.

MY NEST.

BY ALLEINE LANGFORD (AGE 15).

(*A Former Prize-winner.*)

WHEN in the west the sun is low,
And earth is filled with shadows deep,
I nestle down in mama's arms,
And there she rocks me off to sleep.

I hear the soft wind stir the leaves,
As all the world lies strange and still.
A robin twitters to his mate,
And faint I hear a whippoorwill.

I hear a croaking frog, and then
I hear the wood-thrush softly call;
And as the sunlight fades away,
The twilight curtains gently fall.

Upon the hill I see the trees
Stand dark against the evening skies,
And then I nestle deeper still,
And close my drowsy, sleepy eyes.

Then, while the night birds whisper low,
The pale stars peep out, one by one.
A firefly glimmers through the dusk,
His nightly travels just begun.

And when the silver moon comes up,
When mother earth has gone to rest,
When all the world is clothed in gray,
In mama's arms I make my nest.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN MYTHOLOGY.

BY CLARA P. POND (AGE 12).

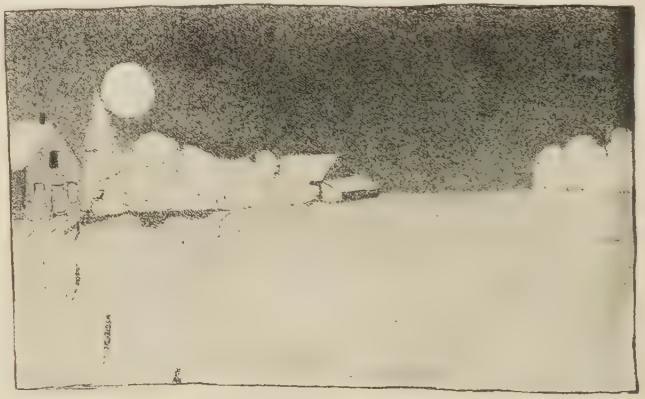
KING MIDAS is my favorite character in mythology. He was very greedy, and never could get enough gold to suit him. The story of Midas runs this way.

Bacchus, another mythological person, one time found that his teacher and foster-father was missing.

The old teacher's name was Silenus, and he had wandered off unconsciously.

After a while he was found by some peasants, who carried him to their king, Midas.

Midas recognized old Silenus, and kept him, treating him well and having great sport with him.



"A WINTER STUDY." BY SAMUEL DAVIS OTIS, AGE 14.

Later Midas restored him to Bacchus, who was overwhelmed with gratitude, and offered Midas a reward, whereupon Midas, greedy king that he was, asked that everything he touched should turn to gold.

Bacchus consented and went off with Silenus.

Midas was delighted. Everything he touched turned to gold.

At meal-time he sat down to the table, but found, much to his dismay, that his food all turned to solid

"BITTER COLD." BY ELSA VAN NES, AGE 13.

gold as soon as touched, either with hand or teeth, and when he drank wine it flowed slowly and heavily down his throat, like slightly melted gold.

Midas then saw his mistake, but tried to console himself by turning other things to gold, but to no use. The hungrier he grew the more he detested the sight of gold.

Finally he begged Bacchus to take back his gift, now so hateful to him (ungrateful thing!). Bacchus mercifully consented, answering, "Go to the river Pactolus, trace the stream to its fountain-head, plunge in, and wash away your sin."

Midas obeyed and lost the golden touch, after which he dwelt in the country and became a worshiper of Pan.

The story goes on this way: On a certain occasion Pan was bold enough to say that he could play on the lyre as well as Apollo, and Apollo accepted the challenge.

Of course Apollo won, and everybody knew it, but Midas said that Pan did.

Apollo, enraged, punished Midas by giving him the ears of an ass.

Swift says:

> "The god of wit, to show his grudge,
> Clapped asses' ears upon the judge,
> A goodly pair, erect and wide,
> Which he could neither gild nor hide."

THE BOY AND THE BIRD'S EGGS.

BY ELEANOR R. JOHNSON (AGE 9).

I ONCE heard of a naughty boy,
And robbing birds' nests to him was joy.

He found a nest, one bright spring day,
And the eggs that were in it he took away.

When the mother bird came, he heard her cries,
And the thought of her grief brought tears to his eyes.

He put the eggs back into the nest,
And he felt in his heart that that was best.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN MYTHOLOGY.

BY MILDRED STANLEY FLECK (AGE 9).

WHO does not love a handsome and spirited horse? Of all horses in song and story, the most glorious is Pegasus. Flying through the air, his silver wings touched by the sunlight, he looked like a radiant cloud flashing aloft in the blue. Who does not admire a beautiful young hero such as Bellerophon, who by patient waiting mastered the wonderful steed, and by his courage and daring slew the horrible Chimæra? Patiently, day by day, Bellerophon wandered and watched on the outskirts of Corinth, hoping to capture Pegasus, but in vain. So he visited Palyidos, and the seer told him to sleep beside the altar of Athene. In his sleep he dreamed that Athene appeared to him and gave him a golden bridle, bidding him show it to Poseidon and sacrifice an ox to him. Waking, Bellerophon found, to his joy, the golden bridle beside him. He caught it up and hastened to the altar of Poseidon to do as Athene had bidden him. Not forgetting his gratitude toward Athene, he built an altar to her. Then, with the enchanted bridle, Bellerophon hastened to the Fountain of Pierian, to hide and wait for the coveted prize. Suddenly, down from the sky flashed Pegasus, to quench his thirst in the waters of the fountain. Bellerophon, knowing now that the gods intended Pegasus to be his, coolly slipped the bridle over his head. Pegasus submitted gracefully, Bellerophon sprang upon his back, and up, up they flew into the azure sky. Such rides as

"BITTER COLD." BY GERTRUDE M. HOWLAND, AGE 11.

they had, skimming over mountain and plain, river and sea! But such delight could not continue forever. There was work to be done. The kingdom of Lycia was being ravaged by a horrible monster, the Chimæra, with the head of a lion, the body of a goat, and the tail of a serpent, and a fiery breath which destroyed all that came within its reach. To slay this monster, Bellerophon set forth upon Pegasus. Bellerophon soon dis-

"HEADING FOR MAY." BY DOROTHY STURGIS, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

covered the Chimæra by the smoke of its fiery breath, and guided Pegasus directly over its head. Pegasus paused, circled in the air like an eagle preparing to swoop down upon its prey, then darted suddenly downward and past the hideous creature. With a quick movement, Bellerophon drove his spear into the monster, and the Chimæra fell dead. And up, up flew Bellerophon upon Pegasus into the azure sky.

THE SEAWEED NEST.

BY MARGUERITE BORDEN (AGE 17).

THE little mer-babies who live in the sea
Are just as happy as happy can be;
For they laugh and frolic in childish glee,
And when they are tired away they swim
To a coral tree, and there on a limb
The sleepy babies can peacefully rest
In a dear little, pink little seaweed nest.

The little sea-babies can play with the snails,
Or ride on the backs of the largest whales;
They can hunt for fishes with shining scales,
Or gently float on the silvery waves,
Or dive for crabs in the deep-sea caves;
But the cozy nook that the babes like best
Is a dear little, pink little seaweed nest.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN MYTHOLOGY.

BY GEORGE KEARNEY (AGE 8).

IT was a rainy day in March, and Harry and Nina were feeling very sad because of the bad weather, and pouted and cried and said they wanted to go out.

"Why should you go?" said their mother. "Why don't you read your nice new story-book?"

"Oh, yes," said Nina. They opened the book on the first page. The title was "Apollo's Cows."

Looking down, they read this: Mercury was the son of Jupiter. His mother's name was Maia.

She was a goddess so beautiful that flowers sprang up wherever she stepped.

She walked through the meadow and called up the flowers from their winter sleep.

She made the earth beautiful with violets and buttercups.

She touched the apple-trees, and the sweet-smelling blossoms came out.

In the lovely month of May Maia takes her walk.

Mercury was a very wise baby, and when he was only a few hours old he understood everything that was said to him.

On the very first day he climbed out of the cradle and ran down to the seashore.

There he found a tortoise-shell.

He made holes in it and strung across it some bits of seaweed. Then he put it to his lips and blew upon it.

It made such wonderful music that the trees danced for joy. The birds stopped singing to listen. After a while, being tired, he lay on his back on the shore, looking around for new mischief.

As he lay there he saw a great blue meadow with white cows feeding in it.

They belonged to his brother Apollo.

Quick as thought he ran after them into a cave, where he fastened them in.

Apollo was very angry when he found what Mercury had done, and complained to his father, Jupiter. But his brother was such a little baby that Apollo felt ashamed.

Then Mercury picked up his shell. He breathed upon it and made music with it. Apollo listened and soon forgot his anger. He thought only of the beautiful music. Then the big brother and little brother became friends. Mercury gave Apollo his lyre.

Apollo gave Mercury charge over his cows. You can often see him driving them over the blue meadow of the sky.

"Well, that is the finest story I have ever heard," said Nina. And they ran off to tell their mother.

"A WINTER STUDY." BY DOROTHY HOLT, AGE 10.

THE NEST.

BY MABEL FLETCHER (AGE 17).

(*A Former Prize-winner.*)

LODGED in a crotch of our tall tree,
It hung the summer through,
And there the old birds sang
and chirped,
And there the young ones
grew.

Above the clouds of drifting bloom
It heard the great boughs sigh;
The warm wind shook it lovingly
As it passed gently by.

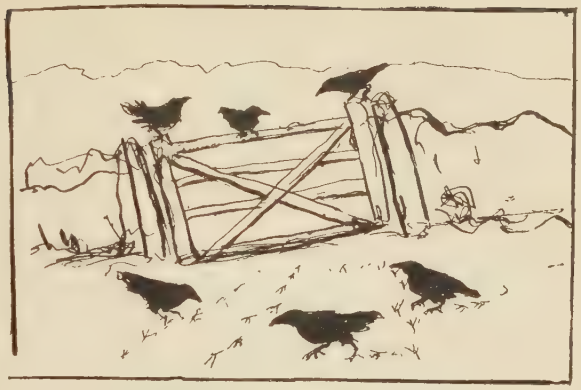
From out its swaying flower-gemmed
home
It saw the green things grow;
The blue sky smiled at it above,
The blossoms from below.

And such a burst of melody
Through all the garden rang,
It seemed that every living thing
Raised up its voice and sang.

"HEADING FOR MAY." BY KATHARINE ELIZABETH BUTLER, AGE 13.

And all the earth rang too, in joy,
As far and wide it crept,
And once a little baby laughed,
And once a strong man wept.

And up and up, and ever up,
Like smoke, the sweet song curled,
And singing in a little nest
Made singing for the world.



"A WINTER STUDY." BY ALAN ADAMS, AGE 11.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN MYTHOLOGY.

BY MADELINE P. TAYLOR (AGE 13).

ORPHEUS was the son of Apollo and Calliope, and inherited from them their wonderful genius for music and poetry. When he played on his lute the trees and mountains bowed before him and the wild beasts became tame.

He fell in love with a beautiful maiden named Eurydice. They were married and lived happily for a short time. One day as Eurydice was walking in the woods, she met a youth whose admiration proved so distasteful to her that she turned and ran away. As she was running she stepped upon a venomous snake that bit her in the foot. She died shortly afterward in fearful agony.

Orpheus was heartbroken. He sought Jupiter and so moved him with his entreaties that he gave him permission to go into his dark kingdom and try to persuade Pluto to return Eurydice to life, warning the musician at the same time that it was a dangerous journey.

"A WINTER STUDY." BY HERBERT MARTINI, AGE .

Orpheus crossed the Styx and entered the lower world. At the entrance he met Cerebus, the three-headed dog, who commenced to bark and snap. Orpheus calmed him with his music, and the magic sounds penetrated into the depths of Hades, making the condemned pause in their weary rounds of toil. Orpheus then went before Pluto and so moved him by his music that he consented to restore Eurydice to life on the condition that Orpheus, in going out, should not look back. He joyfully consented to this and Eurydice was given back. But he was so incredulous at the fact that he could not refrain from glancing back to see if she was following, only to see her fade slowly and sorrowfully back into the shadows.

After this, Orpheus being unable to get back his wife, never, on account of his grief, played the happy strains he was accustomed to.

One day a band of Pan's playmates seized him and forced him to accompany their dance with his music. But the sadness of his strains so enraged them that they murdered him and threw him into the river. As he floated down the stream his lips murmured:

"Eurydice, Eurydice," for even in death he could not forget her.

The trees and woods took up the words: "Eurydice, Eurydice."

The gods took his lute and placed it in the heavens, and it became the constellation Lyra.

THE ROBIN'S NEST.

BY MADELEINE FULLER McDOWELL (AGE 10).

Up in a gnarled old apple-tree
I found a little nest;
And here a robin sang to me
A song of hope and rest.

And in the nest, on a morn in May,
I found three birdlets sweet,
And these I watched from day to day,
And brought them crumbs to eat.

Many things may pass away,
And many things may change,
But in my mind will *always* stay
The robin's nest at the grange.

THE OSTRICH'S EGG.

BY JOSEPHINE WHITBECK (AGE 10).

TEDDY was a funny child;
He lived upon the desert wild.
He found a nest, not in a tree,
Where all true nests should always be,
But right out in the sand and sun,
And in it was an egg—just one.
It was so large, and big, and round,
He scarce could lift it from the ground.
He took it from the ostrich tall,
And made an omelet for them all.

"HEADING FOR MAY." BY STANISLAUS F. McNEILL, AGE 13.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Anita M. Bradford
Melicent Eno Humason
Dorothy Walker
Helen Van Dyck
Dorothy Chapman
Margaret Stevens
Mary Blossom Bloss
Camilla Prentice
Mary Atwater
Florence Knight
Kathleen Gaffney
Mabel Guernsey
Katherine B. Carter
Ramona Janney
Susan Warren Wilbur
Dorothea Bechtel
Mabel Robinson
Margaret M. Sherwood
Eleanor G. McGrath
Dorothy Stabler
Marie Wennerberg
H. Mabel Sawyer
Elsie F. Weil
Harvey Deschere
Blanche H. Leeming
Louisa F. Spear
Jacob Z. Schmucker
Maud Dudley Shackleford
Jeannie R. Sampson
Marguerite Eugenie Stephens
Ethelinda Schafer
Marguerite Stuart
Helen Spear

VERSE 2.

Eleanor Myers
Marie Louise Mohr
Lucia Warden
Gertrude E. Ten Eyck
Noeline Haskins
Samuel A. Hartwell
Gwindelene Le Massena
Lois Gilbert Sutherland
Elizabeth P. Bigelow
Sadie Gellman
Gertrude Madge
George Warren Brett
F. G. Nichols
Viola Cushman
Marjorie Martin Blatchford
Marie Armstrong
Kathryn Macy
Walter S. Marvin
Kathryn Sprague De Wolf
Edward Ridgely Simpson
Marjorie Macy
Mildred S. Martin
Lucy B. Scott
Marguerite Helen Uhler
Alice Bartholomew
Mary Patton
Jane M. Graw
Katherine S. Farrington
Irwin H. Freeman
Jack Howard
Marguerite M. Jacque
Rebecca Faddis
Jessie Freeman Foster
Elizabeth Lee
Bernice Frye
Sybil Kent Stone
John Sherman
Edith Louise Smith
Dorothy P. M. Salyers
Gertrude I. Folts
Emily Rose Burt
Gladys Knight

PROSE 1.

Margaret Douglass Gordon
Florence Best
Lina Houser
Jessie E. Wilcox
Mary F. Morton
John Gatch
Olive H. Lovett
Elizabeth R. Eastman
John Fry
Daisy Deutsch
Gettine Vroom
David A. Sterling
Elizabeth Wilcox Pardee
Mary C. Tucker
Anna Gardiner
Frances Lubbe Ross
Mabel V. Reed
Marion C. Stuart
Emelyn Ten Eyck
Marjorie Stewart
Irene Bowen
Anna C. Heffern
Frances C. Minor
Margaret M. Albert
Edith Maccallum
Morris G. White, Jr.
Mary Parker
Joseph N. Du Barry
Dorothy C. Harris
Constance Moss Van Brunt
Genevieve Morse
Edward J. Sawyer
Fred Baruch
Elsa Clark
William Nelson
Harriette Kyler Pease
Katherine Kurz
Eleanor Espy Wright
Zenobia Camprubi Aymar
Mildred Newman
Alma Wiesner
Rosalie Aylett Sampson
Ona Ringwood
Gertrude Louise Cannon
Helen C Wilcox
Jean N. Craigmile
Ivy Varian Walshe
Helen J. Simpson
Lola Hall
Kenneth E. Day
Agnes Dorothy Campbell
Eva L. Pitts
Frances Reenshaw
Gladys Burgess
Ada Bell
Louise Miller
Elizabeth Moos
Katharine J. Bailey
Julia Ford Fiebeger
Elizabeth Toof
Helen Mabry
Boucher Ballard

PROSE 2.

Rita Wanninger
Jessie Lee Rial
James Brewster
Louise Edgar
Jean Forgeus
Alice Braunlich
Alma Rothholz
Annie Eales
Oscar D. Stevenson
James Pryor
Marion E. Baxter
Alice Lorraine Andrews
Lelia S. Goode
Twila A. McDowell
Eugénie Ward Root
William G. Maupin
Jessie Vida Gaffga
Robert Gillett
Donald K. Belt
Laura Brown
Beatrice Frye
Allen Frank Brewer
Marjorie H. Sawyer
Dorothy Le Duc
Emma D. Miller
S. F. Moodie
Anne Kress
Elizabeth Campbell Field
Marion L. Decker
Edith Pine
Roth Clansing
Dorothy Ferrier
Mary Pemberton Nourse
May Henrietta Nichols
Alfred H. Sturtevant, Jr.
Edna Wells
Margaret Jacques
Caroline Ballard Talbot
Ruth Ashmore Donnan
Lenora Branch
Mary Washington Ball
Kathleen A. Burgess
Hilda M. Ryan
Margaret Grant
Rose Marie Wise
Jean Russell
George Huntington Williams, Jr.
Ruth S. Goddard
Nellie Foster Comegys
Katharine Monser
Madelaine Bunze
Robert W. Wood
Robert Hammerslough
Lydia B. Ely
Phillippa E. Ridgely
Clara B. Fuller
Simon Cohen
William Laird Brown
Henry Goldstein
Marcia Frances Gundlach

DRAWINGS 1.

Helena B. Pfeifer
Marjorie Rigby
Mary T. Atwater
Beatrix Buel
Byron B. Boyd
Newton Rigby
Margery Bradshaw
J. S. Lovejoy
Dorothy Sherman
Katherine Dulcebella Barbour
Bennie Hasselman
Katherine Gibson
Helen O. Chandler
William C. Kennard
Olive Mudie Cooke
Beatrice Darling
Margaret Wood
Thomas Nast Crawford
Eleanor Keeler
Theodore L. Fitzsimons
Bessie T. Griffith
Florence Marion Halkett
Phœbe Hunter
H. de Veer
William C. Engle
Melville C. Levey
Josephine L. Bonney
Mary Cooper
Helen M. Brown
Raymond S. Frost
Margaret A. Dobson
Franklin Ford
Elizabeth C. Freedley
Henry C. Hutchings
Mary Weston Woodman
Helen A. Fleck
Florence Murdoch
Lucy E. B. Mackenzie
Mildred Curran Smith
Jessie C. Shaw
Marguerite Wood

DRAWINGS 2.

Charlotte Brate
Willard F. Stanley
Cornelius Savage
Grace Wardwell
Bensen Hagerman
Emily C. Stetson
Mary Klauder
Phyllis Lyster
Elsa Vandermeylen
Louise Megilvra
Charlotte Nourse
Gladys Blackman
Florinda Kiester
Richmond Reith
Edward L. Duer
Almyr Ballentine
John Paulding Brown
Helen E. Walker
Muriel Nast Crawford
Thomas Nast Porter
John William Roy Crawford
David R. Winans
Lewis S. Combes
Herbert W. Warden
Henry Dupaul
Doris Batchelor
Genevieve Allen
Eric Ferguson
Glenn Stanley
Ruth Adams
Bruce K. Steele
Winifred Hutchings
Irene Ross Loughborough
Lawrence H. Phelps
Louise Paine
James Allison
Ernest Whipple
Linda Scarritt
Margaret Richardson
J. Dunhana Townsend
Prudence Ross
Ethel Osgood
Gladys Bigelow
Frances Morrissey
Eleanor S. Wilson
Madeleine H. Webster
Elizabeth McKim
Eleanor Gardener
Carl Sherman
Leland H. Lyon
C. O. Brown
Bessie B. Styron
Raymond Foley
Winifred D. Bogehold
John Sinclair
Marcia Gardner
William Schufer
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Queenabelle Smith
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Emily W. Brown
Nancy E. Lathrop
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Marvin Earle Adams
Elizabeth Osborne
Dorothea M. Dexter
Cordner H. Smith
Elizabeth A. Gest
Adelaide Durst
Elizabeth Otis
W. Clinton Brown
Meade Bolton
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Walter E. Huntley
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William G. Whitford
Ella Elizabeth Preston
Julius E. Daniels
Walter V. Johnson
B. S. Mackiernan
Joseph B. Mazzanno
John A. Hellwig
Gladys L'E. Moore
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Lee McQuade
Anna Zucker
Rita Wood
Phœbe Wilkinson
Bessie Stockton
Elizabeth Bacon Hutchings
Thomas H. Foley
Rachel Rude

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Jean Muriel Batchelor
John Emlen Bullock
George H. Pound
Mary Margaret Groff
Amy Peabody
Winifred F. Jones
Julia H. Shepley
Charles Spence
Lawrence V. Sheridan
Eugene W. Scarborough
Lucie Freeland
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Cameron Squires
Henrietta T. Scott
Robert V. Morse
Alice Garland
William George Curran
Kenneth Howie

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Ellen Day
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Marguerite Hallowell
W. N. Taft
Charlotte Morrison
Margaret Abbott
William Newton Coupland
Margaret H. Bennett
Elizabeth Simpson
Priscilla Lee
Elizabeth Keen
Cassius M. Clay, Jr.
Robert M. Woodbury
Walter D. Yenawine
Nettie Barnwell
Howell D. Sawyer

PUZZLES 2.

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Paul D. Bailey
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Charles R. Van Nostrand
Adeline Thomas
Elizabeth B. Randall
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Eleanor S. Sterrett
Alice Pine
Lawrence Garland
Constance Grant
Alice du Pont
Merceder Huntington
Marguerite K. Goode
Annie MacMahon
Bessie Ballard
Herbert Dougherty
George Hill

CHAPTERS.

No. 701. Louise Thacher, President; Madeleine McDowell, Secretary; nine members. Address, 304 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

No. 702. Lillian McKinnion. President; Gladys Bean, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Cor. Payne and Eden Aves., Campbell, Cal.

No. 703. "Orioles." William Larkins, President; William Schrufer, Secretary; nine members. Address, 126 W. Hamburg St., Baltimore, Md.

No. 704. "Dinkey Club." Charles Dessart, President; Ralph Earle, Secretary; six members. Address, Blair Hall, Blairstown, N. J.

No. 705. Wylda Aitken, Secretary, seven members. Address, Mt. Hamilton, Cal.

No. 706. Cecilia Clack, President; Edna Crane, Secretary; five members. Address, Menlo Park, Cal.

No. 707. "Four Little Competitors." Martha Reed, President; Dorothy Fox, Secretary; four members. Address, 8 Bloomfield St., Lexington, Mass.

No. 708. "Half Moon." Morris Bishop, President; Russell Livermore, Secretary; eight members. Address, 191 Palisade Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

No. 709. Dorothy Downey, President; Bonnie Bonner, Secretary; five members. Address, London, Ohio.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

NOTE. We have been obliged to discontinue "Correspondents Wanted" for the reason that it outgrew our space.

A number of League members have asked for a musical competition, but this also would require more space than our page limit will permit. Indeed, as the Roll of Honor No. 1 shows, we could fill the entire magazine each month with work worth printing, and it often happens that work omitted is quite as good as that used, though perhaps somewhat less adapted to the League audience.

WINCHESTER, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little English girl, but my mother is American, and I like to believe I am. I love you, and think you far and away the best magazine ever published. We have several bound volumes of you, and take you in regularly. There are five of us — three boys and two girls. I am the youngest but one. I love your department Books and Reading, for I am a great bookworm.

I have a "Brownie" camera, but do not take good enough photos to send to you. I hope to some day, though.

I remain, your devoted reader,
GERTRUDE MADGE (age 12).

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American girl staying in Stockholm for the winter. It is very interesting, and there are a lot of pretty national dances and costumes. I have one called Rättviks. The sports are mostly skating, and skeeing, which is very amusing. I visited an old Swedish castle (Örbyhus), and I saw the prison of King Erik XIV. It was built of thick stone walls, and over the old stone fireplace he had written some verses. There were three rooms which he had for himself. His brother ordered the prison-keeper to give him poison in a dish of pea-soup, and he died in the prison.

Your loving reader,
GLADYS VIRGINIA STEUART (age 12).

"TAILPIECE FOR MAY." BY MARGARET REEVE, AGE 7.

Other interesting and appreciative letters have been received from Gladys Hodson, Josephine Stiven, Theodosia D. Jessup, Marie V. Scanlan, Henry C. Hutchins, Thomas H. De Cator, Ellen M. Saxe, Edna Stevens, Margaret Colgate, Muriel M. K. E. Douglas, Karl Dodge, Arthur M. Stevens, Florence Doane, Laura Whittlesey, Lucy E. Wheelock, Carolyn L. Palmer, Frances S. Usher, Harvey Deschere, Agnes Lowe, Beth Howard, Avis Ingalls, Rose Butler, Margaret Dobson, Fayetta Crowley, Gerald Pyle, Olive A. Granger, Harold H. Davis, S. F. Moodie, E. Lawrence Palmer, Shirley Willis, and Helen Ranney Sholes.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 56.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place.

Competition No. 56 will close **May 20** (for foreign members **May 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **August.**

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title: "Dreams" or "Day Dreams."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words. Title: "My Camping Trip." Must be true.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Happy Days."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "Study from Animal Life" and "A Heading or Tailpiece for August."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself* —if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month —not one of each kind, but one only.

Address all communications:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square,
New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

REGARDING MISQUOTATIONS. One of the rules that even young writers and readers should bear in mind is this: "Verify your quotations." And, if possible, go to the original source rather than to rely on other authority. The reason for the rule is easy to see. Usually a quotation becomes popular because it is worth while, and to misquote is often to lose the value of the words. Thus people often say, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." But that is not true. All knowledge is worth having, even a little. They mean "half-knowledge," or incorrect knowledge, which is not really knowledge at all! What Pope wrote was: "A little *learning* is a dangerous thing"; and what he meant was that a little learning makes one presumptuous, while thorough learning gives humility — an idea likewise set forth in the saying that wisdom begins with the feeling that one is ignorant.

So, verify your quotations for fear you may put into currency a counterfeit note.

At the same time it is to be remembered that some *few* quotations have been improved by changes introduced by those who have misquoted. These improvements are rare, however, and it is safest to retain the old forms where there is any doubt.

Another usual misquotation besides that mentioned is —

> "The quality of mercy is not strained;
> It falleth as the gentle dew from heaven" —

which you may correct for yourself, and then may inquire whether it is likely that the popular change is an improvement, when the nature of dew is understood.

A FATHER'S ENCOURAGEMENT. From the father of a young citizen of New York comes a letter explaining his very successful method of making the reading of good books delightful to his son. He says: "I believe it is well he should read those books he has before acquiring new ones, and so we have entered into the following arrangement. For every book he reads himself from cover to cover, and of which he tells me in a little composition, I am to give him a new book of his own choosing; the right to veto the choice remaining with me, if I do not think the choice a good one." There comes with the letter one of the little "compositions," showing how this nine-year-old boy carries out his part of the agreement.

The idea seems an excellent one; but would it not be improved if the father also should write an opinion of the book, so that his son might be guided in his judgment? It might also be a good plan for the father to make suggestions as to the new book given as a reward — especially as the father writes us that his son's taste for books is inherited.

A CORRESPONDENT'S VIEWS ON "FABLES." In one letter sent to this department a young girl writes that she finds "all fables dull," and cannot read any except the "Fables in Slang," a book that even the author would admit was only the merest fooling. Here, it would seem, is a taste that needs cultivating. Evidently this young reader prefers to read without much thinking. Fables are, at their best, wisdom-stories. The greatest teachers this world has ever seen have chosen fables as the means of conveying the deepest thoughts. Some of the most beautiful possessions in all literature are in this form. Indeed, the subject is so great that in writing of it one glances in bewilderment from one sort of fable to another, wondering which to choose in proof of their value. A greater part of ancient wisdom lies in fables, and in the mythology that is little more than one great series of fables — stories conveying the views of ancient people on the most important teachings about nature and life. Perhaps this young girl might learn to change her idea of fables if she should read a book like Ruskin's "Queen of the Air," an interpreting of the myth or fable of Athene, from whom the Parthenon at Athens was called the Maiden Temple. But it may be this young despiser of fables did not quite understand the meaning of the term she used. She may not like Æsop's Fables. Even then, one feels that this comes

from hasty, thoughtless reading without setting the imagination to work. Let her look for the expansion of some of these fables by the poets, and we are sure she will find how much lies in the brief and suggestive little stories. Who will tell her where to find, for example, the story of "The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse," or of "Belling the Cat," told as some good poet tells it? It seems a pity for any young reader to lose the many delights to be found in Fableland and its outlying countries.

COMPANIONSHIP IN READING. One of the advantages in reading the best books is in their fitting themselves to any age. If you keep to the so-called "juvenile books" you will lose the pleasure of having the sympathy and companionship of your parents in the reading. The best books are for older and younger readers alike, and parents and children may enjoy them together, thus doubling the pleasure of reading. That young readers love to discuss the books they read is evident from the letters sent to this department. It is enjoyable to find whether your views of a book, its incidents and characters, are shared by others. Agreement is gratifying, and disagreement is interesting, even if discussion should fail to convince either that the other has taken the correct view.

KINGSLEY'S "WATER BABIES." This book is a good illustration that "one man's meat is another's poison." Some readers say, "I think it is babyish; I don't see anything in it." Some write, "I cannot find anything I like in it; it seems very foolish to me." Yet here is a letter from one who certainly finds more than one good quality in the same volume:

RICHMOND, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your request for opinions on "Water Babies" gives me an opportunity of speaking a word for the book I never tire of commending. Although I am eighteen, I recently read it for the third or fourth time, and enjoyed it as much as when I read it for the first, about eight years ago. Not only has the fascinating story lost none of its charm, but my enjoyment has rather increased, since I am now able to see what qualities made the book so delightful to me when I was younger. For instance, I now see how much the easy conversational style adds. Was there ever such spontaneous, irresistible humor or such vivid imagination? And see with what art Kingsley has put in details of natural history and what not until his pictures seem so real that to turn from one and behold a real Water Baby would be no surprise! Everything is so novel, so original, and yet so natural that I am at a loss to see how any one could not like the book. Where can you find any finer literature than the description of Tom's journey over the moor, or where anything more ridiculously funny than those curious lists of things, the remedies the poor doctor had to take, or all that nonsense about those remarkable back stairs? I have heard it said that "Water Babies" means nothing to younger children, but I really think that if some older person reads it aloud to them, they will enjoy it as much as they would in later years. I say "read aloud" because the long words are truly formidable but do not detract from the story when the discouraging influence they might exert on the inexperienced little reader is obviated.

Yours sincerely, GORDON H. GRAVES.

Now — what is to be done? Shall we quote the old Latin proverb, "De gustibus non disputandum est" — "There is no use in argument as to tastes"? Or shall we content ourselves with the common-sense conclusion that different books suit different minds? There seems nothing strange in the belief that even a very excellent book may bring no message to you or to me. So let us be charitable with one another's tastes in reading, as in other things; remembering, however, that we all admit the possibility of good taste and bad taste, and believe bad tastes may be refined.

THE REPORT FROM LIBRARIANS. In the newspapers often appear lists of the books called for by the public. To one who cares what children are reading, it is very discouraging to see under the head of "Juvenile Fiction" the same old favorites repeated week in and week out. There is no reason to criticize these books; they are excellent books: but children owe it to themselves to widen their horizon a little. Librarians say that children keep calling for the same authors merely through mental laziness.

We don't believe that ST. NICHOLAS readers do this. They seem, by their letters, to be reading much more widely and more wisely than these library reports indicate. If the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls are wiser, it would be kind of them to help their friends and playmates to know there are more than half a dozen writers for the young, and that some of the best books for young people may be found among those not appearing every week in the library lists. Who will do this missionary work?

THE LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

READERS of the opening article in this number will be interested in the fact that there is in New York a church that has not only copied the beautiful Magdalen Tower of Oxford, but for a quarter of a century has borrowed its mid-air sunrise service. There is this difference, however: the Chapel of the Good Shepherd, in Chelsea Square, New York City, holds its service on Easter morning, while that of Magdalen College takes place on the 1st of May. It is not unlikely that other American churches may, if their architecture makes it possible, adopt some form of this beautiful service.

DIXON, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister Ione has taken you for twelve years, but she has given you to me now.

I go to school and I am in the fourth grade. Sister is in the last year of the high school. We live three and a half miles from Dixon.

I go to school in the country and have lots of fun. I go to school on horseback. I have a horse and pony. The pony is young and has just been broken. I helped to break her myself. She is a pretty little thing.

Psyche is my other horse's name. She is a bay, and I ride her too. She "nickers" when I come near the barn, and is still when I put the bridle on, for I often ride bareback. I also have a black horse. He is Dana.

I guess you think I have a lot of horses and ponies for only being nine years old; but I will be ten the 31st of December.

Fritz is my dog. He and I love each other dearly. But I love Psyche the best of all, for I have had her the longest.

Your loving reader,
KATHERINE GARNETT.

CAMP CONNELL, CALBAYOG, SAMAR, P. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you would like to know about the Philippine children who live on this island of Samar.

When we first came over here there were no quarters, so we had to live in Calbayog. Every day four or five little girls would come to my window and say, "Hello! Frances, you like me? Frances, come in," meaning come out and play.

They know how to talk quite a little English, and can sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" and many other American songs.

When it rains, even when it is thundering and lightning, all the Philippine children take their baths in the mud-puddles, and look like a lot of birds splashing about.

There is a very interesting plant here called "sensitive plant," which grows in great abundance on this island. The other day a prisoner escaped and went through some of it, leaving a trail behind him made by the plant closing its leaves wherever it was touched by the man; so the guards were able to find him by following the closed leaves, which led them to deep grass in which he was hidden.

Sincerely yours,
FRANCES SLADEN BRADLEY (age 9).

THE COVE, SYDNEY, CAPE BRETON.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are going to tell you about what we do in the Christmas holiday. The day after we got home we went out sailing in our little boat, the *Snow Flake*, which is something unusual at this time of the year. One thing that was great fun that we did was to put the dory on a sled and pull it along on the ice, so that if we should go in we should be safe. And then we would take the dory and run alongside to the edge of the ice, and then we would tumble in it, and then we would go splash into the water and come very nearly to upsetting. I guess we will end now, because we have to go to tea. My little brothers and sister send their love.

Always your loving friend,
KENNETH and HUGH DUGGAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading you for almost a year. My mother once had a cat and it went away and stayed a year, and then came back as if nothing had happened, and walked upstairs and lay down for a good long rest. I am eight years old and can read all your stories myself.

Your affectionate reader,
KARIN BUSCH.

BENNINGTON, VT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for five or six years, and enjoy you very much. My favorite stories have been "The Story of Betty," "Quicksilver Sue," "Josie and the Chipmunk," and then, of course, I liked all of those delightful stories complete in one number.

Oh, what a time I and my two sisters, who are both younger than I am, have in the summer-time! But when we were up at camp we had the most fun.

Our camp was a small farm-house which papa had bought in connection with a farm, but it was such a very neat, nice little house that we all thought we would like to sleep there. So we took six camp-cots, some tables, and six chairs, and the sweetest little stove, and there we slept for nearly a week — mama, our governess, my two sisters, and myself.

Such fun as we all did have, cooking, sweeping, and washing the dishes! At least, mama did the cooking and our governess washed the dishes, but still we helped them.

On the whole, however, we all hope to go back next summer.

Some other time I will tell you about my two pets, my puppy and my pony.

I remain, your affectionate reader,
SUSAN E. COLGATE.

Interesting letters, which lack of space prevents our printing, have also been received from: Marion G. Stedman, Charles Evans, Pendleton Schenck, Adolph Wydam, John B. F. Bacon, Robert M. Driver, Valentine Newton, Theresa L. Branch, Cecelia Wulsin, Carl Grimes, Mary Blanche Alston, Bessie Evelyn Alston, Adelaide Jones, Florence Ramsdell, Walton Musson, Eric McL., Willoughby M. Babcock, Janet E. Stevenson, Leonard W. Doyle, Ruth Rosevelt, Pauline Beckwith, Margaret E. Sloan, and Katherine S. Sands, Helen Graham, Agnes Briggs, Harriette E. Cushman.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Lilac. 2. Image. 3. Label. 4. Agent. 5. Celts.

A MAGIC SQUARE. Begin at second L in lowest line: "Louisiana Purchase Exposition." Begin at J in top line: "Jefferson and Napoleon."

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R	O	J	I	N	I	E	N	C	D	
Y	C	P	O	T	F	O	B	R	S	
G	E	E	X	M	A	F	T	B	K	
S	L	E	S	P	E	N	L	I	U	
N	A	O	T	A	U	R	A	P	S	
L	U	H	P	R	N	U	S	I	A	
C	E	S	C	D	T	B	U	O	K	
O	A	M	J	B	N	S	N	O	R	
E	L	S	R	E	C	A	L	T	D	

CHARADE. Block-head. CHARADE. Phil-an-thro-py.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 2, Arbor Day; 3 to 4, Richmond. Cross-words: 1. Acrid. 2. Crane. 3. Bilbo. 4. Rooms. 5. Reach. 6. Edict. 7. Alibi. 8. Myrrh.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. Easter. 1. Pr-eve-nt. 2. Cr-eat-or. 3. Es-sen-ce. 4. St-ate-ly. 5. El-eva-te. 6. Be-are-rs.

REBUS LETTER. My dear boy: Perhaps as you are in bed, and are not too busy, you will be glad to receive the first letter I have sent you for many moons. We, your aunt and I, heard of your illness, from time to time, and need not tell you that information of your rapid recovery delighted us greatly. You have made up your mind before this that a bed is stupid except to sleep in. We hope you will soon get around again, and be busy with bat and ball, golf, tennis and automobiling, as before. Your friend and uncle, BENJAMIN SMITH.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Christmas Carol; finals, Charles Dickens. Cross-words: 1. Civic. 2. Heath. 3. Rhoda. 4. Idler. 5. Shoal. 6. Taste. 7. Muses. 8. Asked. 9. Soldi. 10. Conic. 11. Alack. 12. Rhyme. 13. Orion. 14. Larks.

CONCEALED ZIGZAG. Confucius. 1. Cable. 2. North. 3. Dense. 4. Cleft. 5. Hindu. 6. Track. 7. Friar. 8. Tunes. 9. Salad.

NOVEL DOUBLE DIAGONAL. From 1 to 2, Shakspere; 3 to 4, Desdemona. Cross-words: 1. Surrender. 2. Sharpness. 3. Slaughter. 4. Sickening. 5. Impassive. 6. Decompose. 7. Deserters. 8. Designers. 9. Candidate. 10. Carpenter. 11. Blackmail. 12. Clamorous. 13. Macaroons. 14. Orchestra.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from "M. McG." — Joe Carlada — Frances Hunter — Samuel B. Fairbank — Morton T. Horr — "Teddy and Muvver" — John P. Phillips — Elsie L. Funkhouser — Paul Deschere — "Chuck" — Ruth Bartlett — Marian Priestly Toulmin — Jo and I — Marian and Nathalie Swift — Frederick Greenwood — Virginia Custer Canan — "Duluth" — Grace Haren — "Johnny Bear" — Christine Graham — Louise K. Cowdrey — "Allil and Adi" — Nessie and Freddie — Mary Beale Brainerd — "Imp and Angel" — Rose Caroline Huff — Agnes Cole — George T. Colman — F. H. A. and C. C. A.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from S. L. Tillinghast, 1 — A. M. Reed, 1 — R. E. Crane, 1 — F. Bradshaw, 1 — L. F. Lacy, 1 — Harold L. Godwin, 4 — R. T. Bonsall, 1 — L. Williams, 1 — K. C. Johnson, 1 — Edward M. Armsby, 8 — R. C. Case, 1 — M. Skelding, 1 — F. Frank, 1 — V. Cooley, 1 — C. S. Hanks, 1 — Dorothea M. Dexter, 6 — M. Banks, 1 — Amy Eliot Mayo, 6 — C. Vaughan, 1 — L. W. Clarke, 1 — C. L. Maxham, 1 — Sybil Fleming, 2 — C. R. Buckhout, 1 — A. K. Brough, 1 — Walter S. Marvin, 5 — Ethel H. Sturdevant, 4 — Ruth MacNaughton, 10 — M. Harding, 1 — R. M. Baker, Jr., 1 — G. E. Durell, 1 — Howard Smith, 10 — Amy Wade, 3 — W. Lee, 1 — Miriam Daniels, 5 — A. English, 1 — Irma Gehres, 8 — Ross M. Craig, 7 — L. Case, 1 — Bessie S. Gallup, 11 — Margaret C. Welby, 9 — M. G. Collins, 1 — E. G. Freeman, 1 — R. Sumner, 1 — Marian Gray, 10 — J. Prime, 1 — M. B. Carroll, 1.

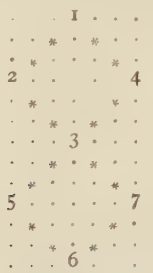
CHARADE.

AN eye, my *first;* my *last*, a bid;
Alas, what a confusing game!
Perhaps you think the meaning hid —
'T is not; for joined they make the same.

FLORENCE R. FAXON.

DOUBLE DIAMOND.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



CROSS-WORDS: 1. Theme. 2. A Swiss antelope. 3. A prickle. 4. A keeler. 5. Without value. 6. The science of life. 7. Something occasionally seen after a summer shower. 8. A fabulous monster having the head of a lion, the body of a goat, and the tail of a dragon. 9. A substance made by bees. 10. Anything bought cheap. 11. A keeping or guarding. 12. A strong man. 13. A vivid color.

From 1 to 2 and 3, and from 1 to 4 and 3, each name a President; from 3 to 5 and 6, and from 3 to 7 and 6, each name a historian.

ALICE KNOWLES.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS.

1. DOUBLY behead a gentlewoman, and leave an obstruction. 2. Doubly behead to deal with, and leave to consume. 3. Doubly behead the flesh of a pig, salted and smoked, and leave to peruse. 4. Doubly behead to swim, and leave a grain. 5. Doubly behead sharp, and leave to free. 6. Doubly behead an article of furniture, and leave a tune. 7. Doubly behead an old language, and leave a metal. 8. Doubly behead a moment, and leave a summer necessity. 9. Doubly behead inflated, and leave to possess. 10. Doubly behead a tendon, and leave novel. 11. Doubly behead a portable chair, and leave a masculine nickname. 12. Doubly behead an instrument for threshing, and leave to trouble. 13. Doubly behead an inlet from a river, and leave a pronoun.

The initials of the thirteen little words will spell two familiar words.

MARGUERITE HALLOWELL (League Member).

CONCEALED KITCHEN UTENSILS.

(In this story are concealed the names of twenty-three kitchen utensils.)

How the athlete apothecary called Sam, ugly as he was, ever came to have so pretty a little daughter as is Kittie Baskett, let me tell you, it is big riddle enough! A maid of such airy grace she is! Her papa, ill though he can afford it, dresses her richly. To-day she wore a hat of chip (it cherry-colored), on its top a nodding plume, feathers in a sort of arc upon its brim, a dainty bow lying over one side, a reddish pansy, and ribbons, each like a bright ray of light. She wears the prettiest little dress I ever saw, while her mother dresses magnificently. As to velvet, it formed her dress train, ermine-bordered. A pretty handkerchief, or kerchief, crossed her bosom, fastened by a clasp I derided before I knew its real value. Little Kittie's manners are marked with a glad levity, and even when asleep, latent mischief can be detected in her face. Sometimes upon her head is her dainty bonnet, fastened under her chin, a close-tied knot of brown ribbon, under which coquettish affair her pretty head will dip pertly in a gay bow to her friends. But I must stop, otherwise I would poke rather slowly through this chronicle of her charms. MYSTICALIA.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

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. * . . . . . . * .
3 . . . . . . . . 2
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Cross-words: 1. The system of a decimal currency. 2. Pertaining to a demon. 3. The act of declining. 4. To deprive of color. 5. Becomingly. 6. Slanderous. 7. The act of plucking off. 8. The act of diminishing. 9. Earnest and solemn entreaty. 10. The act of inviting.

From 1 to 2, the name of a day in May; from 3 to 4, an elegiac poem by Tennyson.

JOHN DUNTON KEYES.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1. Triply behead a swinging bed, and leave to ridicule. 2. Triply behead to tell, and leave a fixed allowance. 3. Triply behead folly, and leave meaning. 4. Triply behead clumsy, and leave a division of a hospital. 5. Triply behead to observe, and leave frozen water. 6. Triply behead shame, and leave charm. 7. Triply behead a worm, and leave obtained. 8. Triply behead a dried grape, and leave iniquity. 9. Triply behead a brave man, and leave an exclamation. 10. Triply behead to perplex, and leave discovered. 11. Triply behead a musical instrument, and leave a sailor. 12. Triply behead a curious tropical plant, and leave concealed. 13. Triply behead to go over again, and leave to consume. 14. Triply behead harmony, and leave a measure of wood. 15. Triply behead to wander in search of food, and leave epoch. 16. Triply behead tan, and leave to scorch. 17. Triply behead a city of India, and leave a small gulf. 18. Triply behead to terrify, and leave the whole quantity. 19. Triply behead the edge, and leave a machine for separating the seeds from cotton. 20. Triply behead a Swiss lake, and leave a feminine name. 21. Triply behead a bulwark, and leave a portion. 22. Triply behead a spicy seed, and leave at a distance. 23. Triply behead disguise, and leave a passage of Scripture. 24. Triply behead a fop, and leave an instrument for adjusting the hair. 25. Triply behead disgrace, and leave respect.

The initials of the twenty-five short words will spell the name of a very popular book.

ELIZABETH B. BERRY.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

Example: Syncopate, or take out, the two middle letters from a ruler, and leave a break. Answer, Re-ge-nt, rent.

1. Syncopate to disclose, and leave genuine. 2. Syncopate idea, and leave part of the day. 3. Syncopate a royal dwelling, and leave gait. 4. Syncopate form, and leave flame. 5. Syncopate evil spirits, and leave caves. 6. Syncopate help, and leave a rocky ridge. 7. Syncopate active, and leave a flower. 8. Syncopate affectionate, and leave protracted. 9. Syncopate to mix, and leave a measure of length. 10. Syncopate discharging a debt, and leave a sudden pain.

HENRY MORGAN BROOKS.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

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 1 . . . . . .
14 2 . . . . .
 . 15 3 . . . .
 . . 16 4 . . .
 . . . 17 5 . .
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 . . . . 20 8 .
 . . . 21 9 . .
 . . 22 10 . . .
 . 23 11 . . . .
24 12 . . . . .
13 . . . . . .
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Cross-words: 1. Remote. 2. Signification. 3. To dim. 4. Spirits of hartshorn. 5. Propriety. 6. Middle. 7. To display. 8. Sure. 9. A portable lock. 10. Abducts. 11. Shining. 12. New Englanders. 13. More youthful.

From 1 to 13, a holiday in May; from 14 to 24, another name for this holiday.

E. ADELAIDE HAHN (League Member).

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

85–86.

"THE SHUTTLECOCK WAS CAUGHT AND RETURNED BY ELEANOR WITH A DEFTNESS THAT COMES FROM HAVING A KEEN EYE AND A QUICK HAND."

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXI. JUNE, 1904. No. 8.

THE SHUTTLECOCK OF FATE.

By Albert Bigelow Paine.

"But I really do think I might win with you out of it, Eleanor Fair."

"And I just know that I should carry off the prize if you would n't compete, Grace Martin."

Kate Conklin threw back over her shoulder a mass of wonderful black hair.

"And I am perfectly positive that neither of you will withdraw from the contest," she said.

It was Saturday, and these three college girls who chummed and roomed together were performing the somewhat tedious and likewise interesting duty of washing their hair. Also, they were discussing the latest prize offer to the junior literary class — a splendid *édition de luxe* of Shakspere for the best poem on the genius or life or work of that great author. Grace Martin, who was slender and thoughtful, with brown hair and deep hazel eyes, was regarded as class poet, one to be relied on when the occasion required verse of any sort — lyric or epic, grave or gay. But Eleanor Fair, more often, because of her complexion, called "fair Eleanor," was a poet, too. Indeed, there were those who thought that Eleanor's verses bore the stamp of real genius. For one thing, her work was eccentric. One could never tell what Eleanor was going to do. Her poem, when she was suddenly seized with the idea of a poem, might prove uncommonly bad. But, on the other hand, it might prove uncommonly good — so good as to be startling to her classmates and instructors. As for Kate Conklin, she was not regarded as having a part in this particular competition. Essays and short stories were her field. Her prose work commanded respect and even admiration. If she had ever written any verse the fact had been carefully concealed. The prize had been offered by a rich man of the little college town, and perhaps, like the others, she hungered for it in her soul. Eleanor Fair, standing by the open window, where the light spring breeze came in, and flinging up her masses of gold to dry, took up the thread of discussion.

"I shall write a sonnet," she said, "a Shaksperian sonnet, and call it simply 'Shakspere.' It will not be merely his life or work, or his genius. It will be something — oh, a great deal more than anything those words mean! Those words are all too little, too puny, when one thinks of what Shakspere has meant to the world. That 's what I shall put into my sonnet. Shakspere the mighty, the supreme, the — the omniscient soul of the ages! It will be Shakspere — Shakspere — just Shakspere."

As Eleanor stood with the afternoon sun pouring in on her loosened golden hair, that

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shimmered back over her uplifted arms and hands, — her eyes full of the far earnestness of her thought, — she might have been the embodiment of inspiration, one of the sacred nine, borne straight from some dim realm of song. Grace Martin dropped into her chair.

"Oh, Eleanor," she said, "if you are going to do that, and if you 're going to write as you look and talk, I may as well give up now. I was going to write about his work, the different sides of it, you know — the comedy and tragedy and human insight of it all.

> Magician by whose mystic wand
> We march to music grave or gay —
> Mere puppets we at his command,
> In tragic chant or virelay.

That was one of the stanzas, though it is n't as I want it. It does n't mean just what I wish to say, but the rhymes are all right, and it 's alliterative, and the words are pretty good."

Eleanor had sat down too, and had lost her rapt expression.

"Good! Oh, Grace, I should think they were! How in the world do you always get that perfect alliteration, and how did you ever happen to think of 'virelay'? It is a lovely word. Just what does it mean, anyway?"

"I don't know, exactly — I have n't looked it up. But it 's so pastoral, somehow. I always see shepherds blowing their pipes, and lambkins skipping, when I hear it. I hope it means some kind of merry music. If it does n't I shall have to use 'roundelay,' and I don't think that is nearly so good, do you?"

"Oh, no, of course not." Eleanor had turned to the window and was looking thoughtfully down on the wonderful old trees and green slopes of the college grounds below. "Grace," she went on, presently, "don't you suppose it will be hard for the judges to decide between poems so different as ours will be, and don't you think a good many of our friends will be dissatisfied, whatever the decision is? I was just thinking that we might draw lots — long and short straws, or something like that — and one of us stay out altogether."

But Kate Conklin put in a word here.

"You young ladies are most amusing," she said, with mock gravity. "You have calmly taken charge of the prizes, and even of the welfare of the judges, before either of your poems is written. How do you know but that I may win the prize from both of you?"

"Don't joke, Kate; this is a serious matter," said Grace. "I 'll draw lots with Eleanor, if you 'll hold the straws."

"But really, girls, that seems to me child's play. Why not write your poems first and let me see them? Perhaps even *I* may save one, possibly both, of you the humiliation of defeat."

"But I never could suppress a poem after writing it," said Eleanor.

"Nor I," declared Grace.

Kate smiled in a superior manner.

"Ah, well, *mes enfants*, be happy while you may. Some day the editor will have a word to say as to that. But don't draw straws; that 's so tame. At least make it a contest — a round of golf or a game of tennis."

But the girls shook their heads. "Eleanor plays better golf than I do," said Grace.

"And Grace generally beats me at tennis," protested Eleanor.

Kate Conklin's eyes wandered about the walls where leaned or hung the paraphernalia of their various games. Over her desk there hung an engraving of Shakspere, and just above it a pair of racquets somewhat different from those of tennis or ping-pong. Tied to them were two feather-plumed corks. The girl's eyes brightened.

"Oh, Eleanor! Grace!" she said. "I have it! Just the game! Shakspere himself perhaps played it. Battledore and shuttlecock! I bought the set a long time ago, just because it seemed old and quaint. We 'll go out there under the trees, and you shall play."

"But I never played it in my life," said Eleanor.

"Nor I," said Grace.

"All the better. You start even. I will look up the rules in my book of games, and be umpire. You will decide this momentous question in a way that Shakspere might have approved. Sweet ladies, it is shuttlecock we shall play at now."

Kate had already taken a worn book from her shelves and was turning the pages.

"Here it is," she announced. "'The play-

ers knock the shuttlecock back and forth, each in the direction of the other. Whoever fails to strike it gives to the other a bean.' Very simple, you see. No complicated counting — just beans. We'll get them of the cook as we go down. Start with ten each, and whoever runs out first is out of the game and competition simultaneously. We will disport ourselves under the greenwood trees. Meantime our hair will be drying."

They descended to the spacious and secluded college grounds, stopping a moment at the pantry.

"I'm sure Grace will beat me," moaned Eleanor. "It's something like tennis, and she has such long arms."

"About as much like tennis as croquet is like golf," said Kate, "and that means not at all. I play beautiful croquet and, I suppose, the poorest golf in the world. No, my dears; I should say that you will play with about equal badness."

The umpire dragged a ratan chair from the veranda, and seated herself comfortably.

"Places, ladies," she called. "Miss Martin will serve the first stroke. Ready, play!"

The shuttlecock, gently struck by Grace's racquet, lightly flew in the air, and was caught and returned by Eleanor with a deftness that comes from having a keen eye and a quick hand. Then back and forth it flew—the girls' skill at tennis serving them in good turn, in spite of what their umpire had said about the difference in the games. It was true that Grace had the longer arms, but Eleanor was supple and quick and seemed fully her opponent's equal. Back and forth — piff, paff, piff, paff — flew the feathered missile, while the sweet breath of May came across blossoming meadows, and the afternoon sun mottled the greensward where they played.

Piff, paff, piff, paff — there! a light puff of wind catches the shuttlecock and lifts it so that even Grace's long arms do not quite reach.

"Judgment!" she calls, with uplifted racquet.

"Fairly missed, Grace," answers the umpire. "Eleanor is not to blame for the wind. Surrender the precious bean!"

So the bean is delivered, and this time Eleanor serves the first stroke. And back and forth — piff, paff — goes the little shuttlecock, until suddenly a branch borne down by the breeze lifts it lightly, just away from Eleanor's racquet, and drops it on the grass at their feet, while all the leaves flutter in applause.

Then "Judgment!" calls Eleanor, and once more the umpire answers, "Fair!"

"Grace struck the shuttlecock toward you. She could not know that the tree would take a hand in the game. Return the lost bean, Eleanor, and proceed."

It was nearly an hour later when the two players dropped upon the green, cool turf to rest. They had played continuously since they began and were thoroughly exhausted. Yet their game was no nearer the end than it had been at the start. One bean, sometimes two, and once even three, had changed hands, but each time the lost beans had changed back; until now, when the light under the trees was growing dim, each had the original ten and the question of withdrawing from the class contest was as far as ever from a decision.

"Which means that you are both to compete," said the umpire. "Fortune evidently does not approve of any prearranged surrender or distribution of her gifts. No more do I. Perhaps in the strictest sense it is n't even honest. Our talents are given us to use and to strive with. Write your poems, both of them, and accept the judges' decision, whatever you or your friends may think of it. It's likely that neither of you will win. Little Hattie Parker is to be reckoned with, I fancy, in this contest, and even I may be seized with an inspiration and beat you both."

Eleanor laughed lazily.

"Oh, you silly old Kate," she said. "Of course Hattie Parker is clever, and her poems are awfully funny, but her style is n't for this sort of thing. And as for you, I don't believe you ever tried to write a poem in your life."

"And I'm too old to begin; is that it? Well, you know, genius is a slow growth with some, and, besides, we are likely to discover new powers and possibilities in ourselves almost any time. Sudden and severe pressure has been known to —"

"Oh, Kate, don't! We're too tired to listen

to a class lecture, are n't we, Gracie? We 'll be good, and write our poems and compete, and forgive the result,—whatever it may be,—though, of course, I suppose we 'll never be quite the same to each other again, whichever wins. Now let 's take the beans back to the cook, so she can have them in time for dinner."

Eleanor scrambled up and dragged Grace to her feet. A moment later the three, with their arms about one another, were entering the old college building that had echoed to the light footstep and laughter and merry voices of so many generations of happy girls.

As commencement day approached, the big room where the three chums dwelt and toiled together became the scene of much alternate joy and sorrow. Eleanor's sonnet was not executed as easily as it had been conceived. Many of the lines were wrought in anguish and tribulation of spirit. As for Grace, her poem was accomplished with more ease, but there were moments when it seemed to her utterly bad, just as there were other times when it seemed a genuine inspiration. The girls did not read their poems to each other. Kate, who was unusually deferred to, had forbidden that. Neither had she permitted the poems to be read to her.

"I should be certain to offer advice," she said, "which might be either a good or a bad thing for the poem, and neither would be fair. No; I will share your joy or mingle my tears with you, but keep your poems concealed. Besides, as I have remarked before, I may conclude to write one myself."

"You 'd better be at it, then, instead of poring all day and half the night over those old exams," admonished Eleanor. "You 'll find it is n't so easy to write poetry."

Perhaps Kate did not find it easy to write—anything. She had many thoughts—so many that her pen did not find their expression a light task, even when the problem was one of periods, and not of measures and rhymes. But sometimes, when the others were vexing themselves with these matters, she would wander out alone under the ancient trees, and, lying on the grass, would let the winds whisper, and the birds sing, and the leaves gossip to her, just as long centuries ago they had whispered and sung and gossiped, on the banks of the Avon, to a boy who, listening to these voices of the air, had perhaps first dreamed of the forests of Arden. Sometimes she had slipped forth in the moonlight, to be for a little under the trees alone, to see the moon-rays make fairy jewels of the dew, and to picture to herself the Stratford boy thus watching for *Puck* and *Oberon* and all the crew that were one day to assemble in a midsummer night's dream. It was always the *boy* Shakspere who came to her. True, it was the man who had written and moved the world; but it was the boy who had linked himself as one with nature to woo the mystery of the night and the wind and the trees—softly to lay his ear to the very breathing of the universe. She had always meant some day to say these things. What if she should say them in verse? Could she do it simply, without straining after rhymes and phrases—without lameness or affectation? Could she do it in a way that would have pleased that boy himself? How real he became to her! Sometimes, as fleeting bits and lines strayed through her thought, she was ready to ask him if thus it was he had dreamed in that long-ago time, and if it was in such measure he would wish her to tell of it now.

And so the days passed and the afternoon of commencement came. On the crowded programme the "Shakspere Poem" competition by the junior literary class had been set down, but not the names of those who were to compete. It was a feature that came after the reading of the various graduation papers of the seniors, and really closed the exercises of the day. Among the class-members the general feeling was that the reward would go to Grace Martin unless Eleanor Fair should come forward, as she was likely to do, with one of her startling things that came nobody could tell how or when, and from a source of inspiration equally mysterious. Of course others would have poems—little Hattie Parker, for one; but they would be offered more as a feature of the entertainment than as a part of the competition.

Oh, it was a wonderful afternoon, the great assembly-hall crowded with students and their visitors, among which were many parents—proud, hopeful, or anxious, as they believed in,

or feared for, their loved ones. And among those older ones there were many who ten or twenty or thirty years before, perhaps, had entered that same hall, their hearts beating high with youth, to say and do and promise what this new generation would say and do and promise to-day. To some of them came that old commencement couplet,

> "Standing with expectant feet
> Where the brook and river meet,"

which, old and trite though it was, did not seem so now, as they watched the "expectant feet" march by and realized how soon they would be mingling with the great human tide of the outside world.

And above and about and everywhere were flowers. All the walls and the ceiling were draped and festooned with them, and the elevated stage at the end was banked and piled with bloom. Then, one after another, the sweet, white-clad maidens read their papers or gave their recitations, and amid the swelling applause were welcomed by their own. And the years of yesterday seemed to fall away from those older ones, who forgot that they were no

"ELEANOR'S SONNET WAS NOT EXECUTED EASILY."

longer young, and renewed their old plans and hopes and dreams in mingling them with those of their children.

But now at last came the Shakspere competition. The news of it had been spread among the visiting audience, and a quiet interest had become general, though most of the girls whispered to their parents the information that the only real contest was between two, Grace Martin and Eleanor Fair.

They grew still now, for a name had been called, and a bright-faced girl stepped to the platform and read a graceful poem entitled "When Shakspere Lived." The verses were not without promise, and the reader blushed with pleasure at the applause that followed her effort. Then another name was called — that of Hattie Parker; and presently the audience was happy and laughing with her in listening to her poem of *Gobbo* and *Touchstone*, and their like, entitled "Shakspere's Merry Men."

"That girl will be heard from some day," said a distinguished editor to a gray-haired man in front of him, an author whose name is familiar to every reader of books.

Little Hattie Parker had finished and was passing them just then. She saw the great editor lean over to the great author, and in the sudden silence that had followed the applause his words came to her ear. Oh, more than any applause or prize this meant to her, for in her heart was waking the one and mighty ambition that the world should hear and know.

But now there was a flutter through the audience, for another name had been called, and Eleanor Fair had gone to the platform. It took but a moment or two, the reading of her fourteen lines. There was a curious expression on the editor's face as he listened.

"THREE COLLEGE GIRLS WHO CHUMMED AND ROOMED TOGETHER."

"A big thought," he muttered; "too big for a girl like that. Some fine lines, too, but, on the whole, hardly a success." And though the audience applauded and waved, as they always did when fair Eleanor read, there was the feeling that this was not one of her startlingly good performances, and that it was more than likely Grace Martin would win. Grace had already appeared in response to her name, and the audience had grown very still. She was a tall, sweet-faced girl, and she read in an even, gentle voice that won her hearers. Her verses, too, were as smooth as flowing water.

"The best piece of literary workmanship so far," whispered the great editor to his friend in

the seat ahead. "Not great work, but always sure of an audience."

The author nodded and the room was echoing with applause. It was thought that Grace was to be the last reader, and it was believed that she had won. Grace herself had slipped into a seat by Eleanor, who put her arm about her as she whispered:

"Oh, Grace, I 'm sure it 's yours. My old sonnet was just horrid. I did n't know how awful it was until I heard your 'Shakspere the Magician.' Oh, I don't believe I shall ever —"

But at that moment the master of ceremonies was making an announcement, and there was something in it that brought Eleanor's sentence to a sudden close.

"There is one more poem," he was saying; "it is entitled 'My Lad, Shakspere,' by Miss Kate Conklin."

"Eleanor, oh, Eleanor," breathed Grace, "she did it, and never told us!" And then both were silent, for Kate — Kate, who had never written anything before but essays and bits of fiction, Kate with her jet-black hair and her olive oval face — had appeared on the platform and begun to read.

Then there fell upon the audience a hush such as it had not known before. Nobody rustled, nobody whispered, nobody coughed — hardly did they breathe.

And what a simple little poem it was — with no attempt at a difficult form, unusual rhyme, or high-sounding words. Yet through the measure of those simple syllables the brook trickled its music, the wind set all the leaves to murmuring, the birds whistled and sang in the treetops, while amid it all — his face on the cool moss — the lad lay and listened, and dreamed the long, long dreams. The sun slipped down in the west, the moon rose, and the stars came out. Every leaf and stem glittered, and the fairy folk crept from among the shadows to where lay the listening boy — hearing, feeling, knowing all the mystery and secret of the universal heart, learning the chorus that the planets sing.

There was no applause at first when Kate ceased reading. Nobody wanted to applaud; they only wanted to sit still — so still that they might not break the spell she had cast upon them. Kate herself, a little dazed perhaps at the silence, hesitated a moment, then turned to descend the steps. But as she did so somebody arose in the audience and came to meet her. And then everybody saw that it was Eleanor Fair, and close behind her Grace Martin, and that these two hurried up the aisle to her, and threw their arms about her, and kissed her, and bore her to their seat.

But lo! the spell was broken now. Like breaking billows came the surge of applause — wave after wave. People stood upon the seats to look over to where she sat, and those about her seized her hand. Then some one was pushing his way through, and Kate, turning, suddenly found herself face to face with the editor, — whom she had sometimes wondered if she would ever meet, if she worked very hard and long, — and he was holding out his hand.

She took it, her own hand trembling. And now he was holding out his other hand.

"The poem," he was saying: "we want it for the magazine."

In the big upper room where the three chums had lived and toiled a reception was held in Kate's honor. And the distinguished editor was there, and the distinguished author, and others of the literary class, with the rich man who had offered the prize, and the judges, and all the parents, and a few more. And they asked Kate for a little speech, but Kate could not make it, so Eleanor, fair Eleanor, made it for her, and in open confession told how she and Grace had played battledore and shuttlecock for the prize that Kate, the umpire, — dear, sly old Kate, — had made up her mind to win all along; and how she had insisted on them both competing, so that the honor of winning might be all the greater; and how they never intended to forgive her, no, never, but just love her and try to shine in her glory, now that she was a great authoress with the world already at her feet.

And then Kate really did rise to protest, only they would n't let her, but drowned everything she said in "Three cheers for Kate Conklin, the great new poet! Three cheers for vacation! Three cheers for everybody and everything connected with the grand old school!"

MARY'S MEADOWING.

By Eva L. Ogden.

There is in England a custom, called "Mary's Meadowing," of planting foreign wild flowers and garden favorites in the woods, in the hope that some of these may become naturalized there, and thus increase the beauty of the forest.

"Mary, Lady Mary,
Fair of cheek and brow,
Daughter of a hundred earls,
Whither goest thou
In the May morning?"

Oh, I go a-meadowing,
As my mother went before,
Through the budding woodland
And by the calling shore.

I go to set the bloodroot
Where pale Lent lilies grow,
To teach the blue-fringed gentian
By an English brook to blow.

Peonies and goldenrod
To plant in woodland dells,
Where they shall see with wonder
The nodding foxglove bells.

"O cruel Lady Mary,
Your tender plants will die,
Missing the safe garden
And your loving ministry
In the lonely woodland."

Nay; God's sun will shine on them
  And his sweet rain will fall
As well in the wild woodland
  As by my garden wall.

"*Ah, thoughtless Lady Mary,*
  If but one plant-heart break
In its lone woodland exile,
  What answer will you make
To the great Gardener?"

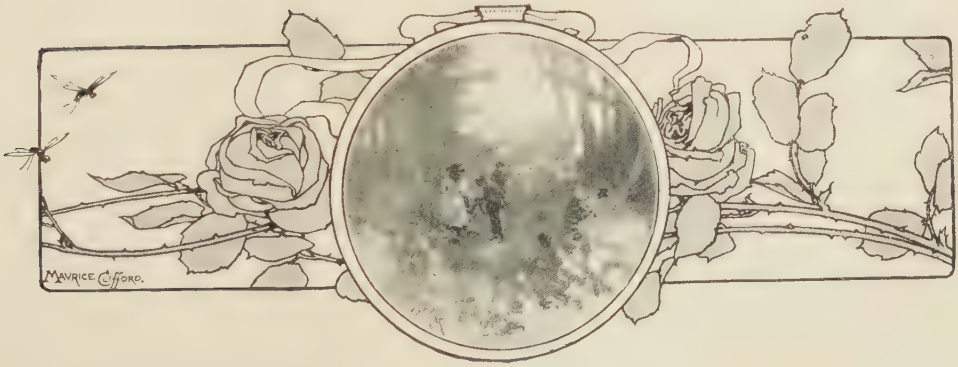
Nay; bees and birds and children
  Will give them welcome sweet,
And the tall oaks smile down on them
  A-blooming at their feet.

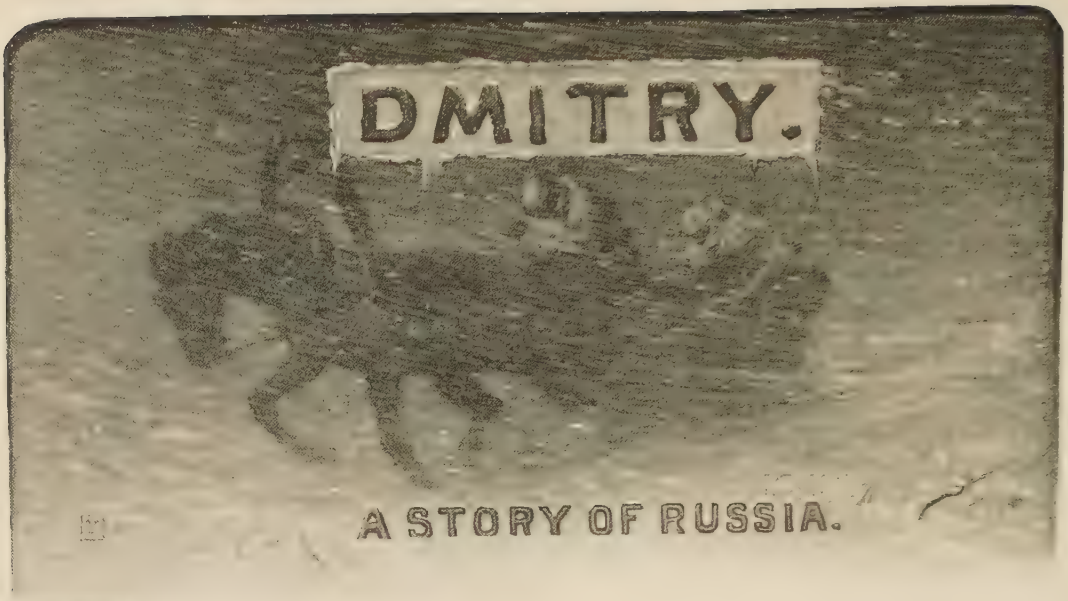
And it may be some exiled soul
  Whom God hath set to roam
Out in the world's wide woodland
  From a safe garden home

May meet some exiled flower
  Within the forest wild,
And let it lead him home again,
  Once more a little child.

But if no such angel ministry
  As this be theirs to win,
Still the great Gardener, heeding all,
  Will count it not a sin

That flowers again are neighbors
  That have not met before
Since our Lady Eve did tend them
  Upon Euphrates' shore!





WE were on our way to Moscow, Arthur Crabtree and I. We had met in Belgium, and as it was tedious traveling alone, I accepted his proffered company; besides, of course, if he chose to run the risk of having his nose frozen off, he had a perfect right to do so. So behold us, well enveloped in cloaks and furs, giving our fingers and toes a final warming at the little station of Z—— while we waited for our sledge and post-driver to make their appearance.

By and by the master of the station put his head in at the door. "Ivan is waiting, most worthy and excellent sir." Not knowing my name or rank, and determined to give me *some* title, these good people called me "worthy," "excellent," and "respectable" so continually that I began to entertain quite a high idea of my own character.

"Come, Crabtree," I said cheerfully, and we hastened out into the little courtyard, where our black, coffin-like sledge was standing, with a strong little horse harnessed to it.

There was a busy hurrying to and fro, and a jingle and clang of sharp-toned bells. Our little horse had a half-hoop over its neck, and the bells, which were large and loud, hung in this, and swung and sounded their sharp notes with every toss of his shaggy mane.

The driver finally came, pulling his fur cap down over his head, and just as we came out he tucked a pair of pistols into his belt and off we started.

"What are those pistols for, Ivan?"

"For the wolves, most respectable sir," he said, with a grave smile.

"Wolves!" ejaculated Crabtree, with a start.

"Yes, wolves, little gentleman," said Ivan. "But perhaps we shall see none. That is as the good saints will. Still, it is best to be ready."

Sometimes we met another sledge, and Ivan would speak a word or two to the driver.

"There have been no wolves seen this far, worthy sir. Those traders have come through from Moscow."

Presently a handsome sledge, drawn by two fine horses, dashed past us. Ivan drew his little horse humbly out of the way. The gentleman all wrapped up in furs in the back seat bowed courteously as he was whisked by.

"That is Prince D——ch," said Ivan. "He owns all the land here. He is very good. There was something he did once that you might like to hear.

"There was once a post-driver who, with his wife and son, lived in a small house near the station we have just passed. In summer he drove a droshky and in winter a sledge between his village and the station some twelve versts (about eight miles) farther on. Well, he

was fond of talking, and as he could talk very well, and was quite amusing to listen to, his friends and neighbors were always getting him to deliver speeches about this thing and that thing, and because he must sometimes have something new, he — poor man — often said a great many things which he did not mean. So one day he said something about the Czar, and a government official was there and heard it, and the next day Dmitry was arrested and taken off to Moscow, with a guard on each side of him.

"His wife cried bitterly as she watched them past the turn of the road, but her son, Dmitry the younger, said cheerily: 'Do not cry, mother; father will soon be back, and in the meantime we have Feodor, the pony, and I can drive the droshky as well as my father—yes, and a sledge, too.'

"So the mother dried her eyes, and the next day Dmitry took his father's place at the post station. 'Dmitry!' travelers would sometimes say. 'Why, Dmitry was a big man with a long beard'; and then the boy would say, 'That was my father, good sirs, and I am here for a time in his place.' And every one who rode with him praised his careful driving and the strength and spirit of Feodor, the little pony. However tired Dmitry was, he always found time to attend well to Feodor, and whenever he could he brought him a treat of salt fish."

"Salt fish!" cried my friend Crabtree, incredulously.

"Russian horses are very fond of salt fish, little — "

I hurried to interrupt Ivan before he could finish the obnoxious term.

"What a strange taste! But go on, Ivan."

"It was all very well for Dmitry in the summer, when the roads were good. 'But when winter comes,' said the old post-drivers, 'we will see what happens.'

"But with the first snow out came Dmitry's sledge. The robes were all shaken out and the bells were shining, and Feodor was pawing the snow and snorting, as if saying, 'Here we are, you see, all ready for winter, just as soon as any of you.'

"Every morning Dmitry presented himself in good time, and each night when Feodor was led back to his stable every one said the boy had well earned his day's wages.

"Well, one night a traveler came to the post station who said he was the secretary of Prince D——ch and had despatches for him which he must carry through that night.

"The master of the station shook his head. The snow had been falling all afternoon, and the tracks were filled up. It was so dark, too, no one could find the road if it was once lost, which it would be in the first half-hour, the master said.

"'But it must be done!' said the secretary. 'Call up the men and tell them that the one who takes me to the residence of the prince to-night shall have anything he asks me for.'

"But the men shook their heads. No, it was impossible. They would lose the road and then the wolves would get them.

"The secretary was so angry he stamped his feet and cried out: 'Cowards! Is there no one here with a man's soul in his body?' Then Dmitry stepped out into the light.

"'I will take you, Sir Secretary.'

"But the master pulled the boy back.

"'No, no, Dmitry! Think of your mother, who has no one now but you — think!'

"The boy shook himself free. 'I *am* thinking, Stepanof, and we can do it well enough. Feodor has only gone five versts to-day and is as fresh as ever.'

"The secretary turned to the master: 'Can the child drive?'

"'As well as any one, but —'

"'That is enough.' Then, turning to Dmitry:

"'Be ready in a quarter of an hour. I will leave my man here, so your horse will have a light weight. It is eight versts to the next station, and five more to the residence of the prince. Can you do it?'

"'We can, Sir Secretary'; and Dmitry hurried off to get Feodor ready.

"Two of the men followed him, and one offered him a cloak and the other gave him a knife. 'You may need it, Dmitry,' he said gloomily. But the boy only laughed.

"'It is too cold for the wolves to-night, is n't it, Feodor?' and the little horse whinnied softly in reply.

"The secretary was standing in the door,

wrapped in his long cloak. He jumped into the sledge without a word, and in a moment they were off. Dmitry waved his hand to old Stepanof, who stood shaking his head after them.

"Oh, how cold it was, and how the snow drifted in their faces! The secretary pulled up the collar of his cloak and loosened the pistols in his belt.

"'Boy, are you sure you know the way?'

"'No, Sir Secretary,' said Dmitry, modestly; 'I cannot be *sure* in this storm: but I know *Feodor* knows the way.'

"The secretary shrugged his shoulders. 'I was mad to attempt it,' he muttered.

"Colder and darker grew the night. The secretary dozed sometimes. Feodor's bells jingled slowly; it was heavy work, drawing the sledge through the unbroken snow. But whenever the secretary waked, there was Dmitry, slapping himself to keep from freezing, or talking cheeringly to the pony. He always seemed alert and wide awake, so by and by the secretary forgot that he was not in his own comfortable bed, and he fell fast asleep.

"He was waked by the stopping of the sledge. Lights were moving about, and Dmitry was saying: 'We are at the station, Sir Secretary. Do you wish for anything?'

"The secretary jumped out, yawning and stretching himself.

"'Have you been awake all the time, child?'

"'All the time, sir.'

"'How have you managed it?'

"Dmitry smiled, and drew the knife one of the men had given him out of his belt. 'Sometimes I was forgetting; then see'—shoving up his sleeve and showing small pricks in his arm.

"'We will stay here half an hour!' shouted the secretary, 'if all the despatches in the dominion wait. Some of you fellows rub down this horse. Shall he have something to eat?' he asked Dmitry.

"'Some salt fish, please, Sir Secretary,' said Dmitry, thinking of Feodor's pleasure.

"'Come, now,' and the secretary half carried the boy into the room. He called the host, and soon some bread and sausage, and a steaming kettle of tea, were placed on the table.

"'Here, drink and eat,' said the secretary, pushing the things toward Dmitry.

"He drank a glass of the scalding tea thirstily, and by and by began to eat.

"The secretary, walking up and down the room, watched him kindly, but anxiously. 'What a sturdy, faithful spirit!' he said to himself. 'The prince ought to have him.'

"Presently, when he saw the boy had finished, he said briskly:

"'Well, Dmitry, shall we go on again?'

"Dmitry rose quickly. 'I am ready.'

"'That's right—"deeds, not words,"' said the secretary, laughing, and in a few minutes they were off again.

"On, on into the stormy night. Feodor shook the snow out of his eyes and plodded steadily forward.

"They were nearing the residence of the prince. The secretary was wide awake now. Sometimes Feodor would stop and snort, as if to say, 'Where now?' Then Dmitry would turn to the secretary, and after a few words Feodor would trot on again.

"At last the great gates were reached. The secretary sprang out and rang a bell which they heard clattering and clanging a long way off. Lights moved to and fro, voices talking, and presently the gates opened, and the secretary walked into the courtyard, followed by poor, tired little Feodor, with steaming sides and drooping head, his half-frozen little master still holding the reins.

"A splendid personage in velvet and gold lace hurried out to meet them.

"'His Highness has been expecting you anxiously, Sir Secretary,' he said, bowing low, 'but had given up all hope, the night being so stormy.'

"'I would never have reached here had it not been for this child,' said the secretary, lifting Dmitry to the ground. 'Take him and treat him well.'

"'But Feodor—' murmured Dmitry, half asleep.

"'His Highness's own groom shall see to Feodor,' said the secretary, beckoning to one of the men. 'Feodor is the best little horse I ever saw.' And Dmitry went off well pleased.

"Next morning the secretary sent for the boy.

"'Well, my young friend, now what reward shall I give you for last night's work?'

"The boy's face flushed. 'Only to see the prince, Sir Secretary,' he said huskily.

"'Only to see the prince! That is easily done, for he has requested me to bring you to them.' said the secretary; 'but come, now, what will you have for yourself?'

"'Only to see the prince,' said Dmitry, softly.

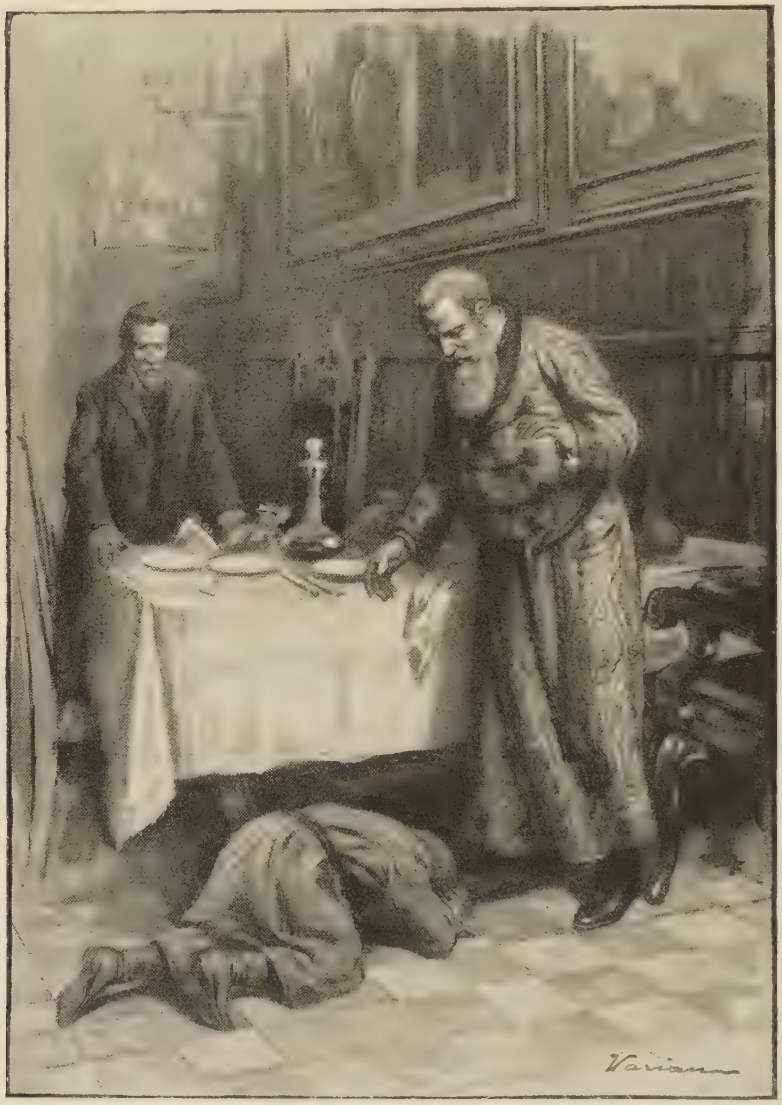
"'Well, come, then, you odd child'; and the secretary led him through room after room, till they came to one where the prince, in a fur-lined dressing-gown, sat at breakfast.

"'There is the prince,' said the secretary. 'Now, if you have anything to say, say it.'

"THEN DMITRY STEPPED OUT INTO THE LIGHT. 'I WILL TAKE YOU, SIR SECRETARY.'"

"Dmitry hurried forward and threw himself at the feet of the prince, who was smilingly regarding him. 'My father—' he gasped, then burst into loud sobs. The prince kindly raised him, and then he told how long he had

hoped for a chance to plead for his father, who had been now two years in prison — 'for saying what he did not mean,' sobbed Dmitry. He told of his mother's prayers and tears, of the lonely home, of the hope, that had sustained him all the previous night, that if he could only see the prince all would yet be well.



"DMITRY HURRIED FORWARD AND THREW HIMSELF AT THE FEET OF THE PRINCE."

"The prince and his secretary exchanged looks of sympathy; and then, raising the child, who had again thrown himself at his feet, the prince promised that if his influence could do it his father should be free.

"And now," said Ivan, "Dmitry the elder is master of the post station yonder, and the young man you saw driving the prince's sledge just now is the boy who risked his life to win his father's pardon. Now, worthy and most excellent sirs, here is the station. This is as far as I go; you will get another driver here."

Ivan bade us good-by with many smiles and bows, and we stumbled into the warm little room at the station as fast as our half-frozen feet would let us.

In came the host with his kettle of tea, and Crabtree immediately scalded his mouth with it — he had done that regularly at every station at which we had stopped.

"How long will you remain here, most worshipful gentlemen?" asked the host, with a twinkle in his eyes as he saw poor Crabtree's disturbed face. "It will soon snow," and he gave a careless glance at the sky.

"Can you give us a good room?"

"Excellent, worthy gentleman, and to-morrow you will have the best horse between this place and Moscow."

"Well, Crabtree, what do you say? It does look like snow, and —"

"And I smell something awfully good out there," said Crabtree, whose burned mouth permitted him to speak again. "Let us stay, by all means. We don't care to play Dmitry and the secretary to-night, at all events."

A. L. F.

MISTRESS FLYNN AND THE POT OF GOLD.

By Fred D. Storey.

THE shtory I tould ye yisterdy respictin' me uncle Lanty O'Hoolahan's quare advinture wid the Little People reminds me that I disremimber if I tould ye how the fairies showed ould Kitty Flynn the very idintical shpot where the trisure wor buried.

"Is it shpot?" siz you.

Sure there wor shpots enough for a bad case av the measles, an' plinty lift to make an illigant dhress-coat for a leopard. It 's thrue for ye, the trisure wor n't in *all* thim shpots; but thin ye could n't be so onr'asonable as to expict a man to find pots av gould scatthered around as thick as butthercups, especially as it wor a woman as wor a-searchin' for it, an' ould Mistress Flynn at that, who iverybody knows wor as short-sighted as me uncle whin he used to mate me on the sthreet afther the fairies med his fortin. An' if ye 'll be sayin' that she wor, besides, as deaf as a post an' as wake as wather, it 's not mesilf as 'll be onpolite enough to conthradict ye.

"But," siz you, "Phalim," siz you, "y 'are wandherin' from the p'int."

Right y' are, honeys, siz I, an' that 's precoisely what ould Kitty did afore she found the pot av gould. An', be the same token, she niver did find that gould at all.

Ah, but it 's the mane ould miser she wor — as rich as a money-linder!

How ould she wor nobody knew; an' even they dare n't revale the sacret for fear av losin' their carackther for truth an' veracity in the community.

"Uncle," siz I, "Kitty Flynn 's an ixcadingly ould woman," siz I.

"Ould!" siz he. "She wor an ould woman whin yer grandfaither, rest his sowl, wor a boy, an' she 's an infant in arrums now to what she wor thin. She 's a dale oulder nor what she appears to be," siz he.

"Bedad," siz I, "she luks it."

Have yez iver taken notice, childher, that the less toime an ould man has lift to spind the money, the more grady he is to be graspin' av it? Av coorse ye have n't; but it 's thrue for all that, an' quare enough for a conundhrum. If it wor mesilf, now, I 'd be for skamin' the half av me life to lay hould av the cash, an' the l'ave av it for shcrapin' the time togither to spind it aisily an' plisintly. Now the reverse av the conthrairy av that wor the way wid ould Kitty. Niver at rest but whin she wor toilin' an' moilin' afther money an' lands an' tinimints.

Well, as I wor on the ave av informin' ye, ould Kitty wor trampin' home from Bengoil wan blazin' hot day in July, hungry as a bear, wid rheumatism in her j'ints an' a big market-basket in her arrums — an' all beca'se she wor too mane to pay ould Malone the carrier a contimptible thrippenny bit for a ride, an' he owin' her a matther o' tin shillin' for praties, wid no more chance av gettin' out av debt than he had av gettin' into Parliament. It was tremindous hot, so Kitty tuk the short cut through Drumdarra wood to avoid the hate. She wor a bit narvous too, for she had come be a bit av her property sitooated close be the outskyarts av Bengoil, intindin' to see how Tirrince Fahay wor gettin' along wid a job o' ditch-diggin' she had set him at. Ould man Murphy, havin' nothin' else to do, accompanied her, an' — w'u'd ye belave it? — there in the middle o' the field, right forninst Tirrince, an' he not a-noticin' it, wor a rale fairy ring. Now Kitty had not seen a fairy ring since she wor a little gal, an' the sight o' this wan made her a bit narvous — which wor not onr'asonable, ye must admit.

But Kitty found it wor no betther in the shade nor in the sun, for the trees kep' out ivery breath av air, an' made it as close an' sulthry as a Dutch oven.

Siz she to hersilf, as she put down the basket an' s'ated hersilf on a log to rest awhile, siz she, "Quoth the Cook to the Duck, 'Which w'u'd

ye prefer: to be roasted afore the fire, or stewed in a saucepan?' Siz the Duck to the Cook, siz he, 'If it 's all the same to yersilf, I 'd sooner be biled in a shtrame av cold wather.'

"An' if I had the full av a cup av that same cold wather at the prisint moment," siz she, "I 'd be more thankful an' less thirsty. Me heart 's broke," siz she, "wid the load an' the fatigue an' the hate."

Purty soon she began to get drowsy, an' wor in the act av composin' hersilf for a nap, whin she sat up suddin-like an' siz:

"Whisht!" siz she. "What 's that beyant?"

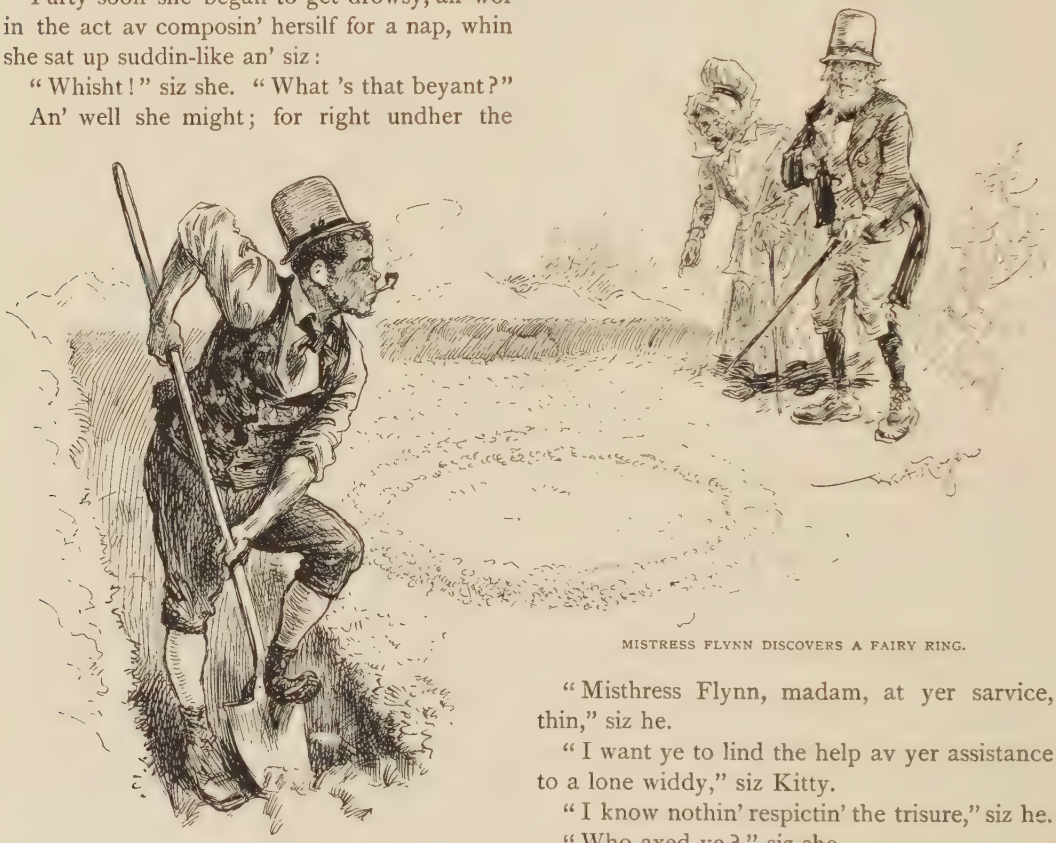
An' well she might; for right undher the shade av a big fern, almost within rache av her arrum, wid his head restin' on the top av a convanient toadstool an' his legs comfortably crossed over a leaf av the bracken, lay wan av the Little People, fast asleep.

"'T is the fairy postman," mutthered she. "There 's the little leather mail-bag, an' the blue jacket wid brass buttons, an' the shtovepipe hat wid the gould band. Ah, but it 's the lucky woman I am this day," siz she. "The Little Man knows ivery crock av gould an' trisure that 's buried in the County Roscommon."

An', houldin' her breath for fear av wakin' him, she crep' up shly, an' clutched him wid both hands. The Little Man kicked an' struggled, but it wor no good; for Kitty had him so tight that his heart leapt intil his mouth an' his ribs curled round his backbone.

"An' what may ye be a-wantin' wid me, good woman?" siz he, whin he wor fairly awake.

"Good woman yersilf," siz she, in a huff.



MISTRESS FLYNN DISCOVERS A FAIRY RING.

"Misthress Flynn, madam, at yer sarvice, thin," siz he.

"I want ye to lind the help av yer assistance to a lone widdy," siz Kitty.

"I know nothin' respictin' the trisure," siz he.

"Who axed ye?" siz she.

"I see it in yer eye," siz he.

"Troth, ye 'll see it in me pocket afore we part company," siz she.

"I don't know where it is," siz he.

"Ye do," siz she.

"'T is a long way off," siz he.

"We 'll tramp it," siz she.

"But I 'm late," siz he, "an' the king expicts me."

"Av ye don't show me the shpot," siz she, "ye 'll not on'y be late, but late laminted." (Which, as yersilf can see, wor a joke.)

"L'ave me go," siz he, "an' I 'll tell it to ye."

"I 'll l'ave ye go," siz she, "whin ye *show* it to me."

"Thin come along," siz he.

"I will that," siz she.

An' off they started, she carryin' him, her two hands clasped round his waist wid a grip av iron, an' wid a bag slung over her back to hould the gould in.

"Which way do I go?" siz she.

"Shtraight be yer nose," siz he.

"D' ye mock me?" siz she. For, sure, her nose p'inted shtraight upwards in a line wid the north star.

"Niver a bit," siz he. "'T is right before ye as ye go."

An' she forgot the hate an' the hunger, an' the provisions in the market-basket, an' hobbled along like a paydistrian at a walkin' match.

They had been thravelin' for some time, whin who should happen along but Mike Lanigan, the hedge schoolmaster.

Whin Kitty see him, she siz to the Little Man: "Here 's that interfarin' blatherskite, Mike Lanigan, a-comin'. For fear he 'll be obsarvin' ye, I 'll jist drop ye intil the bag," siz she. An' widout aven a "by yer l'ave" or an "axin' yer pardon," she dropped him in, keepin' all the time a sharp holt on the mouth av the sack.

"Good mornin', Misthress Flynn," siz Mike, wid an illigant flourish.

"Mornin'," siz she, shortly, for she ached to get rid av him.

"*Pax taycum*," siz he, purlitely, for he wor a very edicated gintleman, an' so l'arned that he aven used to dhrame in the dead languages.

"What packs o' tay come?" siz she. "I niver ordhered anny, an' whoiver siz I did 's an imposthor, an' I won't take 'em!"

"Ye miscomprehind me, ma'am," siz he, wid a wave av his hand. "'T is a cotation from the anncient Latin, an' it manes, P'ace be wid ye," siz he.

"Troth, I 'd a dale rather that pace 'd be wid me," siz she, "than Mike Lanigan or anny sich jabberin' haveril," siz she.

"Ye 're complimenthary, ma'am," siz he, for he wor n't aisy to offind. "An' what have ye in yer sack, if I may make so bould?" siz he.

"A lig av pork," siz she.

"'T is a lively lig," siz he, for he see the Little Man a-squirmin' in the sack, "an' would make the fortin av a race-horse av he could match it."

"I mint a suckin' pig," siz she.

"Is it dhressed?" siz he.

"'T is alive," siz she.

"Where may ye be takin' it?" siz he.

"Home," siz she.

"Thin ye mane to sarcumtransmigrate the worruld, ma'am," siz he, "seein' as it 's on'y yer back as is facin' for home."

"Niver ye throuble yer head nayther about me face or me back," siz she. "They 'll moind theirsilves," siz she.

"Can I carry it for ye?" siz he.

"Ye cannot," siz she. "Ye can carry yersilf off, an' I 'll be thankful, an' good luck to ye."

"Joy go wid ye, thin," siz he. An' he wint away wondherin' at her lack av appreciation av his improvin' an' intertainin' conversation.

As soon 's his back wor turned, Kitty grabbed hould av the collar av the fairy's jacket an' tuk him out av the sack ag'in.

"Is it much farther?" siz she.

"It is," siz he. "Ye go along the road over an' beyant Benauchlan, an' whin ye rache the t' other side av the hill, ye turn down the lane forninst Larry Barry's houldin', an' whin ye come to the Widdy Green's turfshtack, wid the little clamps av turf round it, ye cross the shtile, an' folly the pad road for a mile or so, through the church meadows, an' past Drummoch-a-Vanaghan bog, ontil ye come till a large tin-acre field wid a fairy fort in the cinter av the middle av it," siz he.

An', be the same token, I may as well be explainin' to yez that a fairy fort is in the nayture av a mound wid an ilivated deprission in it, undhernathe which the Little People hould their coort.

"An' in that field," siz the Little Man, "in a shpot I 'll direct ye to, ye 'll find the gould."

"Sure," siz Kitty, "'t is me own field ye 're afther describin'." For Kitty minded the fairy ring she had seen early that mornin'.

"Thin," siz he, "yer title to the trisure 'll be the cl'arer."

"Shmall thanks to ye," siz she, "for givin' me what 's me own a'ready."

Well, afther a long an' tajus walk, they kem to the field; an' whin the Little Man p'inted out the place, she shcraped up a little hape av earth, and set the turf indways on the top av it.

"I 'll be sure to ray*cog*nize it ag'in," siz she.

"Ye will," siz he; "an' now me conthract 's complate, I 'll be l'avin' ye, av ye pl'ase."

"Don't be onaisy!" siz she.

"I 'm not," siz he, "but ristless. "I 'm expicted at the king's coort."

"Tell 'em ye wor subpanied as a spictatin' witness in another coort," siz she.

"But I 've letthers to deliver," siz he.

"An' I 've letthers to recave," siz she; "an' they 're printed round the rim av a gould piece, an' whin I rade thim ye can go," siz she.

"What 'll ye be doin' wid me?" siz he.

"Takin' care av ye for the night," siz she, "an' seein' ye don't overshlape yersilf as ye did the day."

An' away they wint, an' in coorse av time they rached Kitty's house, whin, siz she to the Little Man, "Av ye 'll give me yer word not to l'ave the room, but to deliver yersilf up to me in the mornin', I 'll let ye loose for the night," siz she; "but av ye don't I 'll tie ye, hand an' fut, to the bidpost."

The Little Man gave his word, an' afther a bit they sat down quoiet an' paceable over a big bowl av stirabout an' butthermilk.

As Kitty wor cl'arin' off the dishes afterwards she chanced to pape out av the windy, whin, turnin' to the Little Man, she siz:

"Concale yersilf! There 's that mischavous ould gossip Bridget O'Hara a-comin'. Sure av she 'd stayed till she wor wanted she 'd wait ontil all the sands in Ould Father Time's hour-glass wor scatthered over Bundoren Beach," siz she.

"Good avenin'," siz Bridget O'Hara, as she lifted the latch and opined the door, "an' good avenin' till ye, Misthress Flynn."

"Good avenin'," siz Kitty.

"An' how d' ye find yersilf the day?" siz she.

"Tired wid a hard day's worruk," siz Kitty, "and longin' for shlape!"

"It 's mesilf as won't be hinderin' ye," siz Biddy, "but I heard a foolish shtory from Mike Lanigan the day, an' I thought it me duty to be tellin' ye av it."

"What w'u'd ye expict from a donkey but a hee-haw?" siz Kitty.

"He siz that ye 've bin poachin' in Drumdarra wood, an' he mit ye wid a sackful av hares an' rabbits an' wid a brace av phisants undher yer arrum," siz she.

This put Kitty in a quandāry; for she see Biddy wor jist aten up wid curiosity, an' she did n't know how to be explainin' the bag, whin the Little Man helped her out av the schrape by upsettin' the shtool on which Biddy wor s'ated, and topplin' her over on the flure.

"Sure yer house is bewitched," siz she, as she picked hersilf up and flew out av the room in a rage.

II.

THE nixt mornin' Kitty wor up, an' sthirrin' afore Benauchlan top wor a blushin' at the first wink av sunrise. She tuk the Little Man, who delivered himsilf up accordin' to agramint, an' put him undher a milkpan on the flure, wid a big sthone on the top for a solid foundation. Thin she shouldhered a shpade an' med shtraight for the trisure field.

But, *begorra!* she c'u'd scarce belave her eyes at the sight that mit her whin she got there. The field wor covered from ind to ind, an' from cinter to diamether, wid little hapes av earth, each wid a turf on top exactly like the wan she med the night afore.

"Millia murther!" she screamed. "Ch'atin'! roguery! rascality! villainy!" siz she. "Thim thaves the Little People have bin here the night an' ch'ated me out av me hard-airned gould. I 'll niver find it undher all thim hapes, av I dig for a cintury," siz she.

An' she ran about the field like wan possessed, shtumblin' over the hapes an' flingin' the turves around, thryin' to find the idintical shpot she marked the pravious afthernoon. But it stands to sinse she c'u'd n't. The Little People wor too cunnin' for that. Ivery hape wor as much like his brother as two pays, an' av coorse

it wor onpossible to indicate a turf, wid thousands av 'em shtuck all over the field like plums in a puddin'.

"At all evints," siz she, "I 'll take it out av that decavin' little vilyun at home." siz she. "I 'll tache him to chate me out av me trisure," siz she. "I 'll mark a shpot on him that he won't be apt to mistake."

An' she totthered to'rds home ag'in, wid her limbs thrimblin' undher her, br'athin' dipridation an' vingince on him.

'T is no good me tellin' ye, honeys, for ye won't belave me! But whin she got home, an' lifted the pan, there wor n't enough lift undher it to fill a crack in the eye av a needle. The Little Man wor gone!

She s'ated hersilf on the flure, an' wailed an' laminted like a keener at a wake. An' all over the house — undher the bidstead, an' in the corners, an' among the crockery, an' up the chimleys — she c'u'd hear the Little People dancin' and patterin', and l'apin' about and mockin' her wid lafture an' mirriment at the cliver way they 'd turned the tables on ould Misthress Flynn!

"At anny rate," siz she, whin her aggravation had gone down a bit, "av I can't find the gould, the little ribels have lift me good turf enough for next winther's fuel widout me disthurbin' me own," siz she.

"He, he! Have they, though!" siz an invisible v'ice be her elbow. "Luk at yer turfshtack!"

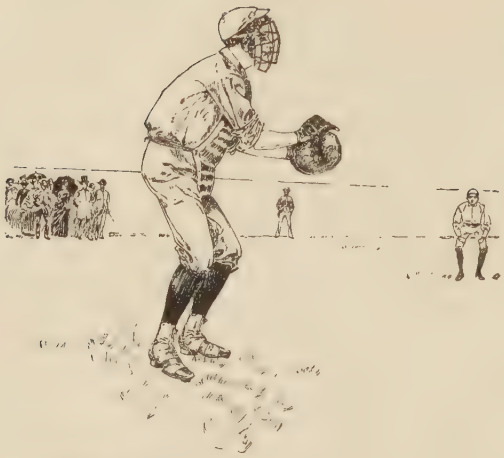
Kitty flew to the door, gave one luk, an' sunk all av a hape be the threshold.

"'T is the last shtroke av an evil fortin on a poor lone widdy," siz she. "The blaggards hev scatthered me own turf all over the trisure field, an' 't will cost me eighteenpince a load to get 'em home ag'in. Ochone! Ochone! I 'm desthroyed an' ruined intirely."

What 's that ye 're sayin', *acushla?* Did she iver find the gould? Faith, me darlints, that 's a quary I 'm onable to answer yez! All I know is that she died amazin' rich, an' an ould rusty iron pot wor diskivered in the barn which iverybody said wor the wan she found the trisure in.

So yez see that, afther all, the matther remains what the gintleman av the legal profission w'u'd call an *opin question!*

FIDO (FROM BEHIND THE COOP): "LOOK OUT, TOWSER. THEY 'LL BITE YOU!"



HOW TO KEEP A BASE-BALL SCORE.

By Allan P. Ames.

AT the grounds where the professional clubs play baseball, you may have noticed a small box-like structure perched on the roof of the grand stand. Its position directly back of home plate and on a line with the pitcher is the best possible for a view of the game, and if you are lucky enough to be invited up by some of those who have a right there, you will be surprised to find how much better you can watch what is going on than from a seat nearer the ground.

This little house with the wire netting over the front to guard against foul flies is called the press or scorers' box. The young men who sit there have need of every facility for observing the game, because afterward they must present an absolutely accurate record of it. If the contesting nines belong to an important league and play in a large city there will be an official scorer for each club, besides reporters from each of the daily newspapers. The scorers have to record every move of the game and, when it is over, present to the managers of their clubs a complete set of figures, from which anybody who understands the sport can tell exactly what each player has done—how well or how poorly he has played.

Watch a scorer at work. Before him is an open book with the names of one club written down the left-hand side of one page and those of the opposing team inscribed on the page opposite. After each name is a line of checker-board squares, curiously marked off, and at the end of these on the right of each page are several perpendicular columns headed A B, R, 1 B, S B, S H, P O, A, and E, for the summary. These stand for, respectively, times at bat, runs, the times a player has reached first base, stolen bases, sacrifice hits, put-outs, assists, and errors.

The symbols used by professional scorers are comparatively few and easy to remember, and any one familiar with the game ought to be able to use them after half an hour's study followed by a little practice. The system I am about to describe is the one most generally employed, and probably the simplest. Scorers vary it to suit their individual uses, and in the course of a long experience often invent signs of their own; but this is the foundation, and after it has been mastered the beginner is in a position to make what experiments he pleases.

In the first place, for the sake of brevity each member of a baseball team is numbered, according to the position he plays. The pitcher is No. 1; the catcher, 2; the first baseman, 3; second baseman, 4; third baseman, 5; short stop, 6; left fielder, 7; center fielder, 8, and right fielder, 9. The positions, you will observe, are taken in their regular order. Now, on the score-book, opposite each player's name, is a horizontal line of squares, each divided off by a central diamond and lines connecting its points with the four sides of the square, as shown in the sample scores on page 696. Some books have a circle inside the square instead of the diamond; but a diamond seems more suitable, because it bears a direct relation to the diamond on which the game is played. In the first pentagon at the lower right-hand corner of the square is recorded how the player reaches first base, or was put out before getting there. In the same way the other three pentagons are used to set

down what happens at second and third base and the home plate, taking them in their order right around the square, counting upward and to the left. Inside the diamond is placed a zero when the player goes out, and the straight mark when he scores a run, and a cross when he is left on base.

Now, when the batter is put out, all it is necessary to set down is the numbers of the opposing players who handle the ball. For instance, 6 — 3 in the first corner would mean that the batted ball went to the short stop, No. 6, who threw it to the first baseman, No. 3. The former gets an "assist" and the latter a "put-out." If the batsman is caught out on a fly the scorer places a zero in the central diamond and F, followed by the number of the opposing player who caught the fly. F, of course, stands for "fly." For the sake of brevity, however, many scorers omit the letter, simply using the number of the player making the catch. If the batter goes out on a foul fly the abbreviation is F F, or in case the scorer omits the sign for "fly," a single F will answer for "foul."

When the batsman reaches his base there are various symbols to represent what happened. In the first place, if he makes a base hit — that is, sends the ball fair, and where no fielder can catch it or field it in soon enough to prevent him from reaching his base — the mark is like an inverted T, thus: ⊥. Two such straight lines represent a two-base hit, three, a three-baser, and four, a home run. If the scorer wishes, he can show the direction of the hit by the slant of the lines. Thus, represents a two-bagger to left field. There are still finer distinctions of recording the style of the hit, but they are by no means necessary to the keeping of a satisfactory score. Here are some of them: These means an ordinary curving fly, the second, a bounding grounder, the third, a pop fly high in the air, the fourth, a ball hit almost straight down to the ground, and the last, a driving line hit.

Unless he makes a hit, the only other way a player can reach first is through some mistake, or misplay, by the opposing side. If he gets to first through a base on balls, B B is set down in the first base corner, and the "pass," as the vernacular calls it, is recorded against the pitcher. E stands for "error," the number of the guilty player being put with it. P B equals "hit by pitched ball."

WARMING UP BEFORE THE GAME.

As for the ways in which a runner may advance from first — W means a "wild pitch," the letter being placed in the corner representing the base reached through the pitcher's mistake. P is for "passed ball." S B stands for "stolen base." If the batter strikes out, a big S is placed in the center of the diamond in the middle of his square, and a put-out given the catcher. When the batter hits the ball in such a way that he reaches first base himself, but forces a player already there to get out trying to reach second, the letters F H, meaning "forced hit," are set in the batsman's square. Double or triple plays are noted thus: 5 — 6 — 3, meaning that the third baseman received the ball and threw it to the short stop, who put out the runner at second, and then threw to the first baseman in time to retire the batter. The squares of the players thus put out are connected by a line. For any other plays that arise, such as out on an infield fly, the scorer can find initial letters or abbreviations to suit himself.

At the right of the page is the form in which scores are made up for publication. It is in deciding what constitutes some of these features that the fine knowledge of the game comes into play. All necessary information, however, is contained in the national rules, which every scorer is supposed to have in his head or his pocket. An important rule to remember is that a time at bat is not counted if the batsman goes to first on being hit by a pitched ball, gets his base on balls, or makes a sacrifice hit. Where inexperienced scorers are inclined to make the most mistakes is in allowing players too few hits and too many errors. A careful study of the rules on

this point will prove valuable. A good plan to follow when in doubt is to favor the batter; that is, save the fielders an error and give the man at bat a hit whenever you can. Bear in mind that the catcher earns a put-out when he catches the third strike, but if he drops the ball and is obliged to throw the batter out at first he receives an assist. Assists should be credited to a player every time he handles the ball in such a manner that the play would result in retiring the batter if all his colleagues worked without an error.

Besides the tabulated summary of times at bat, runs, etc., a properly compiled score tells the number of stolen bases and sacrifice hits and who made them. According to the national rules, the remainder of the summary must contain the score made in each inning of the game: the two- and three-base hits and home runs made by each player; the double and triple plays made by each side, with the players participating in each; the number of times a pitcher strikes out an opposing batsman; the number of bases on balls he allows; the number of times he hits a batter; the number of wild pitches; and, where two pitchers are used in one game, the number of innings that each works, and how many hits are made off the delivery of each; also the number of passed balls charged against each catcher; the time of the game's duration; and the name of the umpire — or, if there are two umpires, their names and positions.

The best idea of what all this means can be gained from studying an actual score. Below is an exact copy of two pages of a score-book used during a game in the New York State League. Of the opposing clubs one represented Albany and the other the three towns of Amsterdam, Johnstown, and Gloversville, jointly.

To get the swing of the system follow these scores through a few innings: The A. J. G. Club went first to bat. Barry, the center fielder (No. 8), struck out; Malay, the second baseman, went out on a fly to the Albany left fielder; Williams, the first baseman, retired on a fly to the center fielder. For Albany, Cargo, the short stop, knocked a grounder to the pitcher, who threw him out at first; Doherty went out on a fly to the right fielder; and McGamwell on a similar effort to the first baseman. Griffin, who was the first man at bat for the A. J. G. Club in the second inning, got his base on balls. This is to be marked up against

Clubs, A. J. G. vs. ..... at ..... * Date, ...

	Pos.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	AB.	R.	I.B.	S.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Barry	8	S		1-6 BB		9		BB		1			3	0	1			2	1	0
Malay	4	7		1-6 FH		S 2-3		8		1F			5	0	0			4	5	0
Williams	3	8		6-3			BB		4-6 BB				2	0	0			8	1	1
Griffin	9		1 BB		1-3		7		1 2-1				3	2	1			3	0	1
Uniac	5		1		3		8		4				4	0	1			1	0	0
Clancy	7		E-2		4-6 1		8		SB 1				4	0	2	1		1	0	0
G. Stroh	6		1		FH			5-3	4-3				4	0	1			3	1	2
W. Stroh	2		8			1		1		6-4 1			4	0	3			1	1	1
James	1		S 1			3		4		5-6 FH			4	0	0			1	2	0
Total		0 0	1 1	0 1	0 1	0 1	0 1	0 1	1 2	0 2			33	2	9	1		24	11	5

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by A. G. Spalding & Bros., in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Bases on Balls 4 Two-Base Hits ..... Three-Base Hits ..... Home Runs ..... Double Plays .....

Hit by Pitched Ball 2 Struck Out 1 Passed Balls ..... Wild Pitches 1 Time of Game .....

Umpired by ..... Scorer .....

Mock, the Albany pitcher. Uniac hit safely to left field and reached first; Clancy went out on a pop foul to the catcher; G. Stroh hit to left field for one base, and Griffin came home; W. Stroh went out on a fly to center field; and James ended the first half of the inning by striking out.

Thus it went through the game, which, as the figures show, was won by Albany by a score of 9 — 2.

The totals beneath each inning column represent the runs for that particular inning and the total score including that inning — the former being in the upper left-hand triangle and the latter in the lower right-hand one.

In the ninth inning notice a line running from Malay's square to an asterisk on the margin. This is the scorer's memorandum of some unusual feature; in the present instance an infield fly with men on bases, which caused the batter to be declared out without earning a put-out or an assist for anybody. This explains the apparent error that Albany's total put-outs foot up to one less than the customary number for nine innings.

The crosses in the diamonds show the men left on bases.

The scorer may make up his summary by going over each inning after the game; but a better plan is to record each hit, put-out, home run, etc., as fast as they are made, by setting a little dash or dot in the proper place in the final tabulation. Then, when the game is over, all that is necessary is to add up these dots or dashes and write the results, adding, of course, any minor features that the scorer can recall or of which he has made special memoranda.

The novice should not forget that the put-outs, assists, and errors on any sheet are those made by the fielders of the opposing club, whose names appear on the opposite page. With practice, all this becomes a mechanical operation. The great advantage of the system is that it leaves the scorer almost as free to watch the game as the ordinary, unoccupied spectator.

To the uninitiated an old score-book is a sealed volume; but I have seen old players reading these shorthand reports with the heightening color and unconscious muttering that showed how vividly the record recalled the scenes and events of past contests. For a true lover of the national game the system is worth knowing, if only for the glorious memories it has power to arouse.

Clubs, Albany vs. ..... at ..... Date, ...

	Pos.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	AB	R.	I.B.	S.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Cargo	6	0 1-3		SH 0 1-3	W E9 1	0 3							4	1	1		1	5	2	0
Doherty	4	0 9			1	0 9		4-4 0 PB					4	0	2			8	3	0
McGamwell	3	0 3		0 4	0 6		B-4 0 1	0 8					5	0	1			7	0	0
Eagan	7		0 7	0 1		1 1	1 Y	FH					5	2	2			2	0	0
Jones	8		E2 1 E6		1 E6	1 Y	Y		2-4 0 1				5	3	3			5	0	0
Smith	9		BB		1 1	Y	4-6 0 BB		0 8				3	1	2			1	0	0
Lovell	5		0 9		1 Y	3-6 0 BB	FH		PB				3	1	1			0	2	0
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Bases on Balls 5 ..... Two-Base Hits 5, 9, 6 ..... Three-Base Hits 4 ..... Home Runs ..... Double Plays 1-6-3 | 4-6

Hit by Pitched Ball ..... Struck Out 3 ..... Passed Balls ..... Wild Pitches ..... Time of Game 1:40

Umpired by Fogarty ..... Scorer .....

CARADOC

By Margaret Johnson.

CARADOC.

BEFORE the British lion had met the unicorn,
When all England was a forest wild and grim,
When the herdsman led his flock
Where the bells of London rock,
There lived a little British boy whose name was Caradoc,
In a clearing by a grassy river's brim.

He had n't any stockings and he had n't any shoes;
He had never seen a hansom or a hat;
He had never played at cricket,
Never heard of bat or wicket;
He had never seen a football with a burning wish to kick it:
Yet, believe me, he was every inch a Briton, for all that!

He went, of course, to school, in the forest dark and cool,
Where he studied without pencil, book, or chart.
He was never taught to read —
What 's the use of that, indeed?
But he learned the name of star and stone, of blossom and of weed,
And could say a lot of pieces all by heart.

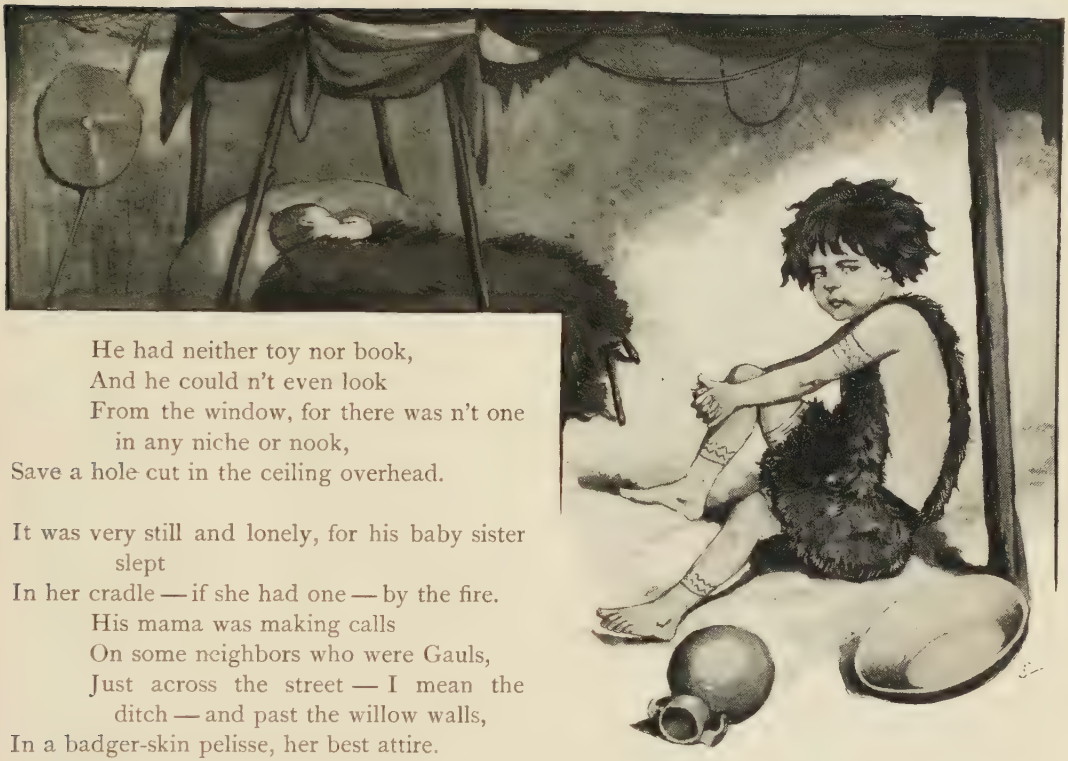
He had heard from bard and Druid, as they fed the flaming fluid
On the great stone altar deep within the wood,
Many a tale of deeds sublime,
Which they told in stirring rhyme,
While the congregation followed in a kind of pantomime,
And he thrilled, as any little Briton would.

Oh, he had an education, though it was n't just like yours;
And his treasures — he 'd a cunning coat of skin,
With some amber beads for Sunday —
Well, perhaps he wore them Monday,
For in fact I don't suppose they knew from t' other day the one day!
And he had — his pride and his delight — a little sword of tin.

His ambitions they were simple — you must really not forget
That he lived about two thousand years ago:
Just to paint his body blue,
Like the warriors that he knew,
To have a little knife of flint and arrow-heads a few,
And to follow when they cut the mistletoe.

But, alas for little Carry, he was very, very young!
And at New Year's, when the people met to roam
Through the forest, high and low,
Where the sacred branches grow,
(For they made the greatest fuss about a piece of mistletoe!)
He was left to mind the baby girl at home.

Now this sturdy little Briton had no sofa soft to sit on;
He 'd a lumpy, humpy bearskin for a bed;



"IT WAS VERY STILL AND LONELY, FOR HIS BABY SISTER SLEPT."

He had neither toy nor book,
And he could n't even look
From the window, for there was n't one
in any niche or nook,
Save a hole cut in the ceiling overhead.

It was very still and lonely, for his baby sister
slept
In her cradle — if she had one — by the fire.
His mama was making calls
On some neighbors who were Gauls,
Just across the street — I mean the
ditch — and past the willow walls,
In a badger-skin pelisse, her best attire.

His papa and all his brothers, they were
marching with the others;
Then he sternly knit his little British brow;
Though the boys of old were trumps,
For they never cried for bumps,
(And I don't believe they ever had the
measles or the mumps,)
Yet they liked a picnic just as you do now.

And his pride he had to swallow when he
thought how they would follow
In the splendid great procession up the glade,
With the Druids, all bedight
In their gleaming robes of white,
Chanting hymns and saying verses while
they marched, with all their might,
Till they stood beneath the oak-tree's spreading
shade.

Swish! would go the golden sickle where the
bough was seen to prickle
Through the green, with milk-white berries all
aglow;
And each Briton, small or big,
Who would hunt or fight or dig,
And be lucky all the New Year through,
must carry home a twig
Of the fortune-bringing, magic mistletoe.

Every boy would have a berry save our little
Caradoc!
Then the feasting and the frolic in the wood!
All day long — he felt a choking;
It was certainly provoking:
But — he started; some one softly
through the willow hedge was poking,
And he sprang within the doorway where he
stood.

From a hostile tribe — a stranger — such a
looking stranger, too!
You 'd have shaken in your very shoes for fear!
He 'd a terrible mustache,
And a snakeskin for a sash,
And his face was daubed with purple in
a manner truly rash,
And he had a very long and horrid spear.

"HIS MAMA WAS MAKING CALLS
ON SOME NEIGHBORS WHO WERE GAULS."

Now a tramp, though Early English, still is not a welcome guest,
And 't was plain his plans were sinister and deep.
Thought our little Carry, "But!—
If he *should* come in the hut,
With the cakes a-baking on the hearth, the pantry door not shut,
And the baby in her cradle, fast asleep!"

On he came without delay in his Early English way,
With a war-whoop and a most ferocious grin;
And was little Carry frightened?
Fiery bold his blue eyes lightened,
And around his little British waist his little belt he tightened,
And he proudly drew his little sword of tin.

Who can say what might have happened! But in just the nick of time
Came a good old Druid gravely trotting by.
He was hurrying home to see
How his favorite goose might be,—
She 'd had something for her breakfast that had seemed to disagree,—
And he spied them in the twinkling of an eye.

Now "Tut, tut!" he cried. "What 's this? There is something much amiss!"
And although his look was really not unkind,
Down they fell upon their knees;
For a Druid, if you please,
Was as dreadful as an emperor, and when he made decrees,
Why, the people, they just simply *had* to mind!

"Rise! But tell me why you 're here on the first day of the year,"
He observed, "when other boys are fain to roam?"
Then, as steady as a rock,
"Sir," said little Caradoc,
"Will you please not wake the baby! my mama is round the block,
And I 'm staying, to protect the house, at home!"

Bright the Druid's eyes they twinkled in his face so round and wrinkled.
"You protect—" said he (of course he spoke in rhyme),
And his tone was kind, not scoffing,
"You protect—" his oak-wreath doffing,
He began, but could not finish for a dreadful fit of coughing;
Could it be that he was laughing all the time?

"Nay; put up the sword of strife now, and spare your victim's life!"
And he patted little Carry on the head;
"As for you," an eye of danger bent he on the trembling stranger,
"Go—your conqueror shows you mercy!" he began,
When again there seemed to seize him
Such a cough to tear and tease him
That the tramp, politely murmuring he 'd do anything to please him,
Like a deer into the forest turned and ran.

Up his sleeve the Druid fumbled. "Faith," said he, "your foe is humbled!
Now I fancy I 've an extra twig or so

"WITH A WAR-WHOOP AND A MOST FEROCIOUS GRIN."

"Sooth, my son, but you have lit on
Such a truth as bards have writ on;
For to guard his home 's the highest, dearest duty of a Briton,
As it shall be hence forevermore!" he said.
From the oak-tree in the wood;
And a noble warrior should
Have a guerdon for his prowess—take it, sonny, and be good!"
And he gave the lad a spray of mistletoe!

"A GOOD OLD DRUID GRAVELY TROTTING BY."

On the hearth the firelight glowed; safe the baby waked and crowed,
As she sweetly sucked her little British thumb;
When the household, home returning
While the sunset red was burning,
Heard the tale which little Caradoc to tell them all was yearning.
And for joy and admiration they were dumb.

His mama she hugged and kissed him in her Early English way;
It was rough, perhaps, but loving, so who cares?
And his brothers looked askance
As they praised his happy chance;
For although he tried not to be proud,
't was obvious at a glance
That his mistletoe was twice as big as theirs!

"'TAKE IT, SONNY, AND BE GOOD!'"

His papa — well, he pretended that he did n't
care a straw;
As a Briton, that was right, of course, for him.
But a proud papa was he:
And they all sat down to tea
Just as happy and contented as a family
could be —
When all England was a forest wild and grim.

Though they ate their supper sitting in a circle
on the floor,
With the chickens feeding near them, and the
cow,
None were gayer, west or east;
For if Love be at the feast,
Such a trifle as a table does n't matter
in the least —
Home was home, two thousand years ago, as
now!

And in days or new or old beats the same a
heart that 's bold
'Neath a jacket or a furry coat of skin;
'Mid the busy crowds that flock
Where the bells of London rock,
Could you find a braver Briton than our
little Caradoc,
With his true and trusty little sword of tin?

"HIS MAMA SHE HUGGED AND KISSED HIM IN HER EARLY ENGLISH WAY."

BLUE-EYED GRASS.

BLUE-EYED grass in the meadow
And yarrow-blooms on the hill,
Cattails that rustle and whisper,
And winds that are never still;

Blue-eyed grass in the meadow,
A linnet's nest near by,
Blackbirds caroling clearly
Somewhere between earth and sky;

Blue-eyed grass in the meadow,
And the laden bee's low hum,
Milkweeds all by the roadside,
To tell us summer is come.

Mary Austin.

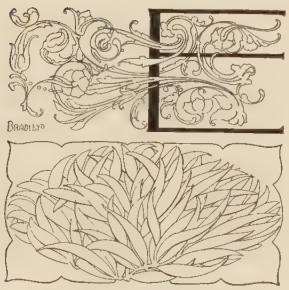
A COMEDY IN WAX.

(Begun in the November number.)

By B. L. Farjeon.

Chapter XXII.

A PAIR OF ARCH-CONSPIRATORS.



EVIDENTLY Lorimer Grimweed was puzzled and perplexed. The state of affairs in Marybud Lodge was mysterious — very mysterious. He looked at Mme. Tussaud, and she smiled knowingly at him. Smiles are cheap. He smiled back at her. He could n't lose anything by that. He heard voices outside shouting and laughing; one voice in particular almost drowning the rest, a jovial voice, at that moment exclaiming, "Go to, thou saucy baggage!" and then fresh peals of laughter.

As Lorimer Grimweed walked with Mme. Tussaud to the playground, he said to himself: "Keep cool, keep cool. Don't let anything stagger you. Whatever it is that 's going on, you may make something out of it."

The celebrities were indeed having what Tom Thumb called "a high old time." He and Queen Elizabeth were watching a game of ping-pong which Richard Cœur de Lion and Charles II were playing on a table that had been brought out for the purpose; Cromwell was shooting arrows into a target; Richard III was playing with a monkey on a stick; and Houqua the tea merchant was making a prodigiously long tail for a kite decorated with dragons cut in yellow paper, which he intended to fly for the amusement of the ladies; and all were eating chocolate creams, with which Lucy, going smilingly from one to another, kept them liberally supplied. Presently the principal interest became centered in an Aunt Sally which Harry Bower had fixed in the ground, and in which rollicking pastime he was giving instruction. Henry VIII was particularly eager about it.

"A tourney — a tourney!" he cried. "We challenge the boldest knight to a tilt of sticks 'gainst the nose of Mme. ma tante Sallie."

"That knight am I," exclaimed Richard III, before any one else could speak, "unless thou art afeard."

"Afeard!" cried Henry. "The pale ghost Fear was ne'er yet seen on Henry's brow! Harry of the Bower, count out the sticks, and see that the pipe is firmly fixed 'twixt Mme. Sallie's lips. Afeard! Wert thou our vassal, Richard, the lowest dungeon in our castle would be thy bed; but as it is, thy challenge is accepted. Heralds, proclaim; let the trumpets sound."

"MME. TUSSAUD SMILED KNOWINGLY AT HIM."

By this time Harry Bower had completed the arrangements for the match. The pipe was fixed in Aunt Sally's mouth; in her funny frilled cap she seemed to be grinning at the company

and to be saying, "Come on, my bucks; I 'm ready for you."

Nettled as he was at the presence of his rival, Lorimer Grimweed took no notice of Harry. He offered his flabby hand to Lydia.

"How do you do, Miss Lyddy?"

"How do you do, Mr. Grimweed?" said Lydia, politely, but without much cordiality.

"Remember, Harry," said Mary Queen of Scots to Henry VIII, "bright eyes behold thy deeds."

"By St. Jude!" he said, poising a stick in his hand, "we will make dust of Mme. ma tante Sallie's pipe."

Vain boast! He threw three sticks, and Aunt Sally still grinned at him, her pipe unbroken in her mouth. Richard III missed with his first and second sticks, but with his third smashed the pipe.

"Ha, ha, Henry!" he cried, with a boastful laugh. "We will show thee!"

"One to his Majesty Richard III," said Mme. Tussaud.

Henry VIII threw three more sticks, and, roaring with laughter, sent the pipe flying with his third; but Richard III smashed two pipes to his one, and was proclaimed the victor.

"Any more, Hal?" asked Richard III, triumphantly.

"No more, cousin. Mme. ma tante Sallie plays us false. We have had enough of the jade."

He struck her a vigorous whack across the face with a stick, and her frilled cap fell on one side of her head. She looked a very battered and dilapidated old woman.

Lorimer Grimweed cast his eyes around, and they met those of Mme. Tussaud. The few words he had had with her had not impressed him unfavorably. He had spoken to her rudely, and she had answered him amiably. Perhaps he could bamboozle the old lady. Anyhow, it would do him no harm to try to make a friend of her.

"Look here," he said, beckoning her aside. "What is all this about? I 'd like to know, you know."

"What do you want to know, 'you know'?" asked Mme. Tussaud.

"Whether all this is real — genuine, you know."

"Oh, it 's real enough," said Mme. Tussaud. "Does not Shakspere say that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy?"

"Yes, he does; and he knew a lot, did n't he? I tell you, Shakspere was a wise old chap, now was n't he?"

"Indeed he was. There never was a poet so

"'A TOURNEY — A TOURNEY!' HE CRIED."

wise and far-seeing. He foresaw the future; he foretold what would take place centuries after he wrote his wonderful plays. When that tricksy imp Puck said that he would put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, there was no electric telegraph, no telephone, no Atlantic cable; and the girdle *has* been put round the earth, and under the sea, and we can speak to our friends in America, and they to their friends in England, just as though we and they were all living in one house — not to mention speaking across the water without any wires at all. If that is true, Mr. Grimweed, — which it is, — why should not this be true?"

"Of course, of course," he said eagerly. "And seeing 's believing, is n't it? (I wonder if Shakspere said that!) But, my dear woman, I am not asleep — I am awake. Oh, you 've no idea how wide awake I am! I say — what a magnificent dress Queen Elizabeth has on — a magnificent dress!"

"I shall not try. You 're fond of curious things?"

"Rather!"

"Would you like to see something very, *very* curious?"

"Is there anything to pay?"

"No, not a penny; it is quite free."

"RICHARD III MISSED WITH HIS FIRST AND SECOND STICKS, BUT WITH HIS THIRD SMASHED THE PIPE."

"I should think she has," said Mme. Tussaud. "It cost enough."

"She must have paid no end of money for it." Mme. Tussaud smiled. "And, grimes! look at her jewels! Why, that sixteenth-century fan she is waving is worth a little fortune. Should n't I like to get hold of it! Wonder what she wants for it? D' you think she 'd sell it? I 'm a judge of those things, I am. You can't take *me* in, so you 'd better not try."

"I 'm your man, then. Trust me for never missing a chance. If I can get something for nothing, I get it."

"You *are* a clever one," said Mme. Tussaud.

"I rather flatter myself that I am," said Lorimer Grimweed, with a knowing look.

"Come along, then," said Mme. Tussaud, leading the way to the school-room. "Which of all those grand people do you like best?"

"Oh, I like that Richard III," he replied, with enthusiasm. "There 's something so kingly and noble about him."

"You have found that out, have you?"

"Could n't help finding it out. It is n't much that escapes *me*, you must know. I say — Miss Lyddy is a fine girl, is n't she?"

"She is a beautiful girl."

"Thank you, oh, thank you! We shall make a splendid couple. It 's no use her trying to wriggle out of it. I 've got old Scarlett under my thumb — under my thumb."

He sniggered and chuckled and rubbed his hands, and did not notice the look of strong aversion which Mme. Tussaud cast at him. By this time they had arrived at the school-room in which the gentlemen celebrities had slept. Mme. Tussaud handed Lorimer Grimweed a key.

"It is the key of that closet," she said. "Please unlock it."

Burning with curiosity, he put the key in the lock. What did the closet contain? Jewels, treasures, perhaps, which she wished him to buy? If so, he would drive a sharp bargain. The idea that he would not be able to outwit this little old woman in a poke-bonnet made him laugh.

He turned the key slowly. Something was pushing against the door, something heavy. In his impatience, Lorimer Grimweed pulled the door wide open — and the next moment he was rolling on the floor, with the inanimate form of the Headsman on top of him.

"Here, I say!" he screamed, "what are you up to, don'tcherknow? Oh, grimes! I 'm being smothered. Take him off — take him off!"

Choking with laughter, Mme. Tussaud touched the Headsman with her magic cane, and he rose majestically to his feet and picked up his ax.

Lorimer Grimweed raised himself into a sitting posture, and with wild eyes stared at the effigy. The gruesome appearance of the masked man struck terror to his soul.

"It is only a person I locked up in the cupboard for misbehavior," said Mme. Tussaud.

"Why does he — why does he — carry an ax?" asked Lorimer Grimweed, in a trembling voice. "He — he looks like an executioner."

"He *is* an executioner. I bring him with me to keep people in order."

"Oh, do you!" said Lorimer Grimweed, scrambling hastily to his feet. "Perhaps I am in the way, and I would n't wish to be that, you know. If you 'll excuse me, I 'll join the ladies and gentlemen on the lawn."

So saying, he hurried away. Never in his life had he run so fast.

While this scene was being enacted, every one else in the house and grounds was playing or working most zealously. Lucy and Lydia and Harry Bower and Tom Thumb cut oceans of flowers, which were carried into the house, and tastefully arranged by the maids and Miss Pennyback. All the best china and glass had been brought out, all the best table-cloths and serviettes, all the best cutlery, and all the silver. It would have done your heart good to see the kitchen, where the Marchioness of Barnet and Polly and Maria were bristling with enthusiasm. Belinda took things more calmly; nothing surprised her. Sir Rowley and Flip of the Odd were the busiest of the busy, ordered about here, there, and everywhere by everybody, and obeying with cheerful alacrity. Mr. Scarlett got out his best wine, and bustled up and down in great good humor; and Lucy and Lydia were in a perfect glow of anticipation. But once, for a moment only, Lydia's spirits drooped, it must be confessed, and she said confidentially to Lucy:

"I seem to be happy, Lucy dear, and so do you; but I don't know if we ought to be — for, oh, Lucy! how is it all going to end?"

"In wedding bells, you darling," answered Lucy, throwing her arms round Lydia's neck, "in wedding bells! Listen! Don't you hear them? Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong!"

"You dear, you darling!" said Lydia.

Chapter XXIII.

WHAT LONDON THOUGHT OF IT.

While Marybud Lodge was in a ferment at these extraordinary proceedings, all London was in a ferment of another kind. No sooner were the gates of the exhibition opened than

the newspapers came out with great head-lines in the very boldest type:

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY

IN

MME. TUSSAUD'S

WORLD-RENOWNED EXHIBITION!!

THE MOST THRILLING AND AMAZING MYSTERY ON RECORD!!!

MME. TUSSAUD VANISHED!

HER CELEBRITIES GONE!!

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THEM?

HUMAN BEINGS IN THE PLACE OF WAX!!!

ARE THEY ALIVE, OR NOT?

Throughout the whole of the day newsboys were tearing about the streets like mad, screaming at the top of their voices:

"Speshul! Speshul! The great Baker Street mystery! Disappearance of 'Enery the Heighth! 'Orrible discoveries! Queen Elizabeth missing! Latest edition, with all the hastounding news! Mysterious escape of Mary Queen of Scots! The great Baker Street mystery! Speshul! Speshul!"

Every newspaper in London issued a fresh edition every half-hour or so, and the papers could not be printed fast enough, so delirious was the demand for them. North, south, east, and west, nothing else was spoken or thought of but the amazing, the astounding, the bewildering Baker Street mystery. Business on the Stock Exchange was suspended; nobody went to the races; a holiday was given to all the school-children; tradesmen might as well have shut up their shops; servants neglected their household work, and their mistresses could not remain in the house. Everybody asked everybody else, What has become of the missing celebrities? Where are they? How did they get out? How did the others get in? What will be the ultimate fate of the human beings now occupying the places of the missing wax effigies in Mme. Tussaud's famous exhibition? And no one who asked the questions had the slightest expectation of receiving a satisfactory reply. It was, indeed, like a Lord Mayor's day in London. From every nook and corner in the metropolis people were wending their way to Baker Street station, and so great was the crush between the Marble Arch and Regent's Park that large squads of police were appointed to regulate the traffic and preserve order.

As for the exhibition itself, it was literally besieged, and, as Mme. Tussaud had predicted, all the previous records of attendances were thrown completely in the shade. Every person connected with the great show was interviewed again and again, those most in request being the night-watchmen and the firemen. They positively declared that not a soul except themselves had been in the place from the moment of its closing at night to the moment of its opening in the morning; that nothing had been removed from the building, and nothing conveyed into it, during those hours; that they had not slept a wink the whole of the night, and had not for a single moment relaxed their vigilance. To these statements they unflinchingly adhered, and, despite the facts that stared them in the face, no arguments could shake them. They were respectable, steady men, and were as much confounded by what had taken place as all London was.

But if they could throw no light upon it, who could? People were literally stupefied. The newspapers were unanimous in declaring that the astounding Baker Street mystery was without parallel in the annals of journalism, and the public hung with breathless interest upon the smallest detail that had the remotest connection with it. The ordinary detective gazed open-mouthed at the spectacle; the scientific mind was bewildered.

The excitement spread into the most exclusive quarters, and the thoroughfares leading to Mme. Tussaud's were wedged with fashionable carriages. In the course of the afternoon way was made for the Lord Mayor, who, in his state carriage and robes, and followed by the sheriffs and aldermen in *their* state carriages

and robes, paid a visit to the exhibition; and an hour later it was with the greatest difficulty that the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the royal family could reach the doors.

Perhaps the strangest feature in the mystery was the condition of the human beings who had been petrified, so to speak, by Mme. Tussaud's magic cane, and who now stood, stiff and motionless and bereft of sense, for all the world to gaze upon.

"IN HIS IMPATIENCE, LORIMER GRIMWEED PULLED THE DOOR WIDE OPEN — AND THE NEXT MOMENT HE WAS ROLLING ON THE FLOOR."

The question to be decided was, Were they alive or dead? If they were dead there had been fourteen ruthless murders committed. Here was work for the criminal lawyers and the learned judges. Here was work for Scotland Yard. Here was fresh sensation for the newspapers.

The most eminent medical men were called in and were allowed to make their tests. Then they held a consultation. Then they made more tests. Then they held another consultation. Then they issued a bulletin, which was thus editorially commented upon in one of the daily papers:

> It will be a satisfaction to the relatives of the human beings now standing transfixed in Mme. Tussaud's exhibition to learn that a council of the most eminent physicians and scientists in the country has come to the conclusion that those persons are *not defunct*. So far as can be ascertained at present, it is stated to be a case of suspended animation, distinguished by features so peculiar that it is regarded as the strangest case in the records of medical science. Further consultations will be held and further bulletins issued from time to time.

Later editions of the papers stated that the electric current had been applied to the rigid figures, but that the results obtained could only be described as ludicrous.

The next supremely interesting question was, How long would these human beings remain in their helpless state? If they were incapable of partaking of food,— as was declared to be the case,— what period of time would elapse before life departed from their bodies? To this they replied, Time will show, but it could not be expected that any one would be satisfied with such an answer.

Other complications followed. The relatives of the unfortunate persons demanded that the

figures should be given up to them. The proprietors of the exhibition refused, and the eminent medical men declared it would not be safe to move the figures. They shook their heads and said they would not answer for the consequences. And when the relatives said, "But what business is it of yours?" they continued to shake their heads, and replied, "Oh, but you should n't talk like that!"

The relatives were furious. Off they rushed to the lawyers, who took down hundreds of law-books, and for days they hunted through them for precedents. Then they wrote hundreds of tiresome lawyers' letters, at six shillings and eightpence each, commencing, "We are instructed by our clients, So-and-so and So-and-so, to demand," etc.

Then armies of bill-posters went all through London and posted on the walls immense bills offering rewards for the return of the missing celebrities. And everybody who read these bills rushed off to the exhibition and paid shillings at the doors. And at all the railway stations and all the ports, regiments of detectives were on the watch, so that the celebrities should not escape from the kingdom either by land or by water.

The amounts of the rewards offered varied considerably: £100 each for Queen Elizabeth, Henry VIII, Richard I, Richard III, Charles II, and Mary Queen of Scots; £60 each for Cromwell and Loushkin; £50 each for Guy Fawkes, Tom Thumb, and Mme. Sainte Amaranthe; £25 for Houqua, the Chinaman; £15 for the Executioner; and £250 for Mme. Tussaud.

"ARMIES OF BILL-POSTERS WENT ALL THROUGH LONDON AND POSTED ON THE WALLS IMMENSE BILLS OFFERING REWARDS FOR THE RETURN OF THE MISSING CELEBRITIES."

"Aha!" said Mme. Tussaud to herself, when she ran her eye over this scale of rewards. "The great British public knows my value. It pays me proper respect."

In these bills, which were printed in red, yellow, and black, with the royal coat of arms at the top, special announcement was made that

the rewards were only for the *bodies* of the missing celebrities, their clothing, accoutrements, decorations, and jewels being far too valuable for appraisement; and it was declared that any person or persons found in possession of any of these adornments would be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law.

The offer of the rewards was printed in later editions of the newspapers, which Harry Bower went out from time to time to obtain, and much of what was printed was imparted by Mme. Tussaud to her celebrities. It occasioned a good deal of jealousy. Mme. Sainte Amaranthe said she did n't care a bit that she was rated lower than Mary Queen of Scots—but it was evident she did; and Cromwell wanted to know why he was valued at £40 less than the tyrant kings.

The full particulars of the unprecedented excitement created by the mystery, not only in England, but in all parts of the world, may be found in a special account of the affair written by an eminent literary gentleman, and illustrated by a celebrated artist. An *édition de luxe*, published at a guinea (net), and limited to 150,000 copies, was sold out on the day of publication, and now commands high prices. If any of the readers of this story should succeed in obtaining a copy of this book they may indeed consider themselves very lucky.

(*To be continued.*)

AT GRANDPA'S FARM.

"COUSIN NELLY'S SCHOOL CLOSED YESTERDAY, AND SHE WILL BE HERE THIS AFTERNOON."

"BHALU"—THE INDIAN JUNGLE BEAR.

By J. M. Gleeson.

For the wolf-boy Mowgli no more appropriate animal could have been adopted as playmate, guardian, and instructor than old Baloo, or Bhalu, the big black, hairy sloth-bear of India. Kaa, the python, making of his sinuous folds a jeweled hammock for his boyish playmate, is a fascinating companion; Bagheera, the black panther, satisfies completely our desire for something strong, beautiful, and terrible. But old Baloo, humming his sing-song sayings of the jungle-law like some old lama murmuring his prayers, gives to the picture the final touch of completeness.

And we feel, too, that he would foster the "naked cub," for his nature among his own people is one of affection; and because of his habits as an eater of fruits, roots, flowers, and honey he would find it very easy to give the boy a diet suitable for him.

Furthermore, owing to his size, and the custom among the "bear people" of carrying their young on their backs, he could not only assist his little comrade on the long marches, but would naturally do so, and that service is one that Bagheera would never have thought of, even were he able to render it.

Kipling always speaks of Baloo as a *brown* bear, but the sloth-bear is really black; on his breast is a crescent-shaped line of white, and the long, powerful claws are like old ivory. His eyes are small even for a bear, dull and with a near-sighted expression; as a matter of fact he neither sees nor hears well, depending mainly on his sense of smell, which is wonderfully acute, enabling him to locate the nests of ants deep in the ground, or honey in the boles of dead trees. His power of suction is wonderful, and he depends largely upon it to extract the white ants, or termites, from their underground galleries.

I was once much amused while studying a splendid specimen of the sloth-bear owned by Mr. Frank Bostock. A keeper was passing his cage with an armful of bread, and just to tease the bear, who was fond of it, he held a loaf up for him to look at, keeping it about six inches from the bars of the cage. In vain old Baloo strained to reach the coveted

morsel with his long, curved claws; but he had another resource. Suddenly there was a mighty whiff, and the bread flew up against the bars, through which it was instantly dragged and at once devoured.

And that is the way he catches the ants. Discovering a colony, he scrapes away the earth with his feet until the entrances to the galleries are exposed; then, with a *whoof!* that can be heard a long way off, he blows away the dust, and with his marvelous powers of suction he draws out the ants from their deepest retreats, and they flow, a living stream, down his throat.

The sloth-bear does not hibernate, but hunts all the year round, lying down during the day in caves or crannies among the rocks. He travels over great stretches of country, sometimes alone, but just as often with two or three of his tribe. His pace is a quick shambling walk, with the head held low down; occasionally he breaks into a clumsy gallop which carries him rapidly over the ground. To secure fruits or flowers he sometimes climbs trees; but he is not a skilful climber.

This species of bear has two and sometimes three cubs, which the female carries on her back until they are so large that there is no longer place there for them. They are most affectionate, playing and romping continually, and if one is injured the others run to him, uttering sympathetic cries. Sometimes this queer, good-natured animal will, for no apparent reason, lie in wait for man and attack him savagely, clawing and biting him, as if bent upon devouring him.

When captured young he is easily tamed and makes an amusing pet, rolling about and turning somersaults like a trained acrobat. He is a silent beast, save only for the humming, droning sounds indulged in by all bears at times.

His scientific name is *Melursus ursinus*, and by the natives of India he is called Bhalu.

TWO IS COMPANY,

BUT THREE IS A CROWD.

THE OWL AND THE LARK.

By Carolyn Wells.

Oh, the Owl and the Lark
Went a-sailing after dark,
And they boated and they floated down the river to the sea;
On their mandolins they played,
And such merry music made
That the donkey in the distance fairly laughed aloud in glee.

The tide was ebbing fast,
And the boat went drifting past;
The donkey gave a whistle as he munched a thistle-bloom,
And he said, "It 's my belief,
They will surely come to grief,
And the motion of the ocean will precipitate
their doom."

The boat it sped along,
And so merry was their song
That the moon very soon wondered what the
noise could be;
Peeping over the horizon,
She exclaimed, "Well, that 's surprisin'!
Do those strangers know the dangers of this
shiny, briny sea?"

Then the boat gave a lurch,
The Lark wabbled on her perch;
She was handlin' her mandolin, when overboard it went.
But the Owl said, "Now, my dear,
I will get it, never fear!"
And with an oar he dashed and splashed to reach the instrument.

But, alas! the boat upset
In the watery waves so wet,
And both the quaking, shaking birds were dumped into the deep;
The Owl was washed aground,
But the little Lark was drowned,
Which caused the Owl to yowl and howl, and moved the moon to weep.

HOW TEDDY HELPED.

By F. Lockley, Jr.

Teddy's papa owns a large cattle-ranch. One summer there was a drought. The springs dried up, and the streams became trickling rills or disappeared altogether. The cattle wandered restlessly over the range in search of water. Teddy's father sent to the nearest town and had men come with steam-drills and iron pipes to bore an artesian well, so that there would always be plenty of water for the cattle. They bored down several hundred feet in hopes of finding an underground stream, but they could not do so, and had to give up the quest. They went away, taking their tools with them, but leaving — what greatly interested Teddy — a deep hole lined with iron pipe. He would take the board off the pipe and peer down, and then drop in a rock and see how many he could count before it struck the bottom.

One night after he had gone to bed he heard his papa talking to his mama. He said: "Last winter's blizzard killed scores of the cattle, and now this drought comes. They are suffering for water and better pasture. It is all outgo and no income. I don't know how long we can keep it up. In a few years Teddy will be old enough to help me, but I can't put a ten-year-old boy on the round-up, nor keep him all day in the saddle, looking after the cattle."

Teddy did lots of serious thinking during the next few days. How he wished he could help his papa in some way! And the opportunity came in a way Teddy least expected. One day he walked over to where the men had bored for the artesian well. He peered into it, but it was as black as night. He gathered a handful of long, dry prairie-grass, rolled it in a small piece of birch bark in which he had placed a piece of rock, lighted it, and dropped it down the well. Then he put his face close to the edge and watched it blaze as it fell down and down.

Suddenly a long red column of flame leaped upward with a rushing noise. Before Teddy had time to pull his head away, the force of the explosion sent him rolling over and over away from the mouth of the well. The flame shot high up and blazed fiercely for a moment or two. Teddy was terribly frightened. His eyes smarted, and he could see a bright red flame dancing before him in whichever direction he looked. With scorched hat and singed hair, he ran home as fast as he could. He told his papa what had happened. His papa went to the well, and when he came back he said, "Teddy, my boy, I think your accident is going to make our fortune. Our well has tapped a small vein of natural gas, and I think if we go deeper we shall strike oil."

So the well-diggers came out again and resumed drilling. Before long they came down to the oil. The oil came rushing out faster than they could save it. Teddy's papa sold the oil-well to an oil company for a good price, and with the money he bought a ranch in another State where there was plenty of pasture and water, and shipped his cattle to the new ranch.

Teddy is learning all he can about managing a cattle-ranch, because when he is old enough his father is going to take him in as a partner.

A Rhyming Riddle

The Mighty Explorers

By John Ernest McCann

Dicky and Tommy, one fine night in June,
Walked out, to see t'other side of the moon.

* * * * *

Not a word! not a sound! it was very late-
Between a quarter to eight and eight!
They went along till they reached a brook,
When Dicky whispered to Tommy, "Look!"
There in the brook, as it sang its rune,
Was the glowing other side of the moon!

* * * * *

They planned in bed, till the clock struck ten,
How they'd look up Africa, when they were men!

LITTLE MOLLY'S DREAM; OR, AN IDEAL PARK.

By Emilie Poulsson.

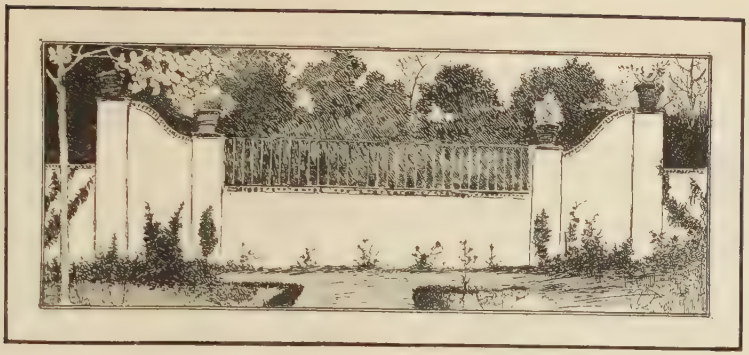
"I dreamed," said little Molly,
With face alight
And voice awe-filled yet joyous,
"I dreamed last night

"That I went 'way off somewhere,
And there I found
Green grass and trees and flowers
All growing round.

"And all the signs, wherever
We had to pass,
Said: 'Please' (yes, really truly)
'Keep *on* the grass'!

"And in the beds of flowers
Along the walks,
Among the pinks or pansies
Or lily stalks,

"Were signs: 'Pick all the flowers
You wish to,' child;
And I dreamed that the policeman
Looked down and smiled!"



A LEAF FROM THE PAST.

In the early part of the last century there were fewer factories in this country than now, and many things were made by hand which to-day are the work of machinery. This was especially true of the braid for straw hats. Rye straw was commonly used, although wheat was also in demand. But the rye straw had longer stems and was more easily handled.

In driving along country roads, in Massachusetts particularly, late in the summer one would see great bundles of the straw hanging on the fences to dry. When the sun and wind had done their share of the work, it was placed in casks where sulphur was burning until it was bleached to a pale yellow. Then it was split into narrow widths suitable for braiding.

The daughters of farmers did not have many pennies of their own in those days, and all were eager to earn money by braiding straw. Every little while men would pass through the villages, calling from house to house and buying the straw braid. They paid two cents a yard for it.

"District school" was in session only six months of the year — the rest of the time the children helped their mothers with the housework. When that was done they took up their braids for amusement and occupation. So much a day every girl expected to do as her daily "stint." She would carry it down by the brook or up in the apple-tree when the summer days were long; or during the stormy hours of winter she would go with it to the old attic where the swing hung from the cobwebbed rafters. But all the time her fingers must work busily, lest the men should call for the braids and find them unfinished.

The factories where the straw was sewed were in the large towns. The simplest hats were of the braids alone. More elaborate ones had a fancy cord, also of plaited straw, sewed on the edge of the braid. This cord was made by the old ladies. Grandmothers and great-aunts whose eyes were too dim to sew would take their balls of straw with them on neighborhood calls. While they chatted together, their hands would be weaving the yellow strands in and out, fashioning the dainty cord.

The price paid for the cord was only half a cent a yard, but this was better than nothing to those dames of a by-gone generation.

A poor country girl would begin to think of her hat from the time of seed-sowing. All summer she would watch the billowy grain. When it was gathered and only the empty stalks were left, she would tie them into bundles and hang them in some sheltered nook to dry. Bleaching, splitting, and braiding — these she did all herself.

When the braids were finished and sent to the factory, how impatiently she waited! Perhaps grandma contributed some of the cord she had made last winter that the new hat might be more beautiful. At last the hat came home, and then what tryings on there were before the old gilt-framed mirror in the parlor! How lovingly its owner handled it as she placed it this way or that on her curly head. Oh, a new straw hat was indeed a thing well worth having in those days of the long ago.

Adele H. Baldwin.

"YES, RAFFLES, I 'VE HAD TO TIE YOU, BUT IT 'S ONLY FOR A MINUTE. SO PLEASE SIT STILL AND LOOK PLEASANT!"

FUN AMONG THE RED BOYS.

By Julian Ralph.

VARIOUS as are the customs of the Indians, it is their savage, warlike natures that we are most apt to remember. Few of us, in fact, ever think of Indian children at all, except at the sight of a picture of them. Little has been told or written about the boy and girl red folk, and it would puzzle most of my readers to say what they suppose these children of nature look like, or do to amuse themselves, or how they are brought up. It will astonish most city people to hear that red children are very like white children, just as a lady who was out on the plains a few years ago was astonished to find that they had skins as smooth and soft as any lady's—no, smoother and softer than that: as delicate and lovely as any dear little baby's here in New York. This lady was visiting the Blackfeet in my company, and she was so surprised, when she happened to touch one little red boy's bare arm, that she went about pinching a dozen chubby-faced boys and girls to make herself sure that all their skins were like the coats of ripe peaches to the touch.

Whether the Indians really love their children, or know what genuine love or affection is, I cannot say; but they are so proud and careful of their little ones that it amounts to the same thing so far as the youngsters are concerned. Boy babies are always most highly prized, because they will grow up into warriors.

The little that is taught to Indian boys must seem to them much more like fun than instruction. They must hear the fairy stories and

the gabble of the medicine-men or conjurors, and the tales of bloody fights and brave and cunning deeds which make the histories of their tribes. They learn not to take what does not belong to them unless it belongs to an enemy. They learn not to be impudent to any one stronger and bigger than themselves; they learn how to track animals and men, how to go without food when there is not any, how to eat up all there is *at once* when any food is to be had, how to ride and shoot and run and paddle, and smoke very mild tobacco. As for the rest, they "just grow," like Topsy, and are as emotional and fanciful and wilful as any very little white child ever was. They never get over being so. The older they grow to be, the older children they become, for they are all very much like spoiled children as long as they live.

ONONDAGA INDIAN BOYS PLAYING AT "SNOW-SNAKES."

The first Indians I ever saw, outside of a show, were boys at play. They were Onondagas, on their reservation near Syracuse, New York. They were big boys of from sixteen to twenty years old, and the game they were playing was "snow-snakes." The earth was covered with snow, and by dragging a stout log through this covering they had made a narrow gutter or trough about 500 or 700 feet long. Each youth had his snow-snake, which is a stick about eight feet long, and shaped something like a spear. All the snow-snakes were alike, less than an inch wide, half an inch thick, flat on the under side, rounded on top, and with a very slight turn upward at the point to suggest a serpent's head. The "snakes" were all smoothed and of heavy hard wood. The game was to see who could send his the farthest along the gutter in the snow. The young men grasped their snakes at the very end, ran a few steps, and shot the sticks along the trough. As one after another sped along the snow, the serpent-like heads kept bobbing up and down over the rough surface of the gutter precisely like so

many snakes. I bought a snow-snake, but, though I have tried again and again, I cannot get the knack of throwing it.

But I have since seen Indian boys of many tribes at play, and one time I saw more than a hundred and fifty "let loose," as our own children are in a country school-yard at recess. To be sure, theirs is a perpetual recess, and they were at home among the tents of their people, the Canada Blackfeet, on the plains, within sight of the Rocky Mountains. The smoke-browned tepees, crowned with projecting pole-ends, and painted with figures of animals and with gaudy patterns, were set around in a great circle, and the children were playing in the open, grassy space in the center. Their fathers and mothers were as wild as any Indians, except one or two tribes, on the continent, but nothing of their savage natures showed in these merry, lively, laughing, bright-faced little ragamuffins. At their play they laughed and screamed and hallooed. Some were running foot races, some were wrestling, some were on the backs of scampering ponies; for they are sometimes put on horseback when they are no more than three years old. Such were their sports, for Indian boys play games to make them sure of aim, certain of foot, quick in motion, and supple in body, so that they can shoot and fight and ride and hunt and run well. To be able to run fast is a necessary accomplishment for an Indian. What they call "runners" are important men in every tribe. They are the messenger men, and many a one among them has run a hundred miles in a day. They cultivate running by means of foot races. In war they agree with the poet who sang:

"YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE STAMPEDE THAT FOLLOWED THE SIGNAL, 'GO!'"

> "For he who fights and runs away
> May live to fight another day";

and afterward, if they were taken prisoners, they had a chance for life, in the old days, if they

could run fast enough to escape their captors and the spears and bullets of their pursuers.

A very popular game that attracted most of the Blackfeet boys was the throwing of darts, or little white hand-arrows, along the grass. The game was to see who could throw his arrow farthest in a straight line. At times the air was full of the white missiles where the boys were playing, and they fell like rain upon the grass.

In another part of the field were some larger boys with rude bows with which to shoot these same darts. These boys were playing a favorite Blackfeet game. Each one had a disk or solid wheel of sheet-iron or lead, and the game was to see who could roll his disk the farthest, while all the others shot at it to tip it over and bring it to a stop. The boys made splendid shots at the swift-moving little wheels, and from greater distances than you would imagine.

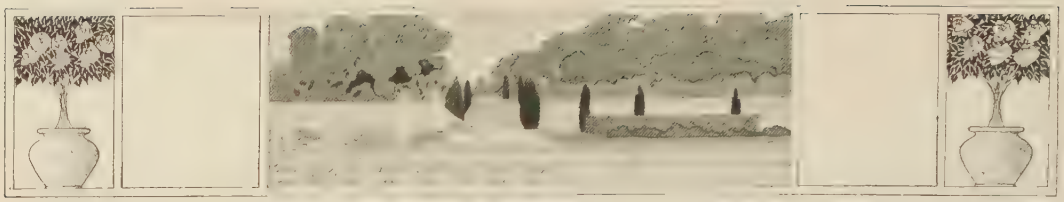
They play with arrows so frequently that it is no wonder they are good marksmen; yet you would be surprised to see how frequently they bring down the birds, rabbits, and gophers which abound on the plains. The houses of these plump little drab-colored creatures are holes in the turf, and as you ride along the plains you will see them everywhere around, sitting up on their haunches with their tiny fore paws held idle and limp before them, and their bead-like, bright eyes looking at you most trustingly — until you come just so near, when pop! suddenly down goes little Mr. Gopher in his hole. You may be sure the Indian boys find great sport in shooting at these comical little creatures. But the boys take a mean advantage of the fact that the restless gophers cannot stay still in one place any great length of time. When one pops into a hole it is only for a minute, and during that minute the Indian boy softly and deftly arranges a snare around the hole, so that when the gopher pops up again the snare can be jerked and the animal captured.

We gave the boys in the Blackfeet camp great sport by standing at a distance of a hundred yards from all of them and offering a silver quarter to whichever boy got to us first. You should have seen the stampede that followed the signal, "Go!" Blankets were dropped, moccasins fell off, boys stumbled and others fell atop of them, their black locks flew in the breeze, and the air was noisy with yelling and laughter.

These boys spin tops, but their "top-time" is the winter, when snow is on the ground and is crusted hard. Their tops are made of lead or some other metal, and are mere little circular plates which they cover with red flannel and ornament with tiny knots or wisps of cord all around the edges. These are spun with whips and look very pretty on the icy white playgrounds. Nearly all Indian boys play ball, but not as we do, for their only idea of the game is the girlish one of pitching and catching. All their games are the simplest, and lack the rules which we lay down to make our sports difficult and exciting.

The boys of the Papago tribe in the Southwest have a game which the fellows in Harvard and Yale would form rules about, if they played it, until it became very lively indeed. These Indian boys make dumb-bells of woven buckskin or rawhide. They weave them tight and stiff, and then soak them in a sort of red mud which sticks like paint. They dry them, and then the queer toys are ready for use. To play the game they mark off goals, one for each band or "side" of players. The object of each side is to send its dumb-bells over to the goal of the enemy. The dumb-bells are tossed with sticks that are thrust under them as they lie on the ground. The perverse things will not go straight or far, and a rod is a pretty good throw for one. The sport quickly grows exciting, and the players are soon battling in a heap, almost as if they were playing at football.

These are games that will not wear out while there are Indian boys to play them. On the oldest reservations, where even the grandfathers of the Indians now alive were shut up and fed by their government, the boys still play the old games. But wherever one travels to-day, even among the wildest tribes, a new era is seen to have begun as the result of the Indian schools, and Indian boys are being taught things more useful than any they ever knew before. The brightest boys in the various tribes are selected to be sent to these schools, and it is hoped that what they learn will make all the others anxious to imitate white men's ways.



THE LITTLE DUKE OF DORSET.

By Margaret Jackson.

On the same day (June 8, 1567) on which the Duke of Norfolk knighted Queen Elizabeth's kinsman, Thomas Sackville, she caused him to be raised to the peerage as Baron Buckhurst of Buckhurst, in Sussex. A year before this time she had given him the Manor of Knole in Kent, with its old house, which was built in part some three hundred years before. He did not, however, obtain full possession of his property until many years later (1603), and in the same year he ceased to be simply Baron Buckhurst, for James I then created him Earl of Dorset. He at once set to work to rebuild part of the house, and, by employing two hundred workmen for two years, completed the task. It is this house which stands to-day in its beautiful park, one of the most famous of the manor-houses of England. It covers four acres of ground, and with its many wonders — its fifty-two staircases (one for each week of the year), its three hundred and sixty-five rooms (one for each day), its five hundred and forty windows, its recently discovered priest's cell — many of the readers of St. Nicholas are familiar, for Vita Sackville-West has aroused a new interest in her home by her letter, printed in the League in the issue of November, 1902. Her father, Lord Sackville, who was British minister to the United States, 1881–1888, is the present owner of Knole Park.

There is no Duke of Dorset now, for the last time that the title descended from father to son was more than a hundred years ago, in 1799, when George John Frederick Sackville found himself (by the death of his father), *at the age of five*, fourth Duke of Dorset, being also Earl of Dorset, Earl of Middlesex, Baron Buckhurst of Buckhurst, and Baron Cranfield of Cranfield. Rather a heavy load for one small boy to carry! For he *was* a boy like other boys, even if he came to a dukedom and ranked next to a prince before ever he had come to a knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic.

He grew up in the beautiful county of Kent, known as the "Garden of England," and we can imagine him playing with his little sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, among the stately beeches of Knole Park — perhaps, too, playing at hide-and-seek in those three hundred and sixty-five rooms, which all belonged to him. Later he went to school at Harrow, and to college at Oxford. He must have been clever, for his university gave him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law before he was twenty years old, and very few people (and most of those gray-haired) can write "D.C.L. Oxon." after their names nowadays. He must also have been popular, for he was a lieutenant-colonel and the commandant of the militia of Sevenoaks (the nearest town to Knole) at the same age.

There has been very little recorded of his short early life, and there was, alas! no later life to chronicle. At the age of twenty-one he was killed by a fall from his horse in the hunting-field, when on a visit to his mother in Ireland. The title went to his cousin, who was the fifth and last Duke of Dorset.

Thus George John Frederick never lived to gain the fame of his great ancestor, the poet and statesman, the first Earl of Dorset.

As far as we are concerned, all knowledge of him might have lain buried in the old leather-bound books of the peerage in an alcove of some remote library, had it not been for John Hoppner, formerly a German chorister boy at the Chapel Royal, whom George III encouraged to learn to paint, and who became, through the

GEORGE JOHN FREDERICK SACKVILLE, FOURTH DUKE OF DORSET.

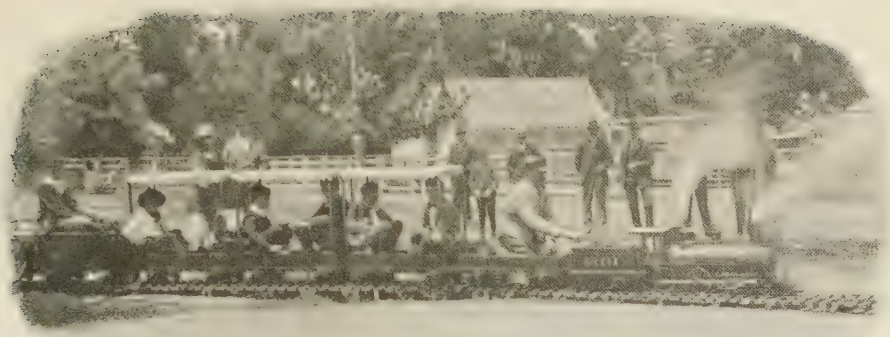
From the painting by Hoppner. Reproduced through the courtesy of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the owner of the original painting.

patronage of the Prince of Wales, portrait-painter to many of the noble families of England. Hoppner painted the portrait which is reproduced in the above picture. It found its way from Knole into the galleries of Buckhurst, in Sussex, the seat of the Earl of Delawarr and formerly the home of Elizabeth, Baroness Buckhurst, the younger sister of the little duke. Mr. Andrew Carnegie spent some time at Buckhurst recently, saw the picture, and purchased it. By his permission it has been reproduced for ST. NICHOLAS.

A SPARROW'S NEST IN A LION'S MOUTH.

By George W. Picknell.

Not all of the delights of spring are for the country boy. We who live in the city have a host of them, and can see many a strange and pleasing sight if we keep our eyes open. A few days ago, while riding my bicycle down Madison Avenue, I heard the twittering of sparrows, and, looking up, saw in the mouth of the stone lion on the corner of the building of one of the city's prominent clubs, the remains of a last year's nest, and two sparrows getting ready to build a new one for this year. It was such a novel place for a bird to choose for housekeeping that I stopped and made a sketch of it. While standing on the opposite corner sketching, the policeman of that "beat" came over to talk with me. He seemed pleased that I should have noticed the birds. He said that the sparrows had been keeping house there for several years. He had often stopped to watch them build their nests, and later feeding their little ones. These birds would play around the lion's head, sitting on his nose or eyebrows as saucily as could be, as much as to say: "You may *look* very fierce, but—who 's afraid?"



A PIGMY PASSENGER TRAIN.

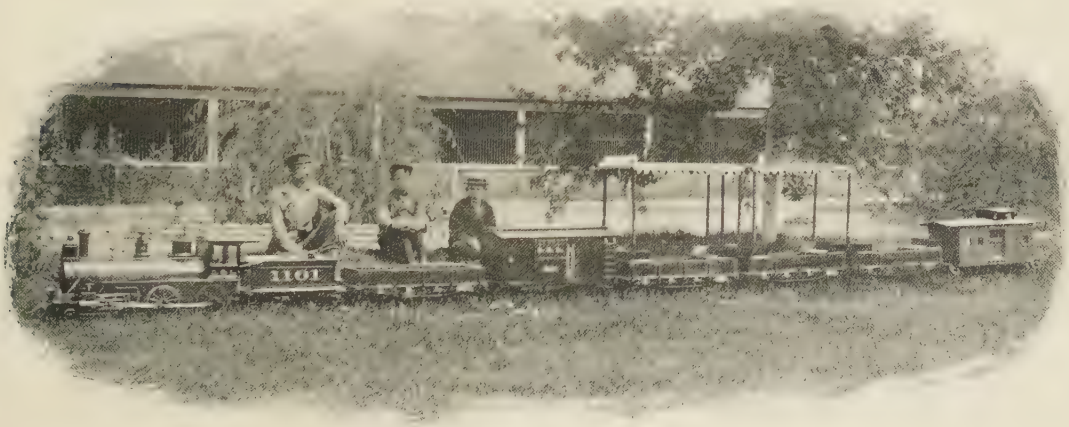
By Gerald Winsted.

Visitors to the Trans-Mississippi Exposition in Omaha in 1898, and to the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo in 1901, will recall seeing a miniature engine and train that, in spite of its small size, was in daily service in carrying passengers around the circuit of its diminutive railroad track. It was John W. Shriver, a young man partially crippled, who conceived the idea of building this small engine, and he did all the work of construction himself.

The engine weighed four hundred and fifty pounds; its length, with tender, was but six feet seven and a half inches, and the driving-wheels were but eight inches in diameter. And yet it hauled six observation-cars, in each of which two children could be comfortably seated. The entire train, consisting of engine, tender, four observation-cars, one box-car, and a caboose, was but an even twenty feet in length.

The engine carried six gallons of water in the tender-tank and five in the boiler, which furnished steam to propel it for two hours. Coal was shoveled from the tender in the same manner as on the larger engines. In fact, the little engine was complete in miniature in every detail.

Contrary to what one would think from its small size, Mr. Shriver said that this engine would haul a load of two thousand pounds (or one ton) on a level straight track at a running rate of twelve miles an hour.



THE LAUNCHING OF THE *WATER KELPIE.*

WHAT ANOTHER SUMMER BROUGHT TO DENISE AND NED TOODLES.

By Gabrielle E. Jackson.

Chapter IV.

THE SUNSET HOUR.

The library windows stood open, and the soft little June winds played "peep" with the lace curtains, swaying them in and out, and letting the rose-laden air slip into the room. Outside the setting sun cast long slanting rays upon the lawn and foliage before it slipped away behind the hills to carry the promise of a new day to other lands. Within the library all was wonderfully peaceful and quiet. It was a very attractive room, pervaded with the home atmosphere that only a much-used, well-loved room can possess.

As the clock announced the hour of five, a stately pad, pad came stalking across the piazza, and a second later Sailor's great head pushed aside the curtains and he looked into the room. That no one was visible did not seem to concern him in the least, for, walking over to the fur rug which lay upon the floor beside the couch, he stretched himself at full length upon it, and lay there with his head raised in a listening attitude. Pat, pat, pat, came the sound of small hurrying feet through the hall, and in ran

Beauty Buttons with a *yap, yap*, by way of salutation. He, too, evidently expected others to follow, for after settling himself comfortably between Sailor's great front paws, he listened with ears erect.

Then a warbly little *r-r-r-r-rwow*, accompanied by a deeper roll, told that Hero and Leander wished to say "good evening."

Apparently the stage was now properly set for the "stars," and a moment later Mrs. Lombard came into the room and sat down in the big chair.

Just then a cheery voice at the foot of the piazza steps called out: "Good-by! Come over early in the morning and we 'll get ready to launch it," and the next moment Denise's merry face peered through the curtains.

"Oh, there you all are! Waiting for me, as usual. Oh, dear me, the days are n't half long enough, are they, moddie? But, moddie," she added, as she slipped into the big chair, alongside her mother, "I am so glad you got it all so nicely settled about Hart going home at five o'clock. Of course I could n't say a word, but I did so miss our 'cozy hour.' Somehow the day does n't seem finished without it, for every day is sure to get at least *one* little 'kink' in it somewhere, and I don't know how to get it out. But when we have our talk at the end of it, the kink disappears, and — it 's just my precious moddie who unravels it!" And Denise flung both arms about her mother to hug her as hard as she could.

"I have a favor to ask of you to-day," said Mrs. Lombard. "Will you be good enough to drive me over to Mary Murphy's to-morrow morning?"

"Why, I promised Hart —" began Denise, and then stopped short and colored slightly.

"What did you promise him, dear?" asked Mrs. Lombard, gently.

"Why, you see," said Denise, somewhat embarrassed, "his new rowboat will be sent out this evening, and he wants me to christen it when it is launched, and I told him I would. Of course I did not know that you wanted me to drive you up to the village, or I would not have promised."

"Certainly you could not have known it. And I particularly wish to have you go with me to-morrow. But now — as to Hart. It is only a step over there, I know, but I think it would be more courteous if you were to sit down and write a note to him explaining the situation. This may seem a trifle formal to you both when you are such jolly chums, but it is one of those little acts which, even though they seem uncalled for, serve to help you both. It will show Hart that though you are both youngsters, you do not wish to be found lacking in politeness to each other, and he will respect you all the more for this, and you will respect yourself more, too. John may take your note to him."

Denise did not reply for a moment or two, nor did Mrs. Lombard break the silence. Away down in Denise's heart lingered a strong desire to go with Hart in the morning. But eleven and a half years of the firmest, gentlest training, led by this wise mother to do the right thing simply because it was right, and not because she had been ordered to do so by those who possessed the right and power to direct her, had not been in vain; and so Denise had grown to regard the right way as the only one, and the wrong way as a reflection upon herself. Presently she asked:

"When may I tell him that I will christen it?"

"The following morning, dear, if agreeable to him," replied Mrs. Lombard, without further comment, for she well knew that a struggle was going on within her little daughter's heart, not only to do what her mother wished, but to do it cheerfully and without regret — the true beauty of the doing.

"I 'll write it this minute," cried Denise, springing so suddenly from the chair that Hero, who was seated on the chair-back, lost her balance and tumbled upon the floor. "Oh, dear! Is n't that just exactly like me? I 've upset Hero, and scared her nearly out of her wits besides. Poor pussy!" she said as she picked the cat up and comforted her.

Mrs. Lombard did not say just then that she was much troubled at the thought of Denise going upon the river with Hart. It was not the moment for showing her anxiety. She had decided that she could not let her little daughter venture out upon the water until she had learned more of Hart's seamanship by testing it herself. But that would all adjust itself later.

The letter was barely finished when the whistle of the incoming train told that Mr. Lombard would be with them presently, and by the time mother and daughter had reached the entrance to the grounds, with two dogs and two cats as body-guard, Sunshine and Flash came spinning along the road, and neighed aloud as Denise called out: "Oh, papa! papa! here we are!" Mr. Lombard stepped from the carriage at the gate, and, slipping an arm about his wife and sunny little daughter, walked with them toward the house, the dogs and cats crowding about him and claiming the notice which they never claimed in vain. The peace of all the world lay upon that home.

Chapter V.

"Oh, we 'll sail the ocean blue!"

"Good-by, Hinky-Dinky; we 'll come back before long!" Denise called out to Hart, who had just crawled through the opening in the hedge.

"The old boat did n't come anyway, Snipenfrizzle," shouted Hart, as the carriage rolled out of the grounds. "It won't be out till to-night, papa says. There was something missing for the rudder. Good-by!" And he waved his hat.

After purchasing a generous supply of good things for Mary, Mrs. Lombard and Denise drove to the little cottage in which she lived, and made the poor woman happy for the whole morning. Twelve o'clock had struck upon the town clock, indeed, before the call was completed, and Denise was as happy as Mary herself in seeing the joy that Mrs. Lombard brought to her.

Upon the way home Denise spied some circus posters, and was at once filled with a desire to see the circus, for anything in which horses were introduced was bliss unalloyed for her.

"They will be here on the 7th!" she cried, "the very day that *Pokey* will come! Oh, moddie, how splendid! We can go, can't we? Papa will surely take us."

"We 'll see—we 'll see," answered Mrs. Lombard, with the expression which Denise knew to mean "yes."

For the next few days Denise could hardly think of anything else, and no suspicion of the startling events which would take place ere that circus passed out of her life ever entered her head.

Hart was waiting for them at the turn of the road, and Pinto and Ned exchanged greetings with joyous neighs, and cantered along beside each other.

That evening the new boat was delivered at Mr. Murray's house. It was a fairy-like little craft, built of cedar and shining with its fresh varnish.

Without letting the children know it, Mrs. Lombard had made a fine silk flag and embroidered on it a white star. Then, to make the launching like a "really truly one," she bought a tiny bottle of ginger-ale, warranted to smash and sizzle in the most approved style.

Just after breakfast the next morning, Hart's face peeped in at the window, for boyish patience was stretched to the snapping-point.

"What is the boat to be named?" Mrs. Lombard asked on the way down to the river.

"I think we 'll call her the *Water Kelpie*," said Hart.

"How will this answer for the christening?" asked Mrs. Lombard, as she drew from the little bag she was carrying a bottle of ginger-ale, gaily decked with blue ribbons.

"Oh, I say! Are n't you just a trump!" cried Hart, surprised into genuine boyish praise. "That 's a regular jim dandy, and Denise can smash it to smithereens. Quick, let 's get her launched!"

The boat lay upon the beach at the water's edge. They let the bow rest upon land until the ceremony of christening it was ended. It took but a few seconds, and grasping the little bottle by its beribboned neck, Denise bent over the bow, saying: "I christen thee the *Water Kelpie!*" At the last word, SMASH! went the bottle, and a vigorous push from Hart sent the boat into the water, he singing at the top of his lungs, "Oh, we 'll sail the ocean blue!" and Mrs. Lombard joined in, adding:

"And may I have the honor of presenting to the captain of this beautiful craft the private signal which I hope will add to its attractions and wave to his glory as long as the vessel rides the waves?"

The shrieks of delight which greeted the

pretty flag when she unrolled it from its wrappings left her no doubt of its reception. It was mounted upon a slender cedar staff which fitted exactly the little socket in the stern.

Of course the captain was in duty bound to invite the donor of this splendid flag to accompany him upon his trial trip; and, taking her seat in the stern, with Beauty Buttons beside her, Denise up in the bow, and the captain "amidships," off they glided upon the calm river.

More than an hour was spent upon the water, and when they came ashore Mrs. Lombard felt entirely reassured, for Hart handled his oars like an "old salt," having rowed a great deal while at school.

Chapter VI.

POKEY AND A CIRCUS.

As she had waited just one year before, gaily decked in blue ribbons in honor of the occasion, Denise was now waiting again for her girl chum Pokey to arrive for her usual yearly visit.

She was somewhat taller, and that made her seem even more slender, but it was the same Pokey that stepped from the train into Denise's outstretched arms, and Ned Toodles greeted her with a cordial neigh.

"And what do you think!" cried Denise, when they were spinning along home, Ned occasionally joining in their conversation with a social whinny. "A circus is here, and papa is going to take us all to see it to-night. It is going to parade through the town at eleven, and as soon as we have seen mama and grandma, we 'll drive up to the village and see it. It won't, of course, come down this way. Won't it be great fun!"

"You don't suppose Ned will try to do any of *his* tricks when he sees the other ponies, do you?" asked Pokey, for a year's or more acquaintance with Ned had not served to overcome her misgivings of that animal's wild pranks.

"Of course not! Why should he? Besides, he could n't while in harness," replied Denise, blissfully ignorant even yet of that little scamp's resources and determination to carry his point, once he set about doing so. Ned was never ugly or vicious, but well Denise knew that a good bit of firmness was required upon her part when she wished to get him past the little store where chocolate creams were sold, and that it was always far wiser to choose another road if time pressed. But she was too loyal to her pet to betray his little weaknesses.

"My dear little girl, how delighted we are to have you with us again!" said Mrs. Lombard, as she gathered Pokey into her arms.

"Take her right out to the dining-room, deary, and have Mary fetch her a glass of cool milk and some little biscuits," said grandma.

On their way to the village to see the circus parade they were overtaken by Hart, mounted upon Pinto. Knowing that Pokey was about to arrive, he had kept at a safe distance till he could "size her up," as he put it; for his intercourse with girls had been decidedly limited, and he had no notion of plunging into an intimacy with one whom he had never seen before.

"She is n't much like Denise," was his mental comment; "but if Denise likes her so much she must be all right."

So now he rode up to the phaëton and was duly presented to Pokey by Denise, who said: "Pokey, this is my friend Hart Murray, and this is Elizabeth Delano, Hart, only we don't call her by her name once in a blue moon. She is our very own Pokey, and *he 's* Hinky-Dinky," giving a laughing nod toward Hart.

"Yes, and *she 's* Snipenfrizzle!" was the prompt retort.

"Well, we all know each other now," laughed Denise, and before another word could be spoken the sound of a band playing in the village just beyond caused all to exclaim, "Oh, they 've started! they 've started!" and to hurry forward as though that were the chief interest of the day. But upon Ned the effect of that band was certainly odd. It was playing "Marching through Georgia," and one might have supposed it to be his favorite air, for he began to prance and dance in perfect time to it.

"Do look at him! Do look at him!" cried Denise, clapping her hands with delight. "I believe he knows that march."

"Oh, let 's get out," begged timid Pokey. "He acts as though he were crazy."

"Nonsense! he won't do anything but mark time," answered Denise, laughing. "I always

said he knew just everything, but I never supposed that he was a musician."

They were now just at the edge of the village, and at that moment the circus parade turned in from a side street which led out to the grounds where the tents were pitched. The streets were crowded as though the entire town had turned out to see the show, which doubtless it had, for Springdale in those days was a small place and circuses did not often tarry there.

It was, indeed, a gorgeous pageant which burst upon the children's sight, for in a splendid golden car blared and tooted a brass band, the musicians resplendent in red uniforms, and blowing as though their very lives depended upon it, and six handsome white horses pranced and curveted before it. Then came a pale-blue-and-gold chariot drawn by six of the dearest "calico" ponies one ever saw, and with whom Ned instantly claimed kinship with a regular rowdy "hello-yourself" neigh. Now you have all doubtless seen circus parades, and know all about the knights and fairiès, beautiful horses with their gay riders, elephants, camels, wild animals and tame ones. But it is of one particular pony that we are to tell. All the time the parade was passing Ned kept up an incessant fidgeting, tugging at the reins, pawing the ground, shaking his head up and down, and only restrained from plunging headlong into the midst of it all by Denise's firm hand. Pinto stood beside the phaëton, but, save for a start of surprise when an exceptionally loud toot was blown, he behaved like a gentleman. The children were as close to the line of march as they well could be without the ponies' noses brushing the elephants' sides, and about half of the procession had passed when a magnificent black horse bearing upon his back the Grand High Mogul of the show came prancing along. This was the manager, so the posters announced, mounted upon "his splendid Sindbad the Great, the most wonderful performing horse in the world."

Just then the parade was obliged to halt for a moment or two, and the handsome horse and his rider stopped directly in front of the children. With a "hello — how-are-you — glad-to-make-your-acquaintance" air, Ned poked out his muzzle and greeted Sindbad the Great. Sindbad, not to be outdone in politeness, put down his nose to meet little perky Ned's, and they held a second's whispered conversation — a conversation fraught with fatal results for Ned, as will be seen.

Now Sindbad's rider had a pair of eyes which just nothing escaped, and one sweeping glance took in every detail of pony, phaëton, and children.

Nodding pleasantly to them, he addressed Denise with:

"Fine little horse you 've got there. Had him long? He does n't look very old."

"I 've had him nearly two years. Indeed he *is* fine! There is n't another like him in all the world. He is not nine years old yet."

"Want to sell him?" asked the man.

"Well, I just guess *not!*" was the indignant reply.

"Live here?" was the next question; but Denise began to think that this bravely decked individual was decidedly curious, and hesitated before answering. Before she had made up her mind to do so, the parade moved on, and a few moments later the last donkey had passed. Then Ned took matters into his own hands, or rather his teeth, and did that which he had never done before since Denise had owned him. He positively refused to turn around and go home, and neither coaxing, threats, nor whip had the least effect upon him. Shake his head, back, paw, and act like a regular little scamp was all he would do, and at last, growing tired of trying to make her understand what he *did* want, he resolved to show her, and off he went, pelting ahead till he had overtaken the vanishing circus, wheeling aside to avoid those at the end, tearing along until he had overtaken the part of the parade in which Sindbad was still delighting all beholders, and then, neck-or-nothing, forcing his way, carriage, occupants, and all, right in behind that wily beast whose whisper had surely been: "Come on behind me and we 'll cut a dash — see if we don't!" — or something to that effect.

Having achieved his object, Master Ned was triumphant, and no French dancing-master ever pirouetted and "showed off" for the admiration of all beholders as did this vain

little scrap of a beast as he danced along in perfect time to the band.

Pokey was very nearly reduced to a state of collapse, for Sindbad the Great was making the path before them rather lively, while just behind stalked a huge elephant, who now and again, by way of welcome to the ranks, gracefully flourished a wriggling trunk over the phaëton.

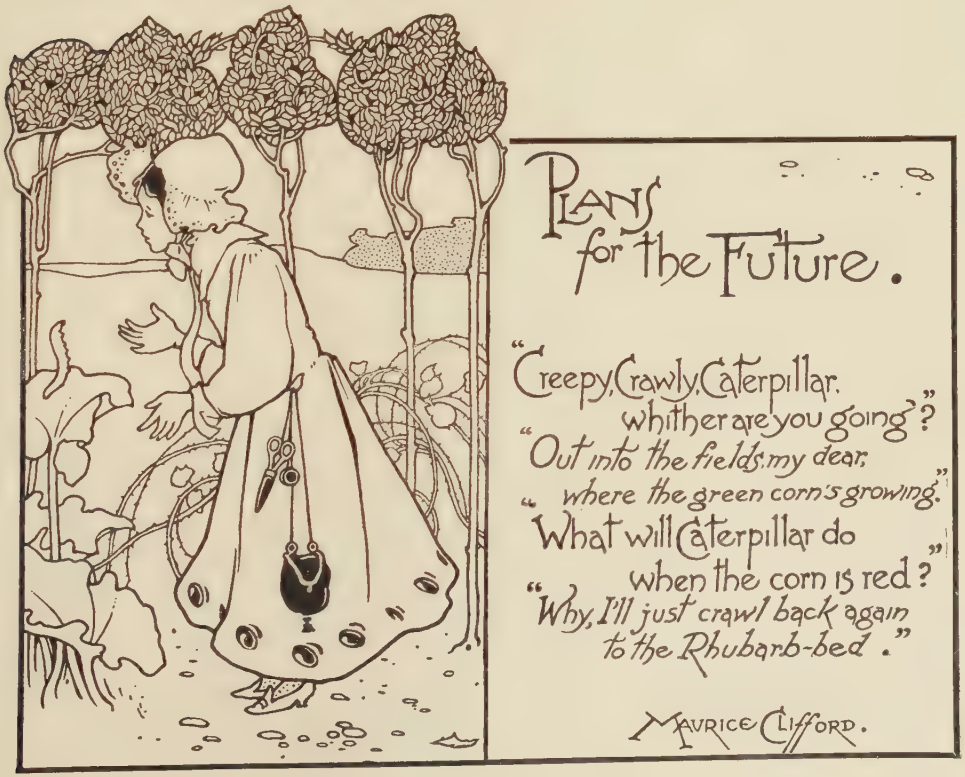
Denise's face was a study. Never before had she met with open rebellion upon Ned's part, and this first exhibition of it was certainly a very triumph. Although thoroughly frightened, she sat holding her reins for dear life, with no thought of deserting her post, while Pokey begged her piteously to "please drive home."

"Home! Don't you suppose I want to go there every bit as much as you do? But how *can* I when this little villain is acting so like time? I can't get out and leave him, can I?"

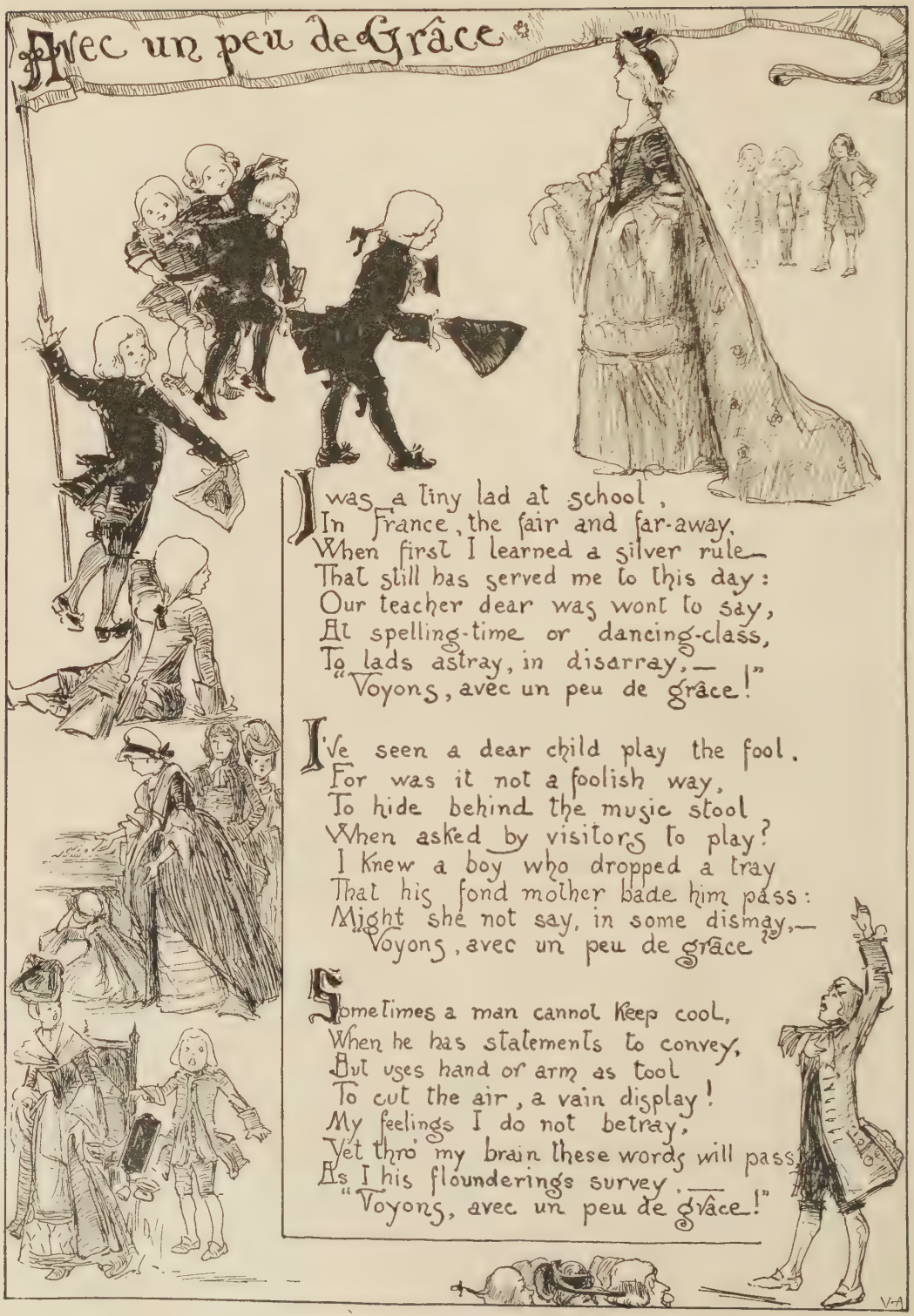
Then Hart came tearing alongside, shouting: "Hello, Snipenfrizzle! I 'm off for home to tell your mother that you 've joined a circus, and the next time she sees you, you will be riding bareback! Good-by!" And with a wild whoop he pelted off down the road, Ned whinnying out after Pinto, "Oh, I 'm having the time of my life!"

Then the funny side of the whole affair appealed to Denise and saved her from tears, and she began to laugh till she cried. Never say that animals do not know the different tones of the human voice! If others do not, Ned *did*, and that familiar laugh was the one thing wanting to complete his festive mood, and if he had cut shines before he simply outdid himself now, and not till he had followed that circus parade over the entire town did he decide that he had had enough excitement, and consent to go home. At half-past one he walked sedately up the driveway, and as John led him to his stable, he heaved a sigh which seemed to say, "Well, I 've kicked over the traces for once in my life."

(To be continued.)



Avec un peu de Grâce.



I was a tiny lad at school,
In France, the fair and far-away,
When first I learned a silver rule—
That still has served me to this day:
Our teacher dear was wont to say,
At spelling-time or dancing-class,
To lads astray, in disarray,—
"Voyons, avec un peu de grâce!"

I've seen a dear child play the fool,
For was it not a foolish way,
To hide behind the music stool
When asked by visitors to play?
I knew a boy who dropped a tray
That his fond mother bade him pass:
Might she not say, in some dismay,—
"Voyons, avec un peu de grâce"?

Sometimes a man cannot keep cool,
When he has statements to convey,
But uses hand or arm as tool
To cut the air, a vain display!
My feelings I do not betray,
Yet thro' my brain these words will pass,
As I his floundering survey,—
"Voyons, avec un peu de grâce!"

MISS HAIRPIN TO MISS THIMBLE: "MY DEAR, IF I WERE YOU I WOULD N'T ASSOCIATE WITH MISS MAGNIFYING-GLASS. YOU 'VE NO IDEA OF THE WAY SHE EXAGGERATES EVERYTHING!"

REARING A WREN FAMILY.

By William Lovell Finley.

Illustrated with photographs from life by Herman T. Bohlman.

"Why *should n't* a little wren have an enormous appetite?" I mused as I lay hidden in the tall grass watching the father as he fed the eldest of the family of five, that had flown for the first time from the nest in the hollow stump to the alder branches below. "Of course we must admit that the diminutive bobtailed youngster must possess the most rapid double-action digestive apparatus when we remember that he grows to maturity within two weeks from the day he was hatched. Therefore the chief object of his life must be to eat and sleep."

Wrens are interesting little chaps anyhow — droll, fidgety little individuals, each with great self-esteem. My interest in a certain brown family had increased with every visit for a whole month. One picks up many acquaintances rambling about the hills, but, like people, some are more interesting than others, and acquaintanceship often warms into friendship as the days pass by.

While out birding in the latter part of June, I was trudging along up one of the shaded paths of the fir-covered Oregon hillsides, when a little bird whizzed headlong down in its tippling flight, barely dodging my head. Both

were rather flustered at this sudden and unexpected meeting. The moment's pause on an overhanging branch was sufficient for me to recognize the hurrying stranger as a Vigors's wren. But I hardly had time to see just what the small white parcel was she carried in her mouth. It might have been a white miller, which I imagined would soon be thrust unceremoniously down a gaping throat. For all my strategy this little brown bird was too shrewd to show me her home.

The next day, however, I stole a march, and was well hidden in the bushes near to where I thought the nest must be, when the wren appeared. I hardly expected to escape that sharp round eye, and was prepared for the scolding that followed; in fact, I submitted rather joyously to it, without a word in reply. Perhaps I had no business there on the wren's busiest day. Regardless of all the harsh epithets hurled at me from the alder limb, I was too absorbed in gazing through my field-glass at an ugly piece of snake-skin the wren held in her mouth. Rather an uncanny mouthful, to be sure. The idea of a nestful of gaping mouths vanished from my vision as the brown body fidgeted about, with her tail over her back, and then whirled away to a large upturned root covered with vines. Here she hopped about in the tangle of brier and fern, apparently forgetful of my presence; but those sharp brown eyes, behind which are generations of care and cunning gained in contact with nature, are never heedless. Her action would have deceived any other creature, but I knew her too well; at the likeliest moment and in an eye's twinkling, she suddenly popped up into the dead body of an alder-tree and disappeared into a tiny round hole.

Wrens have traditions, and, like some people, are perhaps slightly superstitious. I was not sure that a Vigors's wren considered a bit of snake-skin the keystone to the arch of its snugly built home, but I do not remember ever examining the nest of its cousin, the Parkman's wren, and not finding this traditional bit of treasure. Maybe it is a matter of protection, for it is said a snake will not venture where the vestige of its own skin is found. Generations ago the ancestral wrens must have fought for protection among the tribes of reptiles, until now the descendants never think of starting upon household duties without searching up the hillsides, through the meadows, or back in the deep woods until the cast-off scaly coat of some snake is found and borne home in triumph as a hearthstone deity.

Almost every feathered creature has some interesting trait of protection. I have always found that the red-breasted nuthatch, after he has excavated his wooden home in some dead stump, never fails to collect a good supply of soft pitch, and plaster it religiously about the circled doorway of the log house.

Ever since I first discovered the wren building its home in the alder stub my interest had grown, and I was anxious to win its friendship, principally because most birds had finished nesting for the season. Why had the nest not been placed nearer the ground instead of at a distance of twelve feet, and why did they select such a dark, narrow home that I could hardly get a glimpse of the interior?

Experience had taught me not to try to win the affections of a bird too rapidly, especially at that season when household affairs were so engrossing. When I thought I could safely do so, I approached the nest rather cautiously and timidly and sat down in the tall ferns. It surprised me somewhat that neither parent scolded at my approach. After watching and waiting for almost half an hour and seeing neither wren, I became impatient and knocked gently on the tree-trunk to pay my respects to the brown head that might be thrust from the round door above. Again I knocked, and then a little harder. It 's queer a wren cannot feel such an earthquake against the pillar of her home. I shook the tree vigorously. Could it be possible the home was deserted? Visions of all sorts of bird accidents flashed through my mind as I swung up into the branches and rapped at the round door. All was dark within; not even the white eggs could be seen. This was bad luck indeed, I thought. Then, with the aid of a little mirror that is always handy to examine dark crevices, I reflected a ray of light through the door to the innermost depths. There sat the mother, her brown back almost indistinguishable from the dry sides of the house, but those round

"CATCHING IN THE BRANCHES BELOW WHERE THE FATHER PERCHED."

dark eyes gleamed out from the gloom. Nor did she have any idea of deserting her post for all the shaking and knocking without.

When I visited the little wooden home the first week in July there was a decided turn in the tide of wren affairs. The news was heralded from the tree-tops. The energy that was used in keeping the secret of the little home a week previous was doubled in the eagerness to spread it among feathered neighbors far and wide. For two long weeks the mother and father had covered and caressed their five eggs of speckled white, until they suddenly teemed with inward life and five tiny bodies burst forth from the prison walls.

The father wren — it is often the case — was rather timid while we were around. He had a particular fear and dislike for the great three-legged, one-eyed creature—my camera—that was hidden dragon-like so near his home. Birds have many enemies, and a nest is seldom left without its guard. We soon discovered that this was the father's duty. His harsh, scolding note, sounded from the surrounding boughs, always reminded us that we were trespassing.

It was the mother's duty to forage. Returning from the hunt with food, she whisked about with a "what-are-you-doing-here" look of inquiry. Although flustered somewhat at first by our presence, she soon came to regard us with an air of indifference. A moment's pause on her threshold, and into the round opening she would pop; then, as if amazed at the increasing appetites she had to appease, she would dart out and away for a new supply.

About the hillside and down along the little stream the mother searched continually the entire day for grubs. Each time returning, she would pause on the top of one of the trees near by and pipe her merry little trill. This note of home-coming the father never failed to hear, and it was he that always gave the response of "all 's well." I was amused to hear how readily the wrenlets learned to recognize the voice of their mother. Her song of arrival soon came to be answered by such a chorus of tiny cries from the round door that she could

"HIS FEATHERS RUFFLED UP IN ANGER AND AN ASTONISHED *PEEP* OF DISGUST ESCAPED HIS THROAT."

"IN A FLASH BOTH WRENLETS WERE WIDE AWAKE AND ON THE TIPTOE OF EXPECTANCY."

not resist hurrying headlong to the nest. Several times, from my "rabbit's hole" in the bushes, I saw a song-sparrow stop on swaying limb and sing a song somewhat resembling that of the wren, but the children in the wooden home knew not the song, and, true to their parents' teachings, remained quiet while the doughty father darted out and drove the intruder from the premises.

On July 23 I wrote in my note-book: "This morning I was surprised to see two little brown heads as I gazed through my field-glass at the round nest-hole." But how could I ever get pictures of the wren nestlings if they were to remain continually within those protected wooden walls?

For some reason the father stormed and scolded more than usual on my next visit. He seemed out of sorts about everything. The rating I got was not very much more severe than the little wretch gave his wife when she returned each time with morsels of food. Something was radically wrong. It could not be that his mate did not search hard enough for food or bring enough back. With all his fault-finding he never once offered to relieve his faithful wife.

Hidden in the grass, I tried to solve the secret of the father's petulant actions. Each time the patient mother returned he grew more restless and violent in his language. Soon I saw his wife whirl joyously by with an unusually large white grub — surely a prize for any bird. But alas! for all her prowess, her spouse darted at her as if in madness, while she, trembling in terror, retreated down the limb and through the bushes. For a few moments it seemed as if the wren household was to be wrecked. I was tempted to take the mother's part against such cruel treatment as she quivered through the fern on fluttering wing toward me, but at that moment, as if thoroughly subdued, she

yielded up the bug to the father. This was the bone of contention. A domestic battle had been fought and he had won. The scolding ceased. Both seemed satisfied. Mounting to the tree-top, the little mother poured forth such a flood of sweet song as rarely strikes human ear. From that moment she seemed a different wren, released from all care and worry. Her entire time was spent in search for bugs. Each return was heralded by the high-sounding trill from the tree-top, and her husband whirled out of the tangled vines to take the morsel she carried.

But what of his actions? He had either gone crazy or he was a most selfish little tyrant, for he flew about the alder stump, calling now in a softer tone to his children within, and finally swallowed the grub himself. Two or three times he did this, until I was so disgusted I could hardly endure him. If he were hungry, why could he not skirmish for his own bugs?

While I was chiding him for his infamous action, the mother appeared with a large moth, which he readily took. Among the alder limbs the father flew, and finally up to the nest-hole, out of which was issuing such a series of hungry screams as no parent with the least bit of devotion could resist. Hardly could I believe my eyes, for the little knave just went to the door, where each hungry nestling could get a good view of the morsel, then, as if scolding the little ones for being so noisy and hungry, he hopped back down the tree into the bushes.

"MERCY! SUCH A REACHING AND STRETCHING!"

This was indeed cause for a family revolt. The brown nestling nearest the door grew so bold with hunger that he forgot his fear and plunged headlong down, catching in the branches below where the father perched. And

the precocious youngster got the large moth as a reward for his bravery.

Not till then did it dawn upon me that there was a reason for the father's queer actions. The wrenlets were old enough to leave the nest. Outside in the warm sunshine they could be fed more easily and would grow more rapidly, and they could be taught the ways of woodcraft. In half an hour, one after another, the little wrens had been persuaded, even compelled, to leave the narrow confines of the nest and launch out into the big world.

What a task the father had brought upon himself! Surely the old woman in the shoe never had a more trying time. The fretful father darted away to punish one of the wrenlets for not remaining quiet; he scurried here to scold another for wandering too far, or whirled away to whip a third for not keeping low in the underbrush, away from the hawk's watchful eyes.

My attention was directed in particular to one little feathered subject who, each time the brown father came back, insisted vociferously that his turn was next. Once in particular, when the camera did not fail to record, papa wren was approaching with a large grub. The wrenlet was all in ecstasy. He was calling, "Papa, papa, the bug is mine! The bug is mine!" fluttering his wings in such delight as he hopped to the next limb near the hesitating parent. But the youngster's emphatic appeal failed to persuade the father, for the next instant he deposited the morsel in the mouth of the less boisterous child. What a change in my enthusiastic little friend, who at one moment fairly tasted the dainty delicacy and the next saw it disappear down the throat of a less noisy brother. He stood looking in amazement, as his feathers ruffled up in anger and an astonished *peep* of disgust escaped his throat.

Another day in the warm sunshine and the wrenlets began to act more like their parents and to gain rapidly in worldly knowledge. The third morning all was quiet and I thought the family had departed for other hunting-grounds. Soon, however, the father appeared, and then the mother, scolding as usual. I crawled down under the tall ferns to wait. The parents had taught their children the act of keeping quiet very well, for not a peep was heard. But those ever-growing appetites soon mastered caution, and, regardless of the continual warnings, there was a soft little *wink! wink!* in the direction of the vine-covered stump. 'T was hardly an exclamation of delight, but just a gentle reminder lest the busy parents forget. Gradually these little notes of admonition increased in number and volume till the full chorus of five impatient voices arose from among the tangle of vines and ferns.

My continued visits had made fast friends of the little fellows. Two of them took their position on the top of a little stub where the father was accustomed to light. Here they sat in sleepy attitude, each awaiting his turn to be fed. Not the least accommodating were they, from the photographer's point of view, for generally when the camera was focused for the picture, they would nod lower and lower, as children do at bedtime, till both were sound asleep in the warm sunshine. It was remarkable, however, to witness the effect of the mother's trill as she heralded the approach of something edible. In a flash both wrenlets on the wooden watch-tower were wide awake and on the tiptoe of expectancy.

Often do I remember trying to play foster-parent to young birds, and yet, with all my care and patience, I seldom succeeded. A week before, when I held a large spider temptingly near the nestlings, they had crouched back in terror; but by this time they had certainly gained in worldly wisdom. I, indeed, had not been watching the wrens for the past two weeks without learning. I had seen the mother hop up and down an old stump, like a dog after a squirrel, till she would soon haul out a big grub.

Digging into this bird-storehouse with my knife, in a trice I collected half a dozen fine fat worms — a stock of provisions that would take the mother two hours to gather. Why are young birds so particular, anyhow? What difference does it make whether their dinner comes from the mother's mouth or from some kindly disposed neighbor?

"I 'll just test the little wrens once more," I said to myself, as I impaled two of the choicest grubs on a sharpened stick. It was impossible for me to announce the approach of this delicious dinner with the soft little

wink! wink! of the mother, but I patted both the sleepy birdies on the back and, rather hesitatingly, held up my offering. There was hardly room to doubt its acceptance. Mercy! such a reaching and stretching! I could not divide up fast enough. Nor was one grub apiece sufficient. Quiet was not restored till each wrenlet had stored away two of the largest and fattest.

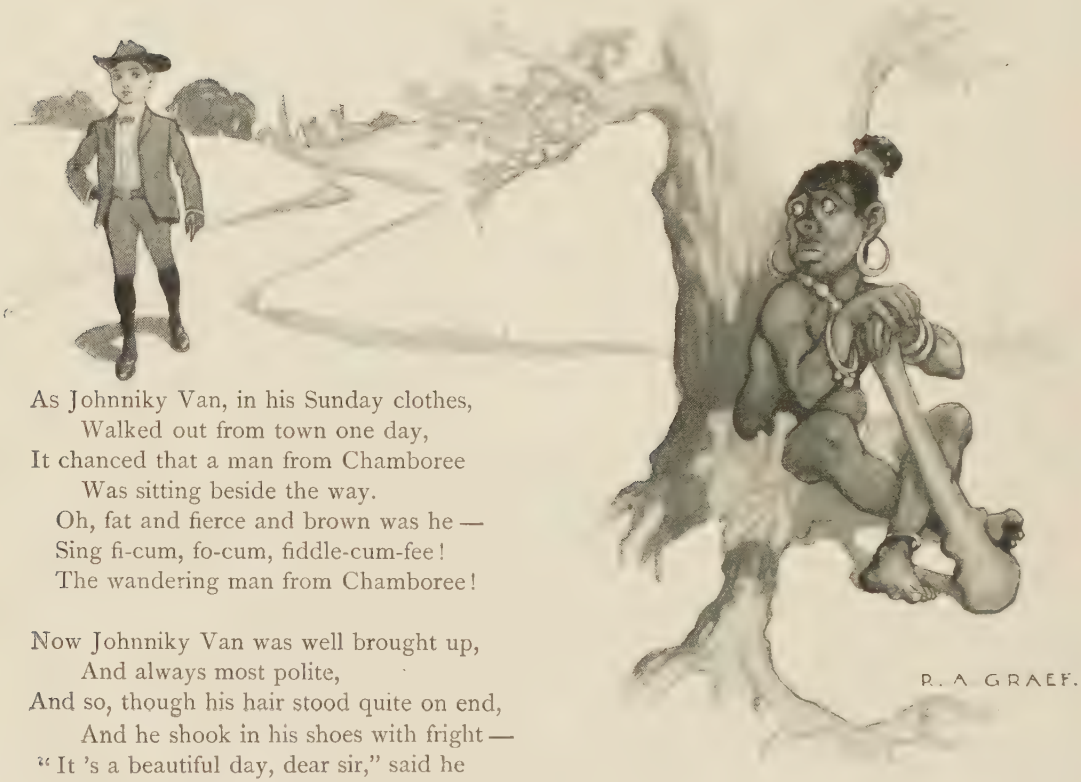
For the first time the parent wrens seemed to realize that I was actually of some use. The trying task of satisfying five growing appetites was lessened to some degree, and the busy parents took household affairs somewhat more easily the rest of the day.

The next time I saw the wren family, all the young were scampering about in the bushes, following their parents hither and thither, earning their own livelihood and rapidly learning for themselves the arts of woodcraft.

BUTTERFLY DAYS.

JOHNNIKY VAN AND THE CANNIBAL MAN.

By Ellen Manly.



As Johnniky Van, in his Sunday clothes,
Walked out from town one day,
It chanced that a man from Chamboree
Was sitting beside the way.
Oh, fat and fierce and brown was he —
Sing fi-cum, fo-cum, fiddle-cum-fee!
The wandering man from Chamboree!

Now Johnniky Van was well brought up,
And always most polite,
And so, though his hair stood quite on end,
And he shook in his shoes with fright —
"It 's a beautiful day, dear sir," said he
To the terrible man from Chamboree.
Oh, fi-cum, fo-cum, fiddle-cum-fee!

"It 's no such a thing!" the stranger growled;
"For the clouds are quite too green,
And the sky-blue grass and the purple trees
Are the ugliest things I 've seen;
And the rain is wet, it appears to me —
Oh, fi-cum, fo-cum, fiddle-cum-fee!"
Said the singular man from Chamboree.

Cried Johnniky Van: "Excuse me, sir,
But I really must explain
That the sky is blue, and the grass is green,
And there is n't a drop of rain."
"Goo-roo! you 'd better not differ with me!
Oh, fi-cum, fo-cum, fiddle-cum-fee!"
Said the quarrelsome man from Chamboree.

Then Johnniky Van politely bowed,
But he said: "My statement 's true;
You may eat me up if you please, dear sir,
But I 'll never agree with you!"
"Oh, ho, my friend, I 'll try it and see!"
Said the cannibal man from Chamboree!
"Sing fi-cum, fo-cum, fiddle-cum-fee!"

Then Johnniky Van he plainly saw
There was not much time to waste.
So he said: "I am pleased to have met you, sir,
But I find I must leave in haste."
And down the road like a shot went he,
Away from the man from Chamboree!
Sing fi-cum, fo-cum, fiddle-cum-fee!

"This is dreadfully hard," the cannibal cried,
"On a man with nothing to eat!
A nice little boy in his Sunday suit
Would have been such a charming treat;
And *now*, pray what shall I have for tea?"
Said the cannibal man from Chamboree.
Oh, fi-cum, fo-cum, fiddle-cum-fee!

When a cannibal man 's in sight, my boy,
Don't stop to say, "Good day";
Though it 's well to be polite, my boy,
It is *better* to run away.
And, whatever you do, don't disagree
With a cannibal man from Chamboree!
Oh, fi-cum, fo-cum, fiddle-cum-fee!

THE RAIN RAINS EVERY DAY.

By Edith M. Thomas.

Said the robin to his mate
In the dripping orchard tree:
"Our dear nest will have to wait
Till the blue sky we can see.
Birds can neither work nor play,
For the rain rains every day,
And the rain rains all the day!"

Said the violet to the leaf:
"I can scarcely ope my eye;
So, for fear I 'll come to grief,
Close along the earth I lie.
All we flowers for sunshine pray,
But the rain rains every day,
And the rain rains all the day!"

And the children, far and wide,
They, too, wished away the rain;
All their sports were spoiled outside
By the "black glove" at the pane—
Very dull indoors to stay
While "the rain rains every day,
And the rain rains all the day!"

Up and down the murmurs run,
Shared by child and bird and flower.
Suddenly the golden sun
Dazzled through a clearing shower.
Then they all forgot to say
That "the rain rains every day,
And the rain rains all the day!"

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY

EDWARD F. BIGELOW

April, with her lap filled with violets; May, with her garland of fruit-tree blossoms; June, decked with the gorgeous roses.—DR. CHARLES C. ABBOTT.

FOX-FIRE.

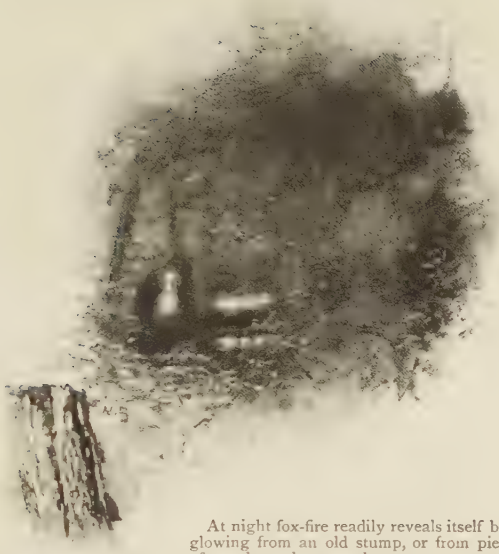
I RECALL very distinctly two farmer-boy experiences with fox-fire. One evening I went with a candle into the cellar to fill a pan with apples. As I passed the dark recesses of the potato-bin, I saw two great balls of light, like two eyes staring at me. I stepped forward pretty quickly, as a boy sometimes has a way of doing in such places. The movement had the same effect upon the lighted candle that a sudden draft would have had. I did n't stop to investigate details. I wanted a match—or something else—and I went upstairs without the slightest hesitation. But in that time, brief as it was, those two glaring balls grew into "a big animal in the corner of the potato-bin with two staring eyes and"— I was impelled to add—"a savage mouth and a long tail." Fierce claws and another smaller specimen not far from it were dawning on my excited imagination, when one of the workmen laughed and said, "That 's no tiger—that 's fox-fire on the rotten 'taters.'"

Thus I lost the chance to become the hero of a terrible encounter, but I gained my first knowledge of the fact that certain decaying vegetable materials can glow with a weird light —known to every dweller in the country as fox-fire.

A few months later I had the lesson to learn all over again and from a different point of view. Late in a dark evening I went to the shed for an armful of wood. The wood-chopper had that day cut up a load that had, as he expressed it, "gone a little by"—that is, it had lain for more than two years in a pile in the wood lot, till the sticks near the ground had become somewhat decayed so that they were regarded as not good enough to sell, but could be made to "do" for home use if well dried. Some of these damp sticks had been split or broken in pieces and scattered about in the shed, on the pile, and in the yard so as to dry thoroughly.

As I entered the shed I took just one look and started for the house with a cry of "Fire! The woodshed 's on fire!" that brought out the whole family with the water-pails. And

When you find, in the daytime, a decaying piece of damp wood or log on the ground among the growing plants, you may suspect that it is the home of fox-fire. Go in the evening and ascertain whether your suspicions were correct.



At night fox-fire readily reveals itself by a glowing from an old stump, or from pieces of wood on the ground.

again I was laughed at, and learned my second lesson in "fox-fire." But I well remember how we young folks afterward played with that "fire," and how we danced and ran and hurled the glowing lumps through the air, pretending to be Indians at a fire dance, hobgoblins, magicians, imps, and fiends.

Last summer I was guiding a party of about one hundred and fifty persons of all ages through a swamp at midnight, trying to answer Thoreau's query, "Is not the midnight like Central Africa to most of us?" Gibson also states: "For even the best informed student of daylight natural history may visit his accustomed haunts in the darkness as a pilgrim in a strange land." We found a large quantity of the fox-fire, put out our lanterns, and had a fantastic parade of midnight explorers with fox-fire torches. Of course the fire was not bright enough to be of aid in traveling, but the many sticks and balls of the pale light, as we waved and tossed them, produced an effect that was novel and beautiful.

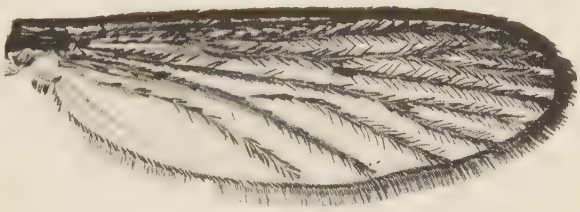
You will recall that Hawthorne, in "Mosses from an Old Manse," tells of a remarkable encounter with this weird fox-fire. He was on a journey by canal-boat which had stopped *en route* at midnight. He went to examine the phosphoric light of an old tree a little within the forest. He says: "The tree lay along the ground, and was wholly converted into a mass of diseased splendor which threw a ghastliness around."

You will be interested in the chapter on "Fox-Fire" in William Hamilton Gibson's "Eye Spy." This author relates several remarkable experiences with fox-fire. Very correctly he states that "one's first experience with fox-fire, especially if he chances upon a specimen of some size, is apt to be a memorable incident."

TINY WINGS BEAUTIFULLY ORNAMENTED.

Mosquitos belong to the fly family, but differ from common flies in many respects. One of the most interesting differences is the fringe of hair-like scales on the edge of the wing and on the wing-veins. These scales are exceedingly transparent and dainty in appearance, and the accomplished microscopist looks at them with great interest, because, once upon a time, the English-speaking microscopists of the whole world were fighting a wordy war about the true structure of these feathery objects. Microscope lenses of those days were poor in comparison with the lenses of the present, and few observers agreed in the interpretation of what they saw. We know about these scales now, but they will always be attractive, because thirty or forty years ago they stirred up quite a scientific contest.

The wing of the mosquito is a beautiful object even under a low magnifying power of the compound microscope, as shown below in the photograph of the magnified wing. Its form and the position of the scales are clearly indicated, but to see the full beauty with the delicate coloring the bright condensed light of the microscope is not at all necessary.



FRINGE OF HAIR-LIKE SCALES ON THE EDGE AND ON THE VEINS OF THE WING OF A MOSQUITO.

RADIUM.

PHOTOGRAPH MADE BY THE RAYS FROM THE PIECE OF PITCH-BLENDE PICTURED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PRECEDING COLUMN.

THE new metal, radium, which has been so much talked and written about during the last few months, turns out to be a sort of natural Roman candle, since, in addition to giving light, it also shoots off bodies of two different sizes. The light itself from this mysterious substance is not like ordinary light. Even a small fragment sealed up in a glass tube shines with a weird glow like a firefly, but bright enough to read by. Moreover, if these rays fall on certain other substances, as, for example, diamonds, it causes them also to glow with a similar unearthly radiance; and like the "X rays," which enable one to see his own bones, they will go through a plank or a dictionary. We never use metallic radium, because it has never been entirely separated from other material. We have n't it to use. We are therefore compelled to be content with some salt (a mixture) of the metal. One experimenter consequently placed the least pinch of radium bromide in a glass tube, and screwed it tightly inside of a rubber thermometer-case. This he put in an iron box, with a silver soup-tureen and four sheets of copper above it, yet in some way the rays got out. After all, I don't know that it is any more difficult to understand why this light goes through iron than why the light of a candle goes through glass.

A PIECE OF PITCH-BLENDE, THE MINERAL FROM WHICH RADIUM IS OBTAINED.

But a piece of radium, in addition to giving off these peculiar rays, sends out such a shower of little particles that it is like a sort of exploding battery of tiny rapid-fire guns. These, as I said at the beginning, are of two sizes. The smallest are the smallest particles known to science. Indeed, as they travel some two hundred thousand times faster than a bullet from a rifle, they must needs be pretty small not to wipe out everything within range. The others are much larger, perhaps by a thousand times, and they do not travel so fast. But even these are so small that, after millions upon millions of them have been shot off, the most careful weighing with a balance for which a hair is a heavy weight cannot detect any loss. Now these smaller bodies are the mysterious "electrons" which, as they stream against the walls of a Crookes tube, produce the X rays. So they seem quite like old friends. The larger ones come still nearer home. They are like the minute particles of vapor which are always being sent off by any substance, such as water, or alcohol, or camphor, or ice, which is drying up or wasting away. But the remarkable thing about radium is that, while the gas which goes off into the air from these familiar substances is still water or alcohol or what not, the gas from radium is not radium at all, but helium. Now helium and radium are totally different things. Radium

is one of the heaviest of all known substances, while helium is one of the lightest, and until within a few months no one so much as dreamed that the one could be changed into the other any more than that wood can be changed into gold. But if such a transformation as this is possible, what may we not expect in the future? However, this splitting up of radium into helium and other things is, after all, just the least little bit like the behavior of dynamite and gunpowder. Most explosives are solids which on occasion shake apart suddenly with a flash of light into gases many thousand times less heavy than themselves. Radium does something not so very different, except that the explosion, instead of being all over in a few hundredths of a second, probably lasts for several thousand years.

Like gunpowder and the rest, radium, as it slowly explodes, gives off considerable heat. A pound of it would boil a quart of coffee in about two hours. This, to be sure, does not seem so remarkable, since a kitchen range will do the same thing in as few minutes. But the range must be fed with coal several times each day, while the radium, sealed tightly in a bottle and untouched, will continue to give off heat for nobody knows how long.

However, in spite of the convenience of continuous heat without fire, it will be a long time before radium will supplant fuel. At five thousand dollars the grain, which was lately the price of pure radium salts, a piece the size of a hen's egg would cost from three to five million dollars. Fortunately, for most purposes the substance need not be absolutely pure, so that radium good enough to enable one to see most of these strange things for himself can be had for less than one dollar the grain.

M. PIERRE CURIE AND MME. SKLODOWSKA CURIE (THE DISCOVERERS OF RADIUM), WITH THEIR DAUGHTER IRENE, IN THE GARDEN OF THEIR HOME NEAR PARIS.

There is also another reason besides the cost why radium is not likely to become a household convenience: it would very likely be extremely dangerous to stay in a room with a few pounds of it. Between the scorching light and the fusillade of tiny bullets, a piece the size of a dried pea will kill a small animal such as a mouse

A PHOTOGRAPH OF A PIECE OF WELSBACH MANTLE TAKEN BY ITS OWN INVISIBLE RAYS.

or a guinea-pig; and two or three men who were rash enough to carry a little tube containing radium in their waistcoat pockets developed dangerous sores where the skin was pelted most vigorously. Still, like a great many other dangerous things, radium may be put to good use. Many very dreadful diseases, such as cancer, malaria, and, worst of all, consumption, are caused by minute living things which grow in the body. Perhaps it will be possible to bombard these with radium until they are killed and the patient is cured. Already this has been tried successfully with cancer, but it has to be done cautiously—just enough to destroy the disease germs, but not so much as to injure the healthy tissues of the patient.

Nevertheless, in spite of all its various characteristics, this strange metal is not altogether unique. There are two others, actinium and polonium, concerning which we know even less than of radium, and two much more common ones, uranium and thorium, all very heavy, and all with the same wonderful properties in different measure. Uranium has long been used to color glass and has some remarkable qualities of its own. Thorium, as thorium oxid, forms the mantle of Welsbach burners. All these act like radium, and doubtless there are others also; but radium is many thousand times more powerful than the two commoner metals. Still, a Welsbach mantle, even when cold and dark, gives off enough X rays to take its own photograph after two days' exposure, and, as everybody knows, when heated in the gas-flame, gives much more ordinary light than other hot substances. It is quite possible, too, that all metals are slightly "radioactive," just as they are all slightly magnetic, though only iron, and to a less degree nickel and cobalt, are strikingly so. At any rate, the more these strange powers are investigated the more universal they are found to be. Evidently we are now only just at the beginning of a series of startling discoveries, so that no one can so much as guess what marvels may appear in the next few years.

EDWIN TENNEY BREWSTER.

THE FIGHTING-BEETLES.

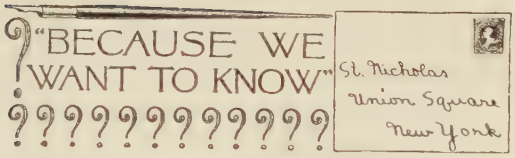
THERE are beetles in England (of the family known to scientists as *Telephoridæ*) that are popularly called soldiers and sailors, the red species being called by the former name and the blue species by the latter.

These beetles are among the most quarrelsome of insects and fight to the death on the least provocation. It has long been the custom among English boys to catch and set them fighting with each other. They are as ready for battle as game-cocks, and the victor will both kill and eat his antagonist.

Some of our American ground-beetles also are often called soldiers, because they capture other insects for food by chasing or springing upon them.

W. H. WALMSLEY.

THE SOLDIER-BEETLE.



CATERPILLARS IN EARLY SPRING.

WILLOUGHBY, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to ask you a question. Will you tell me, please, why caterpillars are

A SPRING CATERPILLAR.

sometimes seen moving around on the ground in the early springtime? Why are they not in cocoons?

FLORENCE C. CLARK.

Some caterpillars hibernate; that is, the insect spends the winter in the larval state, not changing to the cocoon form until spring. "Hurrying along like a caterpillar in the fall," is a common expression among the country people in certain parts of New England referring to a person who is walking rapidly. Probably this saying originated from seeing the caterpillar of the Isabella tiger-moth. Its evident haste to get somewhere in the autumn is almost painful to witness. A nervous anxiety is apparent in every movement of its body, and frequently its shining black head is raised high in the air, and moved from side to side, while taking its bearings. Sometimes it seems to have made a mistake, and turns sharply and hastens in another direction.

In the spring it resumes its activity, feeds for a time, then makes a blackish brown cocoon composed largely of its hair. It was doubtless this caterpillar, or one of the same habit of hibernating till the spring, that induced the question from our young observer. Some caterpillars hibernate immediately after emerging from the egg; others have one or more molts, that is, "changing their overcoats," as some young people call molting. Some insects exist in the caterpillar state for ten months, others for only one or two months. Some pass the winter in the egg state, others in the larval, others in cocoon or chrysalis, and a few in the winged form.

EARTHWORMS ON THE SIDEWALK.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like very much to know why there are so many worms on the sidewalks after the rain, and what they are called.

Your interested reader,

MARJORIE PARKS.

Earthworms cannot live without moisture; their food is also dependent upon it. During droughts they burrow down to moisture often three or four feet, and it is only after rains, during humid weather, or in damp earth that they may be dug up just under the surface or are seen reaching far out of their holes or even traveling on the surface to new localities, generally at night. Vegetable mold often grows upon pavements, and worms frequent such places. Often they crawl upon the hard sidewalks and cannot burrow down again. They are found in greatest numbers wherever there is decaying vegetation. Worms are friends of man and serve an important economic purpose. —S. F. A.

EARTHWORMS ON THE LAWN.

MANITOWOC, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This spring I noticed many holes on the lawn which were about the size of those that a worm makes. But large blades of grass had been pulled into them, the tops of which stood up in crowded tufts. I noticed now and then a few red ants about them, but the holes were much larger than those of an ant, and I did not see them carry any grains of sand. Do you know if this was the hole of red or black ant or a worm?

LITTA VOELCHERT.

AN EARTHWORM REACHING OUT OF ITS HOLE TO FEED.

Shown by cutting away the earth to expose the burrow. Blades of grass, minute pebbles, and such things are drawn into the hole to induce the growth of mold on which the worm feeds.

Holes on the lawn are made by earthworms, the common *Lumbricus terrestris*, also called

angleworms, fishworms, and redworms. They draw into their holes not only blades of grass, but small pebbles, twigs, leaves, moss, etc., anything that may induce the growth of organic substances such as mold, minute mosses, and lichens, upon which the worms feed. They also swallow little stones, gravel, sand, and twigs, not taking time to clean the mold from these, depending on digestion for that.

THE WILLOW GALL.

THE WILLOW GALL.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

THE WILLOW GALL. DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For the first time that I have gathered pussy-willows I have seen the cone (or something) inclosed on the willow. Can you tell me the name of it? Is there any germ or anything that makes it grow? And oblige, CARLTON KING.

The specimen you send is the pine-cone willow gall, one of the most curious of plant growths. Evidently it is not the seed-cone of the willow, for the seeds of the willow, as we all know, are scattered from the woolly "pussies" or catkins. If you will gather a few of these pine-cone willow galls in a glass jar you will some time later find one or more flies in the jar. These are the flies that lay their eggs in the end buds of the willow. The larvæ or worm-like stages of the insect grow inside this cone from the egg, till they transform into pupæ, then to the full-grown flies. One can study these willow galls at any season of the year and find much of interest.

Pick apart the scales of the cone and you will see how wonderfully the willow provides a nest for the intruder.

HOW A STARFISH SEES.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me how a starfish can see?

Your loving reader,

HELEN D. HUNTINGTON (age 10).

They have red eye-spots on the end of each arm, which enable them to see a little, though not very well.

THE RED SQUIRREL SOMETIMES ROBS BIRDS' NESTS.

CHILOWAY, DELAWARE CO., N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Behind our house stands a little maple-tree, so close that the limbs touch the house. In this tree there is a robin's nest. I was sitting in the window one day when I heard a great noise among the robins. On looking out I saw a red squirrel sitting in the nest with an egg in his paws, eating it as he would a nut. I opened the window and frightened him away. He ran up in the leaves and hid. That afternoon I went out to see if he had left any eggs, and found the nest empty. Just then the squirrel jumped into another tree, and I told a boy who was with me to shake him out, and down he came flat on his back. I jumped down and followed him, but he was too quick for me and got away.

WESTLEY S. BURNHAM (age 12).

The red squirrel has many interesting ways, but, I am very sorry to say, he also has many petty vices.

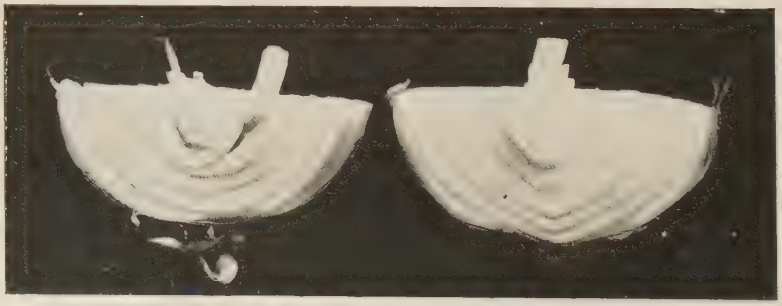
QUICK "GROWTH" OF A SPANISH ONION.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Yesterday evening mama cut in two, across the grain, a Spanish onion. The green central parts began to sprout at once, and in five minutes projected a quarter of an inch above the cut surface. One could plainly see them rising. Mama says she has noticed this before in Spanish onions but never in the common kinds. Yours truly,

BERNARD RAYMUND.

This is evidently due to the lengthwise pressure of the growing stem within the onion,



A PHOTOGRAPH OF A SPANISH ONION ONE-HALF HOUR AFTER IT WAS CUT IN TWO.

and is not real sprouting or growth. Cutting the onion in two parts releases this sprouting portion, which later would have to push through the outer layer at the top of the onion. I cut open several and was much interested in the apparent quick growth you describe.

QUEER PLACES FOR NESTS.

SOUTH COVENTRY, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for about four years. It is the nicest magazine I know of. I thought I would write to tell you about some queer places for birds' nests. One Sunday last month I went to walk in the afternoon with my father, mother, uncle, and two aunts. We went up to the cemetery, and while I was walking near the old cannon I saw a bluebird fly away from it. I went around and looked into the cannon, and there, sure enough, was a bird's nest. Another bird near my home was known to build in a knot-hole of a clothes-line post. Still another bird built a nest in the eaves trough on my home.

Your loving reader, EDITH C. TRACY (age 10).

This is the month for nest-building. Be on the lookout for a nest in an interesting and unusual place and "write to ST. NICHOLAS about it." Also look for nests that are near a much traveled path or road. A nest in a sculptured lion's mouth is interestingly described on page 726 of this number of ST. NICHOLAS.

"ANOTHER BIRD BUILT A NEST IN THE EAVES TROUGH ON MY HOME."

A BIRD'S NEST IN AN OLD CANNON.

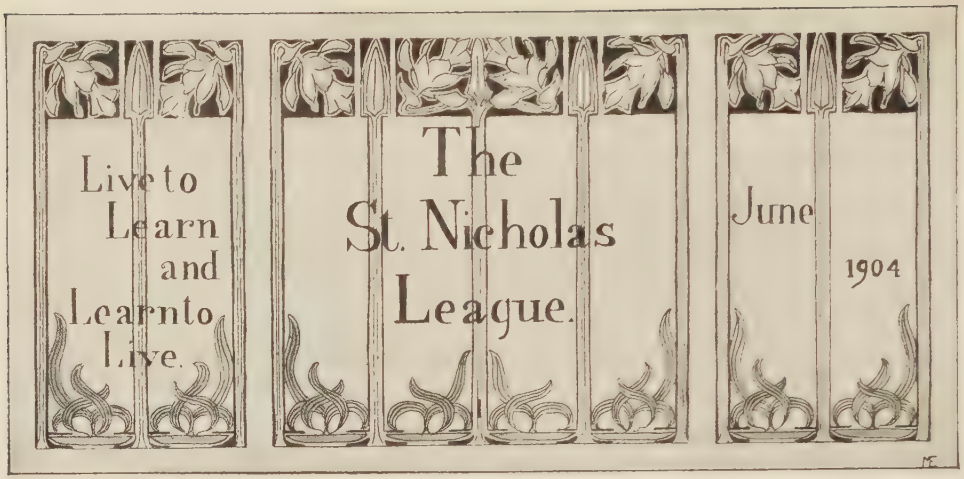
GRABBED A HUGE SNAKE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell you of a snake I chanced to meet last summer. Not far from the place where I lived was a little pond just teeming with snakes and frogs and painted turtles. One day, as I was walking by this pond with my net, I saw some tadpoles which I wished to get. I got down on my knees and put one hand in the water, when, to my surprise, I found I had put it on a snake about two inches thick. I took my hand away, but the snake did not move. Now, when I catch a snake I generally take hold just behind its head, but in this case it was rather hard to tell which was the head, as only a few coils were visible. I selected a spot which I thought was near the head, but when I pulled it up, it turned out to be very near the tail. It was like pulling on a rope; but as I was not very anxious to meddle with a snake of that size, and had not got it very near the head, I let it go. I will try to describe it. It had a dark brown back, with dull red spots at intervals, and a pale yellow abdomen. I have caught small snakes like it. Up in the Pocono Mountains I once caught a snake which was bright green. Can you tell me what kind of snakes they were and what to feed them on? Yours truly,

THEODORE M. CHAMBERS.

The larger snake was a water-snake (*Natrix fasciata sipedon*), a species semi-aquatic in habits, and feeding upon fishes, tadpoles, frogs, and toads. The small reptile was a green snake (*Liopeltis vernalis*). It feeds upon soft-bodied insects.



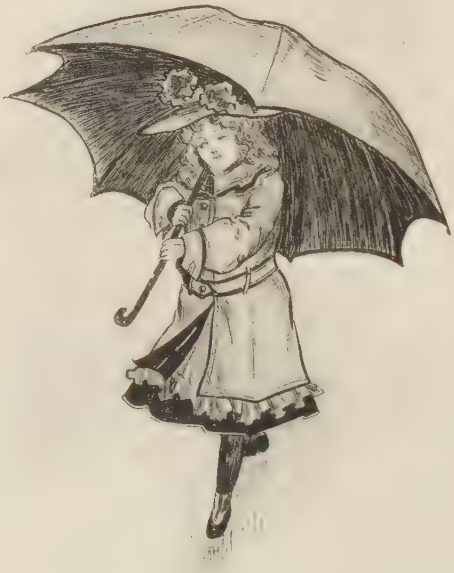
"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY MURIEL C. EVANS, AGE 16. (FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)

A JUNE SONG.

BY ALLEINE LANGFORD, AGE 15. (*Cash Prize.*)

How do we know when June is here?
By science, or logic, or calendar year?
Oh, no; we know by the bright blue sky,
By the white clouds lazily floating by,
By the soft, cool breeze as it nods the trees,
By the singing birds, by the hum of bees,
By the nodding rose, by the daisy white,
The primrose dainty, the cowslip bright,
The golden yellow of daffodils,
The soft haze over the sleeping hills;
By the woodland glen, by field and fen,
We know that June-time has come again;

By the robin's red, by the bluebird's blue,
By the waving grass and the pearls of dew,
By the first pink flush in the sky of gray,
And the lark's glad song at the peep of day,
By the murm'ring brawl, the hemlock tall,
By the cricket's chirp, and the wood-bird's call,
By the soft faint music of lowing kine,
By the wind's sweet song in the darkened pine,
By the lily buds on the rippling pool,
And the gray-green moss in the deep woods cool,
By the brook's low croon, and the thrush's gay tune,
We know, we know when the month is June.



"COMPANIONS." BY FANNY C. STORER, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

OUR chief regret this month is that we have not room for even a tenth of the *especially interesting* "Family Traditions," every one worthy of preservation. We did not imagine that so much interesting history—and not altogether family history, but history of the nation as well—existed in the form of stories told about the home fireside, handed down from one generation to another, each as precious as a gem to the owners, and likewise to the historian of some future day. The League editor would urge every one of his contributors to preserve in written and detailed form every bit of such material to be obtained. The country is comparatively new and its traditions are still closely allied with facts and the details of occurrence. Some day it will be old. The traditions, unless preserved in writing, will have become legends and myths; names will be lost or changed beyond recognition, and many of those who were a part of our history and helped to make a great nation will be forgotten and unhonored dust. To preserve the story of their deeds is to preserve the glory of those who, in days that are now no more, with Washington and Lafayette and other historic heroes, linked their lives and fortunes in the upbuilding of the foremost republic in all history.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 54.

In making awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Alleine Langford** (age 15), 7 E. 3d St., Jamestown, N. Y.

Gold badges, **Saidee E. Kennedy** (age 17), Merryall, Pa., and **Margaret Stevens** (age 13), 1150 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Dorothea Bechtel** (age 10), Carpenter, Del., and **Anna C. Heffern** (age 12), 4519 Kingsessing Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Prose. Gold badges, **Jeannie Read Sampson** (age 14), Box 375, Shelbyville, Ky., **Catharine H. Straker** (age 11), Shorncliff, Corbridge, Northumberland, England, and **Sophronia Moore Cooper** (age 11), Oxford, N. C.

Silver badges, **Alice Wickenden** (age 15), Ste. Adèle, Terrebonne Co., P. Q., Canada, **Morris Bishop** (age 10), 77 Waring Place, Yonkers, N. Y., and **Helen Platt** (age 9), Prettyman Ave., Mt. Tabor, Ore.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Eileen Lawrence Smith** (age 14), 31 Portman Sq., London, Eng., **Fanny C. Storer** (age 16), 418 S. 6th St., Goshen, Ind., and **Sara Homans** (age 11), 494 Bute St., Norfolk, Va.

Silver badges, **Frances Bryant Godwin** (age 11), Roslyn, N. Y., and **Robert Edmund Jones** (age 16), Milton, N. H.

Photography. Gold badges, **Mary Goldthwaite** (age 16), 411 White Ave., Marion, Ind., and **Gertrude M. Howland** (age 11), Conway, Mass.

Silver badges, **J. Stuart Jefferies** (age 15), 431 4th Ave., Braddock, Pa., **Farris B. Smith** (age 14), 200 N. Main St., Franklin, Ind., and **Corinne Bowers** (age 13), 173 E. Market St., Chambersburg, Pa.

Wild Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Skunk," by **Georgina E. McCall** (age 17), Strathmore Ranch, Eden, Concho Co., Tex. Second prize, "White-crested Nuthatch," by **Samuel Dowse Robbins** (age 16), Box 64, Belmont, Mass. Third Prize, "Wild Ducks," by **L. S. Taylor** (age 13), 17 Linden St., Somersworth, N. H.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Harry I. Tiffany** (age 16), Middleburg, Va., and **Doris Hackbusch** (age 15), 511 North Esplanade, Leavenworth, Kan.

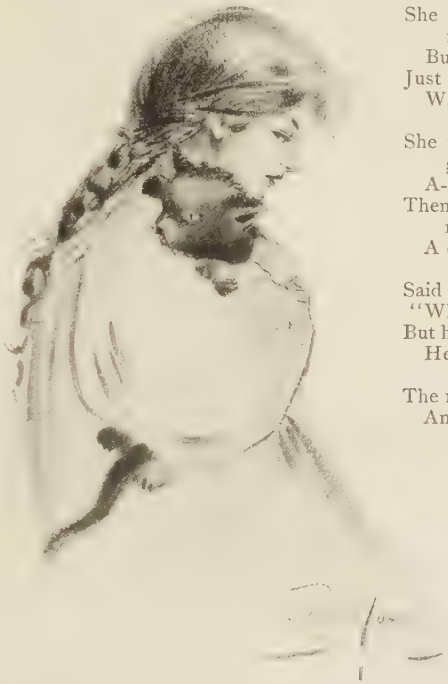
Silver badges, **Helen F. Searight** (age 13), 327 King St., Port Chester, Pa., and **Marie Warner** (age 9), 1900 Madison Ave., Baltimore, Md.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Elizabeth Thurston** (age 12), 50 Howard St., Melrose Hglds., Mass., and **Grace Haren** (age 12), 4575 Forest Park Boul., St. Louis, Mo.

Silver badges, **E. Boyer** (age 14), 444 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Can., and **Evaline Taylor** (age 10), Wissahickon Heights, Philadelphia, Pa.

Chapter Entertainment. First prize, fifty dollars' worth of books to be selected from The Century Co's. catalogue, won by Chapter 541, of West Newton, Mass. Total amount of receipts, $75.76, to be given to the Winning Farm, a branch of the Fresh Air Fund. It is a large farm near Lexington to which poor children are taken in the summer for less than a dollar a week. At its head is Dr. George L. Perin, pastor of the Every-Day Church in Boston.

We regret to say that while a number of other chapters competed, their reports have not been received, hence there will be no second and third awards.



"COMPANIONS." BY SARA HOMANS, AGE 11. (GOLD BADGE.)

A JUNE SONG.

BY SAIDEE E. KENNEDY (AGE 17).

(*Gold Badge.*)

Miss Arabella Geraldine
Came tripping o'er the grass,
And oh, so stiff and starched and trim
You ne'er did see a lass.

She did not shout nor run nor romp,
But hovered here and there,
Just like a big blue butterfly
With shining golden hair.

She plucked the daisies as they grew
A-smiling 'midst the green;
Then suddenly she spied, quite near,
A donkey gaunt and lean.

Said Arabella Geraldine,
"What can that creature be?
But hark! his mouth is open wide,
He 's going to sing to me!"

The music it was loud and long
And rendered with great skill.
It woke the echoes, and they rang
From every distant hill.

Miss Arabella? Well, the last
I saw of that small girl
Was just a piece of flying blue
And fast-receding curl.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY JEANNIE READ SAMPSON (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

In the early days of the Confederacy, as there was no arsenal in the South, my Grandfather Todd was sent as a spy to Norfolk to find out how shot, firearms, etc., were made. He had found out, when some Federals captured him. As President Lincoln had married grandfather's sister, he was not put in prison, but was taken to Lincoln's house. Mr. Lincoln wanted him to give his parole, but he replied, "No; if I get a chance I shall escape." He was allowed to go wherever he wished, but two detectives always went with him. He walked and rode out often, hoping to escape. One night he went to an entertainment, and he and the detectives stepped out of the carriage and went in the hall. Grandfather stopped before the hat-rack as if to adjust his tie. The two detectives, seeing him in the house, mixed in the crowd in the next room.

"REFLECTIONS." BY MARY GOLDTHWAITE, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

Grandfather, seizing the opportunity, went out quickly, and, getting in the carriage, told the coachman to drive him to the Potomac. The driver, not knowing that he was a prisoner, obeyed. Grandfather got out and said, "Take the President my compliments for the use of his carriage." Then, jumping into the Potomac, he swam across and escaped.

In the twilight I often like to hear mother tell about how he made his escape.

When there was a rising of Indians in the Northwest, and all the people had to crowd into the forts, my great-great-great-grandfather took his turn doing sentry duty outside the fort to set an example. My ancestress used to go out and walk up and down beside him, as that was the only quiet time she had to talk with him. She was afraid of the Indians, of course, but her great courage did not let her remain in for that.

Once, when there was a madman, armed with knives, on a river boat, of whom every one was afraid, her only son was made a special constable by his father to go and arrest him.

I do not know anything more about her, but this will be enough to show that my ancestress was an unusually brave woman.

A JUNE SONG IN WINTER.

BY MARGARET STEVENS (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

I SIT in the window corner,
  Looking out into the night,
While down on the snow beneath me
  The moonbeams shine so bright.

My brains are tired of rhyming,
  And my rhymes seem out of tune;
For it 's hard to write in windy March
  A song of sunny June.

A JUNE SONG.

BY DOROTHEA BECHTEL (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

OH, that I were an artist! I would paint June
As in my thoughts I 've often pictured her:
A maiden with cherries on her smiling lips
And sunshine in her flowing golden hair!

A FAMILY TRADITION OF COURAGE.

BY CATHARINE H. STRAKER (AGE 11).

(*Gold Badge.*)

IT may interest the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS to know that mother possesses a document signed by George Washington in the year 1796, making an American ancestor of mine judge of the territory northwest of the river Ohio. This man had a wife named Rebecca. On the second Sunday after she was married, she had walked to church between her husband and Timothy Pickering, Washington's Secretary of State. We also have the dress she wore on that day. I have worn it once myself on my birthday, when I dined late with my parents, and my brothers were asked to meet me.

"REFLECTIONS." BY GERTRUDE M. HOWLAND, AGE 11. (GOLD BADGE.)

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY SOPHRONIA MOORE COOPER (AGE 11).

(*Gold Badge.*)

AT the close of the French War, in 1756, my great-great-grandfather, Stephen Moore, was appointed Deputy Postmaster-general in Quebec, with the Canada District under his management. General Holdiman, then in command in Canada, had occasion in midwinter to send an express to Sir Jeffery Amherst, the commander-in-chief in America, residing at New York. He applied to my forefather to look out for a person qualified for the purpose and acquainted with all the wilderness through which it was necessary to pass.

Neither the St. Lawrence nor Lakes were sufficiently hard to bear sleigh or horses, and the despatches required haste and immediate conveyance.

My ancestor, after a few hours' preparation, told the general he had found such a person, and the letters were immediately handed to him. He put a pound or two of dressed provisions in his knapsack, put on his skates, slung his blanket and snowshoes on his back,

and started from Quebec, on the St. Lawrence.

On arrival at Montreal, he hired a couple of faithful Mohawks, armed as a guard, and all of them on snowshoes (the snow very deep and no vestige of a track), proceeded through the wilderness by the shortest course known to his Indian guides, to the north end of Lake Champlain. There they took to the lake, and proceeded on it and Lake George to its south boundary, and from there to the Hudson. At Albany he discharged his Indians, took to his skates, and kept on them until he reached Colonel Philipse's seat at Yonkers, twenty miles from New York.

He fell through the ice twice before he relinquished the frozen Hudson. From Colonel Philipse's he walked to town, and delivered his despatches to Sir Jeffery Amherst on the tenth day after leaving Quebec. The general told my great-great-grandfather that his position as Deputy Postmaster-general to the King's army forbade his offering any pecuniary remuneration, but handsomely insisted upon his acceptance of a large sum as postage, presenting him with one hundred guineas.

"REFLECTIONS." BY FARRIS B. SMITH, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

A JUNE SONG.

BY ANNA C. HEFFERN (AGE 12).

(*Silver Badge.*)

FLOW gently, ye streams!
Sing, sing, ev'ry bird!
Sun, scatter thy beams!
And let there be heard
With great acclamation
In tongue of each nation
This glad proclamation:
'T is June.

Now open, ye roses!
And, grasses, spring up!
Joy-filled, it o'erflows,
Doth, now, nature's cup;
The earth it is ringing
With jubilant singing
Of this joyous bringing
Of June.

Wind, bear the glad news
From palm unto pine!
'T is summer! And whose
This duty but thine?
With no lamentation
Let each tongue and nation
Shout this proclamation:
'T is June.

"REFLECTIONS." BY CORINNE BOWERS, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

OUR FAMILY TRADITION.

BY ALICE WICKENDEN (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

ST. NICHOLAS is always very welcome, but this month especially so; for the first thing I saw, on opening it, was a story on Cécile Daubigny's bedroom; and it will give me an opportunity of telling you that which will always remain as a family tradition with us.

We have been closely connected with the surviving members of Daubigny's family for many years—that is to say, Monsieur B. Daubigny, his second son, and Madame Karl Daubigny, the widow of the eldest son. Cécile Daubigny died several years ago.

Our house was just across the road from the Villa des Vallées, and we five children have spent most of our time in the Daubigny house, and all of us have slept in that bedroom, which we know by heart, as well as the rest of the house. Not only the little bedroom has been decorated, but also the studio, hall, and dining-room. One of our favorite corners on rainy days was the big sofa in the corner of the studio, reading the "Arabian Nights," or in the large, cool, tiled hall, where we would sew or play with our dolls.

We knew every corner in the garden where nuts, strawberries, violets, and the best apples and cherries could be found, and where also grew the finest ivy leaves, which we used to put around our bouquets of violets and daisies.

There was also the *Botin*, the boat on which Daubigny spent so much of his time; it was placed at the end of the lawn, where it was slowly decaying. On the anniversaries of the death of the two Daubignys, Madame Daubigny always placed on the *Botin* bouquets, which we helped her to make.

On our birthdays we used to go over there to sleep, which we thought was great fun, though I hardly know why, as we spent most of our time there in any case, so much so that most strangers thought we were Madame Daubigny's children.

The last week we were at Auvers, Madame Daubigny kindly lent us the house, as ours was sold.

My twelfth birthday came just at that time, and Monsieur B. Daubigny and Madame Karl Daubigny gave me an old-fashioned ring which belonged to Madame C. F. Daubigny. We write to each other very often, and live in the hope of meeting each other again in dear old Auvers.

THE BIRDS.

BY ALICE BARSTON (AGE 6).

LITTLE birdies in the sky—
Don't you see them flying high,
Up above the great big clouds,
Like an arrow shooting by?

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY MORRIS BISHOP (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

ONE of the customs of the bucaneers was to bury a man or boy, preferably a boy, with their treasure. When they had amassed enough treasure they would set out in search of a suitable boy.

Alas! my great-great-great-grandfather once happened to be that boy. He was captured and taken aboard Captain Kidd's ship—for it was Kidd himself who had captured him—till they could find a spot to bury their ill-gotten gains.

When they finally hit upon such a spot, my ancestor was rowed ashore in a boat well guarded with bucaneers. Several more boats came, one of which was laden with some mysterious-looking chests and boxes.

When they reached the shore the bucaneers' attention was fully occupied by the boxes of treasure, as my forefather rightly concluded the mysterious boxes to be. "Now is my chance," thought my forefather, and, accordingly, he "lit out." He found a hollow log, and crawled into it. This saved his life, though he did not know it at the time.

In a few minutes a spider decided that as the mouth of the log was quite a thoroughfare for flies, it would be immensely to his advantage to spin a web over that part, and, acting upon the thought, he spun one.

Meanwhile there was great excitement among the pirates when they discovered that their bird had flown.

They sent out parties as far as they dared in search of him. A party passed the hollow log, but they said:

"He can't be in here; see, a spider is spinning a web over the mouth."

In the morning my forefather escaped and found his way to a settlement.

I do not believe this story is perfectly true, for it could hardly be expected not to be exaggerated in some of the particulars, as it was never put in writing before. The main facts, however, are true.

"COMPANIONS." BY MARJORIE CONNER, AGE 15.

"COMPANIONS." BY ELSIE MOORE, AGE 13.

"REFLECTIONS." BY J. STUART JEFFERIES, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

A JUNE SONG.

BY ROBERT E. DUNDON (AGE 17).

(*A Former Prize-winner.*)

IN the sunrise-time, enraptured,
By its potent magic captured,
By its stilly charm enfolded,
As the poet wandered idly,
Swept his gaze a bit more widely,
Seeing shapes no mortal molded
Save in free imagination,
Saw this wonder presentation:

Riotous and helter-skelter,
In the sunny south slope's shelter,
Myriads of nature's fairest
Children growing, budding, blowing,
With a vigor overflowing.
With a beauty of the rarest,
Making June a month of pleasure,
Peace, and joy in endless measure.

Oh, how tawdry is ambition,
Vainer than vain repetition!
E'en the lowest of the lowly
Seem devoted to creation,
Seem to offer veneration,
Seem inspired by something holy,
Preach contentment, zeal for doing,
Virtue giving, life renewing.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY HELEN PLATT (AGE 9).

(*Silver Badge.*)

A LONG time ago, in the year 1847, my great-grandfather crossed the plains to Oregon in company with some other settlers.

They traveled in wagons drawn by oxen.

One day, when they were still a long way from Oregon, some Indians drove off the oxen.

The travelers did not know what to do; they did not have provisions enough to last very long, and they would starve before they could get any more.

My great-grandfather set his teeth, took some provisions, and started out, alone and on foot, to find the oxen.

He traveled for two days. Toward evening of the second day, he saw some Indians in a ravine, and at the foot of this ravine grazed the oxen. He was unarmed; he had only a stick in his hand: nevertheless he resolved to get those oxen.

He walked down to where they were feeding, and, in full sight of the Indians, he drove the oxen away. The Indians were so astonished at his bravery and daring that they did not move.

The Indians greatly admire bravery, and perhaps they thought that such a brave man ought to keep his cattle.

My great-grandfather drove the oxen back and the settlers resumed their journey. I do not think their oxen were ever stolen again.

A JUNE AFTERNOON.

BY RUTH BIRD (AGE 15).

THE days are long and sunny,
And the robin sings his best,
And the bobolink is calling
In the grass beside his nest.

The boys are off a-fishing
In the stream down by the mill,
And mama 's rocking baby,
And everything is still.

I 'm getting very drowsy,
And I can't read any more,
And I think I 'll take a little nap
Right down here on the floor.

"SKUNK." BY GEORGINA E. McCALL, AGE 17. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY ADELYN BELL (AGE 14).

ON a dark, foggy night in August, 1776, Washington, with his army, made his memorable retreat from Long Island. The British had a large force of well-trained soldiers, across the sound, on close watch for any signs of the colonists—or rebels, as they were called. All of these things made it dangerous for Washington to withdraw. It is true he had the darkness and the fog on his side, and his men, while "small in number, were bold in spirit"; still, unless the camp-fires had been kept burning until the army had reached New York, it is probable that the undertaking would have been a loss. My great-grandfather, with two or three others, were stationed as guards to keep up the camp-fires. They were the last to depart from the island. While the fires blazed high and bright, they quietly left and hastened to rejoin the main army. The English, seeing the fires, were deceived at first, and missed their opportunity of capturing the Americans.

"WHITE-CRESTED NUTHATCH." BY SAMUEL DOWSE ROBBINS, AGE 16. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

JUNE.

BY MARGARET DREW (AGE 9).

OH, June she brings the roses,
So scented and so fair;
I love to smell their perfume,
That fills the summer air.

Of yellow there are n't many,
Of white there are a few;
Red and pink are plentiful,
All sparkling with the dew.

'T is June that brings the strawberries
So luscious and so sweet;
I like to sit in shade of trees
And eat and eat and eat.

"WILD DUCKS." BY L. S. TAYLOR, AGE 13. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

FAMILY TRADITIONS.

BY OLIVE MUDIE COOKE (AGE 14).

MOST families have a tradition, but there are few which date back as far as the early Norsemen.

The Mudies were great vikings, who were famous not only for their great and endless courage, skill, and strength, but for their mercy toward those weaker than themselves. They were never known to bring about any revenge, except once, when a member of their family was taken prisoner and the "Blood Eagle" cut upon him. For a long time they sought the man who had done this, and, when they found him, treated him even as he had treated their relative.

In later days it became the custom for the vikings who inhabited the islands round Scotland to be stood up in their armor when they died, instead of being given a burning journey to Valhalla, with their ships and slain followers. Until about fifty years ago two of our ancestors stood thus, and the nurses used to frighten the children by telling them that the Mudies would fetch them.

My grandfather, the founder of Mudie's Library, was having some pipes mended in the library, and the workmen noticed that the walls sounded as if there were another room next to the one they were in.

Upon examination a sealed door was discovered. This was opened, and a room found containing silver, etc., of the time of Charles I, some of which was very valuable, and given to the British Museum.

A JUNE SONG.

BY EVA LEVY (AGE 15).

OH, the roses all are blooming,
pink and yellow, white and red,
And the bluets shy are peeping
now from out their grassy bed,
And the bluebells all are chiming
low a merry, merry tune,
And my heart sings to their music, "It is June, oh, it is June!"

Blue and cloudless are the heavens, soft and balmy is the air,
And the breezes all are whispering, "Was there ever month so fair?"
All around the birds are caroling
a happy, happy tune,
And my heart joins in with rapture,
"It is June, oh, it is June!"

And the softly flowing river over which the willows nod
Sings, as ever on it ripples, of the wondrous love of God.
And the sunshine and the flowers seem to catch and hold the tune,
And my heart joins in with gladness, "It is June, oh, it is June!"

Every creature feels the happiness pervading all the air;
Every creature seems to sing in praise of June, that month so rare.
Oh, the whole world seems a-ringing, and the burden of the tune
Suits the words my heart is singing—"It is June, oh, it is June!"

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY MARJORIE E. PARKS (AGE 13).

IN the olden times when hand-engines were used, my twice-great-uncle, Isaac Harris, was an active volunteer fireman, as most of the men were then. It was the custom in those days to keep in the houses two or three leather buckets, to be used in cases of emergency. When there was a fire, every one would seize their buckets, fill them with water, and rush to help put out the fire.

At the time to which I refer, the famous Old South Church in Boston was on fire. The date was December 31, 1810.

Among the first to arrive on the scene was my great-great-uncle, who immediately saw what needed to be done. So he climbed to the roof of the church, poured on the water, and then with an ax cut the burning portion from the building. For this brave act he was presented with a massive silver pitcher by the citizens of Boston.

This Isaac Harris was a mast-maker by trade, and furnished the masts for the famous United States frigate *Constitution*, popularly known as "Old Ironsides."

"COMPANIONS." BY EILEEN LAWRENCE SMITH, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY MARGARET P. HASTINGS (AGE 12).

WHEN my grandmother was a little girl she used to visit at Mount Vernon, Virginia, a great deal, as she was a great favorite of Mrs. Washington, the mother of Augustin Washington, the last owner of Mount Vernon, and was also her cousin.

When she grew older, this cousin gave her a pair of gold shoulder sleeve-buttons, which were always said to have belonged to Pocahontas, who wore them to fasten her sleeves on the shoulder when she was presented at court in England.

This pair of shoulder sleeve-buttons consist of four little buttons; each two are linked together, as some cuff-buttons are, only these buttons are a great deal smaller.

One reason I like this story so much is because I have one of the buttons on a necklace.

A JUNE SONG.

BY SIBYL KENT STONE (AGE 14).

OH, a ruddy shaft of sunlight now paints the whole world gold;
The dew is sparkling on the grass, the air is fresh and cold,
And the countless cobwebs glimmer, all wet and white with dew;
Robin-redbreasts sing with joy, and sunlit skies are blue.

For June, the month of day-dreams, has come again this year;
Birds are sailing overhead—their countless songs we hear.
The murmur of the skylark, up in the sky so blue,
Seems now to say, "Oh, dreamy month, to thee my heart is true."

Come out into the sunlight, come out and dream with me;
Come where the zephyrs gently blow, where drowsy hums the bee.
Come out, my little dreamer, and sing a merry tune;
For all the birds that ever sang proclaim the month of June.

A JUNE SONG.

BY JOSEPHINE WHITBECK (AGE 10).

(*Written on a very stormy day in March.*)

IN June the cold wind never blows;
It never rains, nor hails, nor snows;
There is no slippery ice about—
But flowers bloom day in, day out.
It would not be so drear
If June were only here.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY ELISABETH CLARK (AGE 13).

ONE bright day, August 16, 1782, the white men of Bryant's Station discovered some Indians skulking in the edge of the woods, as if to take the fort by surprise. The men were prepared for an attack, except they had no water. The spring was a little way outside the fort. To get the water was the work of the women, and if the men went now the Indians would know that they were discovered. The men told the women how it was, and

my twice-great-grandmother Johnson was the first to volunteer to go. Then the other women and girls said they would go. Grandmother had four children in the fort: Betsey, Sallie, James, and baby Richard M. Johnson (who afterward killed Tecumseh and was Vice-President of the United States). Betsey was old enough to go to the spring, while Sallie took care of James and Richard. The women went to the spring laughing and talking as if there were no Indians in gun-shot. They got back to the fort with the water. The Indians attacked the fort. After a hard fight some men rode up on horseback and the Indians ran away. There is now a wall around the spring and memorial tablets to the brave women of Bryant's Station.

LIFE'S SPRINGTIME.

BY THEODOSIA D. JESSUP (AGE 11).

THE sky is of an azure blue,
  Warm breezes softly blow,
Pink brier-roses blossom too,
  The violet bloometh low.

Far away on the purple hills,
  Snow melteth fast from sight;
The very clouds once dark and gray
  Are now a fleecy white.

So is the springtime of our youth,
  When wants and cares are few,
When life's stream is a sparkling rill,
  And skies are always blue.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY LOIS GERTRUDE STEVENS (AGE 6).

THE shortest tradition in our family is about the three men who captured Major André as he galloped along the Tarrytown road. My great-grandma's cousin said: "You are our prisoner; get off your horse." A monument marks the spot where they seized and searched him.

"COMPANIONS." BY FRANCES BRYANT GODWIN, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

"JUNE." BY ROBERT EDMUND JONES, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN MYTHOLOGY.

BY LAWRENCE HARGER DOOLITTLE (AGE 12).

IN the Norse mythology, Thor is the god of thunder. He fights the giants with his magic hammer, Mjöllnir, which returns to his hand when he throws it. The giants are always trying to get into Asgard, the home of the gods, and they know if they can get hold of the hammer they can accomplish their end.

One morning when Thor awoke he could not find the hammer. Then he thought of the giants, so he sent Loki (the god of fire) to look for it. Loki borrowed the falcon-guise of Freyja (goddess of love), and flew away to Jötunheim, the home of the frost-giants. Here he saw Thrym, their chief, sitting on a mountain, making collars for his dogs.

"Welcome, Loki," said he; "how fares it with the gods and elves, and what brings you here?"

"It fares ill with both gods and elves since you stole Thor's hammer," replied Loki, "and I have come to find it."

The giant laughed and said, "You won't find it, for I have buried it eight miles underground, and I won't give it up unless I get Freyja for a wife."

Loki flew back to Asgard and told Thor, but Freyja indignantly refused.

So Thor, dressed and veiled like a bride and with Loki disguised as a servant-maid, journeyed to Jötunheim. When Thrym saw them coming he ordered the wedding-feast prepared. The bride's appetite aroused Thrym's suspicions, but Loki explained that Freyja was so happy that she had fasted for eight days. This pleased Thrym very much, and he carefully lifted the edge of the veil, but when he saw the bride's eyes he jumped back the whole length of the room.

"Why are Freyja's eyes so sharp?" he asked.

"Oh," said Loki, "she was so anxious to come here that she has n't slept for a week."

Thrym ordered the hammer brought in, that it might be used in the marriage ceremony. No sooner had the hammer been laid in the bride's lap than she tore off her veil, and there stood Thor, hurling the hammer right and left.

Thrym was punished, and Asgard safe once more.

"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY JOSEPH W. MCGURK, AGE 17.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers. The membership is free. A League badge and an information leaflet will be mailed on application.

PANDORA.

BY HELEN A. RUSSELL (AGE 11).

A LONG time ago there lived, in a large house, all alone, a little boy named Epimetheus. At this time there was no trouble or sickness in the world and no one grew old.

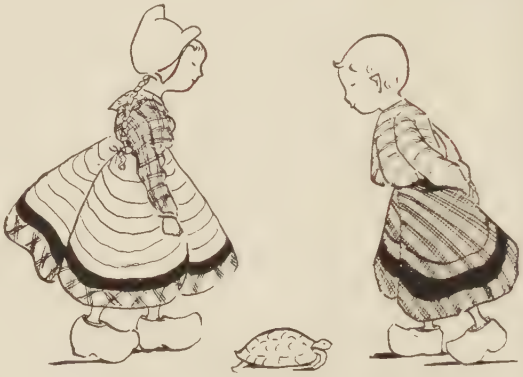
One day some one brought a little girl about Epimetheus's age to live with him. Her name was Pandora.

A little while before, a large box had been left with Epimetheus, and he had been told never to open it, or to let any one else. Almost as soon as Pandora came she asked what was in the box. Epimetheus told her that he did not know, and he had been told not to let any one open it.

Pandora did not like it because she could not see what was in it, and she soon became cross and bothered Epimetheus. She tried very hard to make him let her open it, but he would not.

Later, when Epimetheus went out to get some food, Pandora went to the box and gazed at it. At last she started to open it. Just as she began to lift the lid, the door opened and Epimetheus came in, but Pandora did not hear him. He saw what she was doing, but did not try to stop her. When she opened the box, a great many little insects flew out and stung them. Soon they flew around and stung a great many other people. These insects were called Troubles.

A long time after this, Pandora and Epimetheus heard a sweet little voice coming from the box, and after much coaxing they opened the box again, and a beautiful little creature called Hope flew out. She helped every one, and healed the wounds made by the Troubles.



"COMPANIONS." BY MARGERY BRADSHAW, AGE 15.

"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY HELEN WILSON, AGE 9.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 710. Alfred Germann, President; Harry Hartmen, Secretary; six members. Address, 85 Jefferson Ave., Jersey City Heights, N. J.

No. 711. Nuhfer Moulton, Secretary; ten members. Address, Plain City, Ohio.

No. 712. "Children of Love and Truth." Elizabeth Marchant, President and Secretary; five members. Address, 537 York St., Camden, N. J.

No. 713. Edwin Sides, President; Thomas Sullivan, Secretary; five members. Address, 10 Mill St., South Groveland, Mass.

No. 714. Ina Austin, President; Edith Van Horn, Secretary; six members. Address, Wellsboro, Pa.

No. 715. "George Washington." Fred Tobin, President; Alice McGrath, Secretary; four members. Address, 68 Canal St., New Haven, Conn.

No. 716. "Electæ Sex." Mildred Cram, President; Dorothy Ridgely, Secretary; six members. Address, 1925 7th Ave., New York City.

No. 717. "Triangle." Louise Fitz, President; Rosalind Case, Secretary; three members. Address, Peconic, L. I., N. Y.

No. 718. "Little Women." Katharine Norton, President; Margaret Norton, Secretary; four members. Address, 216 Homer St., Newton Center, Mass.

No. 719. Egbert Spencer, President; Allen Schauffler, Secretary; eight members. Address, Box 437, Highland Park, Ill.

No. 720. "Bell Chapter." Marion Hays, President; Florence Mooney, Secretary; sixty members. Address, care of Miss Fuld, 130 E. 110th St., New York City.

No. 721. "Happy Hour." Celia Middleman, President; Minnie Middleman, Secretary; six members. Address, 727 Lombard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 722. "Three Little Chickadees." Bessie Tappan, President; Lillian Aspinall, Secretary; three members. Address, Firthcliffe, N. Y.

No. 723. Eunice Barrow, President; Joyce Bovee, Secretary; eight members. Address, Pocahontas, Iowa.

No. 724. William White, President; Arthur Read, Secretary; two members. Address, 354 Clinton Rd., Brookline, Mass.

No. 725. John O'Callaghan, President; nine members. Address, 113 Smith St., Roxbury, Mass.

No. 726. Marion Peirce, President; Margaret Jaques, Secretary; nine members. Address, 608 Ferry St., Lafayette, Ind.

No. 727. "Columbine." Harry Palmer, President; Donald Jackson, Secretary; five members. Address, 2347 King St., Denver, Col.

No. 728. "Tuesday Afternoon Club." Ernestine Senter, President; eleven members. Address, 69 Miller Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

No. 729. "Au Fait." Marguerite Mills, President; Marguerite Fietsch, Secretary; eleven members. Address, 342 Home St., Oak Park, Ill.

No. 730. "Sunshine Circle." Mary Bulloch, President; Jeannie Sampson, Secretary; six members. Address, Shelbyville, Ky.

No. 731. "Pen and Ink." Louis Pavis, President; Moses Weiss, Secretary; three members. Address, 314 Reed St., Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 732. Douglas Sharpe, Secretary; nine members. Address, Greensboro, N. C.

No. 733. "The Torch." Neill Wilson, Secretary; six members. Address, 1415 Clinton Ave., Alameda, Cal.

No. 734. "Merry Links." Gertrude O'Brien, President; Christine Schoff, Secretary; nine members. Address, Norfolk, Conn.

No. 735. Adelaide Stiles, President; Harriet Lish, Secretary; five members. Address, Clifton Springs, N. Y.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been away from home for some time, and I have just received the cash prize which you were so kind as to award me.

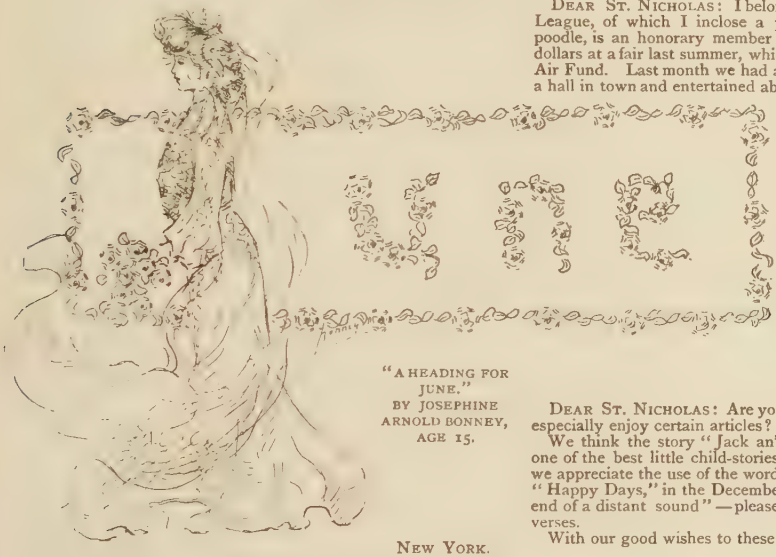
Some of the League members have written that when they received the silver badge they thought it charming, but when the gold badge came they thought that still more beautiful. So I may write that when I received the gold badge I thought it very beautiful indeed, but when I received the cash prize I thought *that* still more beautiful.

I never thought that I could write anything worthy of the Great Unattainable, as I regarded it, and I was afraid that I should reach the advanced age of eighteen without satisfying my ambition; so you can imagine my delight when I read my name among the awards.

I suppose that I am not permitted to enter the competitions any longer, but I hope that you will let me send my contributions, because I should hate to consider myself out of the League.

Thanking you for your kindness and encouragement, I remain,

Yours sincerely,
SIDONIA DEUTSCH.



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY JOSEPHINE ARNOLD BONNEY, AGE 15.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The other day my brother came home with such a long face that I immediately inquired the trouble. "Because I have no poem to recite on Lincoln's birthday," he replied. "Have n't you a book with some poems relating to Lincoln?" he continued. "No," I answered, "but — oh, yes!" I exclaimed; "go up to my room, and on my bookcase you will find the February ST. NICHOLAS."

He took it to school, and in the afternoon he came home with the news that the teacher had selected a poem for him to recite from the St. Nicholas League, written by a boy eleven years old! But this was not all. She gave four more boys poems from the League, not allowing them to recite those that she had previously given them.

Now, what do you think of that, dear old ST. NICHOLAS?

Ever your devoted reader, RITA WANNINGER.

SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: What a kind, indulgent saint you are! This gold badge is so beautiful that I can hardly think it is really mine; everybody says it is lovely, and I thank you so much for it. I think it is so friendly when other nations allow us to share their child-honors. It seems as if I must be feeling just a little bit like Lord Bobs with his Prussian Order of the Red Eagle, or some Englishman who has been decorated with the French Legion of Honor. But I am very proud of my own national emblems, though I cannot wear them for anything I have done.

Thank you again for printing my letter last October. I have now five American correspondents wanting to exchange wild flower specimens, so you will have given pleasure to six of us. Mother wants you to know that I have the Bible for Children which is advertised in ST. NICHOLAS. She says it is the only child's Bible she has seen that seems like a real Bible, outside and in, and I love to have it. If ever I should be so very fortunate as to win a cash prize, I wonder if I should be allowed to have a book instead? Dear ST. NICHOLAS, in giving me the chance to try with others, you have given me one of the best pleasures I have ever had. I read every single thing in the League pages, and often wish I could do as well; but of course I have a long time left to try in and my badge is a great encouragement. As I am quite a small member of ST. NICHOLAS, I will sign myself, Your loving little friend, ELSA CLARK.

BURLINGTON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not know how to thank you enough for the lovely badge you sent me.

After trying for two years to gain such an honor, and when I was despairing of ever getting such a beautiful prize, to have it come was too good to be true. Thanking you again and again, I am

Your devoted League member, HELEN F. CARTER.

MILLEDGEVILLE, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little army girl. My father and mother and little sister have lived in an army post or on detail as long as I can remember. My father was wounded very badly at San Juan Hill, so is not fit for service. We are here waiting retirement. I thought when I came here that the barracks ought to be on three sides and the officers' quarters on the fourth. We had a little school at the last fort I was at. Most of the children are in the Philippines now. Some of the children had been in Porto Rico and could speak Spanish like natives. I must stop.

Yours lovingly, KATHERINE KIRKWOOD SCOTT (age 9).

NEWTON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I belong to the Newton Chapter of the League, of which I inclose a photograph. The dog, my French poodle, is an honorary member of our club. We made fifty-eight dollars at a fair last summer, which we sent to the "Tribune" Fresh Air Fund. Last month we had a progressive pit party and dance at a hall in town and entertained about fifty guests. We had great fun.

Wishing success and a long life to the League, I remain,

Your devoted reader,
FLORENCE R. T. SMITH.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I can never thank you enough for all you have done for me. Since I joined the League all my teachers have remarked how improved my literary work is, but I think I was a bit doubtful until I received that second prize for a story that *I* made up.

Ever your loving reader.
DOROTHEA THOMPSON.

DECATUR, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Are you pleased to know that your readers especially enjoy certain articles?

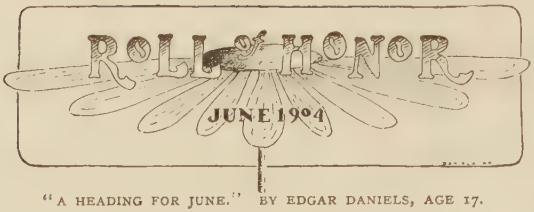
We think the story "Jack an' Me," by Albert Bigelow Paine, is one of the best little child-stories the ST. NICHOLAS has had — and we appreciate the use of the word "lovelly." Then, too, we admire "Happy Days," in the December number: "ribbons crack," "the end of a distant sound" — please have the author write some more verses.

With our good wishes to these two writers especially, we are

SOCIETAS PUELLARUM.

OTHER appreciative and interesting letters have been received from Alice J. Goss, Ruth Wales, Helen Patch, Beatrice Fagon Cockle, Mary Elmira Heilner, Nannie C. Barr, Marjorie Shriver, Ada G. Kendall, Katherine Bagaley, Anna A. Flichtner, Elizabeth S. Mills, Florence R. T. Smith, Thomas J. League, Pearl Blucher, E. Adelaide Hahn, Sadie Silver, Bonnie Bonner, Emily Rose Burt, Marion Thomas, Dulcie Power, Dorothea Porterfield, Ada H. Case, Ella May Davis, Maria Arpesani, Oscar D. Stevenson, Anna Clark Buchanan, Helen J. Beshgetour, Ruth C. Stebbins, Elsa Van Nes, Grace Haren, Madge Pulsford, Madge Oakley, Sally Colston, Winifred Hutchings, Rea Schimpeler, Floyd L. Mitchell, Margaret H. Bennett, Agnes Rutherford, Gladys V. Stuart, Frank Uberroth, Eleanor Clarke, Edith Rachel Kaufman, and Helen Weidenfeld.

THE NEWTON CHAPTER. (SEE LETTER ABOVE.)



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY EDGAR DANIELS, AGE 17.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

Selected from more than twelve hundred contributors.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Katherine T. Halsey
Maud Dudley Shackelford
William Laird Brown
Mary Travis Heward
Marguerite Borden
A. Elizabeth Goldberg
Marion Prince
Elsie T. Weil
Emily Rose Burt
Louisa F. Spear
Myra Bradwell Helmer
Kate Huntington Tiemann
Carl Olsen
Dorothy Walker
Ruth Grey De Pledge
Charles Irish Preston
Jessica Nelson North
Carolyn Bulley
Elizabeth C. Beale
Madeleine Fuller McDowell
Georgiana Myers Sturdee
Pemberton H. Whitney
Henrietta Craig Dow
Elise Russell
Louise Heffern
Natalie Wurts
Aurelia Michener
Carolyn Coit Stevens
Gertrude Louise Cannon
Gertrude Wilcox
Marie C. Wennerberg
Dorothea M. Dexter
Daisy E. Brettell
Anita Bradford
Mary Yeula Westcott
Helen M. Spear
Beulah H. Ridgeway
Doris Francklyn
Katharine Monica Burton
B. A. Mann
Helen Copeland Coombs
Nannie C. Barr
Rachel Bulley
Gwenllian Peirson Turner
Margaret C. Richey
Gladys Nelson
Ray Randall
Emmeline Bradshaw
Magdalene Barry
Katherine Scheffel
Mena Blumenfeld
H. Mabel Sawyer
Greta W. Kernan
Rita Pearson
Dorothy Stabler
Esther Galbraith
Julia Cooley
Elizabeth Burrage
Gertrude E. Ten Eyck
Lily Pearson
Marjorie Meeker
Elsa Clark
Virginia Coyne

VERSE 2.

Laura Gregg
May Henderson Ryan
Georgia Spears
Agnes Dorothy Campbell
Catherine E. Campbell
Elsie Kimball Wells
May Margaret Bevier
Alice Braunlich
Florence L. Adams
Maude C. Douglas
Elizabeth Lee
Ruth T. Abbott
Richard Rea Montgomery
Austin O'Connor
Charles H. Price, Jr.
Florence Isabel Miller
Laura Brown
Helene Esberg
Ramon de François Folsom
Alice Moore
Rebecca Faddis
Benjamin Hitz
Mabel Robinson
Ray Murray
Elizabeth Cocke
Helen Louise Stevens
Wilbur K. Bates
Corinna Long
Margaret Benedict
Mary C. Nash
Dorothy H. Ebersole
Marie Armstrong
Harold R. Norris
Mary Patton
Marjorie Patterson
Susan Warren Wilbur
Kathleen Burgess
Freda M. Harrison
Katharine Norton
Mary C. Smith
Katharina Goetz
Gretchen Strong
Evelyn Uhler
Angeline Michel
Mildred Eareckson
Katharine Leeming
Florence Hewlett
Alice Trimble
Jean Dickerson
Marion E. Bradley
Sarah Yale Carey
George Currie Evans
Alice Perkins
Dorothy Joyce
Grace Leslie Johnston
Robert J. Martin
Medora Addison

PROSE 1.

Willia Nelson
Helen Lorenz
John N. Wilkinson, Jr.
Julia Bryant Collier
Eleanor Wyman
Marguerite Stevenson
Anna Loraine Washburn
Edmund Randolph Brown
Katharine L. Marvin
Jessie Freeman Foster
Ruth Fletcher
Mildred M. Whitney
Elizabeth S. Brengle
Marion A. Rubicam
Margaret Budd
Marion Phelps
John Paulding Browne
Sarah Hall Gaither
Melicent Eva Humason
Frances Renshaw Latzke
William A. R. Russum
Gertrude Trumplette
Katherine Palmer
Anna Gardiner
Robert Gillett
Marie Jedermann
Ida Busser
Dorothy Kuhns
Fay Memory
Myrtle Willis Morse
Gertruydt Beekman
Priscilla Alden Clarke
Marjory Fitch McQuiston
Elizabeth P. Defandorf
Nell Kerr
Mary Williamson
Louise M. Hains
William Hazlett Upson
Margaret Carpenter
Margaret Stone
Edith J. Minaker
Jeanette Dair Garside
William Ariel Talcott
Dorothy Hall
Mary Graham Lacy
Marjory Leadingham
Rowland Fowler
William Leetch
Gretchen S. James
Mary Hendrickson
Lelia E. Tupper
John Willis Love
Louise Lincoln
Florence Rosalind Spring
Carlos Young
Robert Lindley Murray
Hester Trumbull
Clarissa M. L. Howland
Marion Logan Kean
Dorothy G. Thayer
Alice Wadsworth
Ted Miller
Henry Irving Fitz
J. Foster Flagg Price

PROSE 2.

Jessie B. Coit
Mildred Newman
Marion Elizabeth Ingalls
Fern L. Patten
Mary Hatch
Natalie Pearson
Eleanor Hathorne Bailey
Helen J. Simpson
France J. Shriver
Kathryn Sprague
G. Virginia Robinson
Marguerite Eugenie Stevens
Florence Montague
Urath Brown Sutton
Laura B. Weill
Christine Graham
Constance Dorothy Collins
Dorothy Davis
Elizabeth R. Marvin
Emelyn Ten Eyck
Evelyn Corse
Mary Pemberton Nourse
E. Vincent Millay
Barbara Cheney
Andrew Robinson
John McCoy
Marie Willitt
Olga Maria Kolff
Stanley F. Moodie
June Deming
Willis L. Osborn
John K. Wright
Helen Mabry Boucher Ballard
Eleanor P. Wheeler
Richard J. Levis
Mary E. Pidgeon
Marjorie Moore
Anna Michener
Doris M. Smith
Theodore Wells
Dorothy Kavanaugh
Mercie Williamson
Vieva Marie Fisher
Nan Ball
Mary Merrill Foster
Volney Parker
Aaron Coon
Donald W. Campbell
Paul S. Arnold
Mary Washington Ball
Vera M. Stevens
Lucy S. Taylor
Stanley W. McNeill
Martha H. Ordway
Katherine MacLaren
Charles F. Fuller
Eleanor White
Louis Alexander
Sidney B. Bowne
Rita Wanninger
Charles Deane
Lillian May Chapman
Else Buchenberger
Gladys Hodson
R. F. Andrews
Katherine Olivia Leech
William G. Maupin
Juliette Gates
Blanche Leeming
Kate Cleaver Heffelfinger
Mary Graham Bonner
Mary R. Adam
Dorothy Felt
Harriette Kyler Pease
Twila Agnes McDowell
Lola Hall
Bessie Miller
Marguerite Kershner
Doris Neel
Caroline Sinkler
Frederic Olsen
Fulvia Varvaro
Sally Nelson Catlett
Florence Hanawalt
Eva L. Pitts
Helen Wilson Barnes
Gerald F. Smith
Gratia B. Camp
Joseph A. Allen
Winifred Davis
Lucy Du Bois Porter
Arla Stevens
Gertrude M. Schell
Margaret Griffith
Marguerite Clark White
Gladys M. McCain
Louise Fitz
Rex E. Daggett
Katharine Deering
Pauline M. Dakin
Winnie B. Wilson
Helen Manning McNair
Maria Tilton Wead
Mary Thornton
Henry Reginald Carey
Evelyn Adriance
Kate King Morrison
Eleanor Clarke
Allen Castleman
May A. Bacon
Mary E. Mead
Elizabeth R. Van Brunt
Arnold W. Jacobson
Katharine Oliver
Isabella Howland
Ruth A. Johnson
Annie Brownie Samsell
Marjorie Garland
Marion Cheney
Alice Keating
Tom Ross
Helen De Wolf
Bertha Moore
Marguerite Stuart
Ethel V. Brand
Frieda Rabinowitz

DRAWINGS 1.

Stephen Cochran
Florence Gardiner
Genevieve Parker
Ruth Parshall Brown
Phyllis Lyster
Gurdon Williams
H. B. Lachman
Louise Converse
Margaret Lantz Daniell
Ella E. Preston
Alice Josephine Goss
Mildred Curran Smith
Bessie T. Griffith
H. Albert Sohl
Edw. Louis Kastler
Melville C. Levey
M. C. Kinney
W. Whitford
Marjorie Gilbert Savin
Eleanor Kinsey
Helen M. Rowland
Dorothy Sturgis
Carolyn S. Fisher
Margaret S. Gamble
Nadine Bowles
Talbot F. Hamlin
Louise Robbins
Sara D. Burge
Carolyn Sherman
Dorothy Mulford Riggs
Ethel Messervy
Jane Meldrin
Helen Wilson
Margaret McKeon
Katherine Gibson
Helen May Baker
Cecil D. Murray
Carolyn C. Hutchings
Eleanor R. Chapin
Katherine Dulcebella Barbour
John S. Trowbridge
Stephanie Balderston
Catharine Chapin
Rosamond Ritchie
Mary McLeran
Rose T. Briggs
Dorothy Ochtman
Charles T. Blakeslee
Walter Burton Nourse
Margaret Huggins
Marie Atkinson
David B. Campbell
Fayetta Crowley
Mary E. Cromer
Helen Waterman

DRAWINGS 2.

Miles S. Gates
Philip Little
Helen L. Slack
Alice Paine
Margaret A. Dobson
Adelaide Mott
Thomas H. Foley
A. Sheldon Pennoyer
Margery Fulton
James Barrett
Minnie Gwyn
Phœbe Wilkinson
Sidney Moise
Katharine Crouse
Edith Boardman
Caroline Latzke
Lucy E. B. Mackenzie
Ernest J. Clare
Katharine Bigelow
Robert W. Foulke
Charles H. Fulton
Ruth Felt
Laura Janvrin
E. Beatrice Marsh
Dorothy Richardson
Frances R. Newcomb
Frances Hays
Meade Bolton
Helen G. Bower
Charles Vallee
Helen H. de Veer
Elsa Kahn
Leonie Nathan
Gretchen Rupp
Marion K. Cobb
Elizabeth Chase Burt
Louise Seymour
Loretta O'Connell
Marguerite M. Cree
Albert Mark
Marguerite W. Watson
Mildred D. Yenawine
Elizabeth Osborne
Marie Russell
Will Herrick
Ruby F. Grimwood
Winifred M. Voeclker
Elizabeth Hogan
Ruth E. Hutchins
Elizabeth Wilcox Pardee
Newton J. Schroeder
Edna Baer
Carl Pretzel
Leona Trubel
Margaret E. Corwin
Hal Meader
Anton A. Sellner
Gladys A. Lothrop
Wilmer Hoffman
Margaret Ellen Payne
Harriette Barney Burt
Annette Brown
Henry Olen
Julia Wilder Kurtz
Eleanor Isabel Towne
Catharine Pratt
Mary A. Baker
Arthur Toth
Winifred Hamilton
Elizabeth L. Brown
Elizabeth Flynn
Dorothy Elizabeth Berry
Kenneth E. Hicks
Dorothy Berry
Grace F. Slack
Dorothy Longstreth
S Louise Hale
Florence Forristall
Marcia Hoyt
Mildred Andrus

Betty Lockett
Margaret Josenhans
Sidney Edward Dickenson
Charlotte Brate
Theodore Brill
Charlotte Ball
Mary Cooper
Mary Clarke
Helen C. Wallenstein
Alice Brabant
Eunice McGilvra
Anita Moffett
Jessie Hewitt
J. Harry Drake
Elizabeth S. Fishblate
Rena Kellner
Margaret Hazen
Eleanor Sanger
Aline J. Dreyfus
Madeleine Sweet
Marjorie L. McCurdy
Martha M. Matthews
Anne Furman Goldsmith
Katherine Godwin Parker
Jack Planten
Thomas Sullivan
Kate Fishel
Mabel E. Roosevelt
Phœbe U. Hunter
Louise Garst
Katharine T. Graves
Jeannette McAlpin
Ruth Drake
Gertrude Leadingham
Hermann Schussler
Margaret King
Mary Taussig
John Rodney Marsh
Eleanor Jackson
May W. Ball
Isobel H. Blackader
Lillian Hogan
Ellen P. Laffin
Hattie Prutsman
Ruth Horney
Alice Tweedy
Margaret Ramsay
Eva Pattison
Winifred Hutchings
Lillian Mudge
Olive Garrison
Dwight E. Benedict
Kneeland Green
Beatrice Carleton
Eleanor S. Wilson
Margaret B. McElroy
Bruce K. Steele
Marguerite Schaefer
Dorothy Flynn
Helen V. Tooker
Dorothy G. Stewart
Charlotte B. Williams
Lelia Y. Remnitz
Frances W. Varrell
Catherine Leland
Harry G. Martin
Alice Appleton
Raymond E. Cox
Florence Clement
Freda Kirchwey
Rachel Wyse
Alice W. Hinds
Delphina L. Hammer
Ellen Winters
Margaret B. Richardson
Dorothy P. Hutchins
Margaret Sweet
Ilse Knauth
Jamie Douglas
Ivan Lee Osborne
Merman Goebel
Charles D. Swayze
Irene Loughborough
Marie Madeleine Utard
Frances Hale Burt
Hilda Metcalf
Ethel C. Daggett
Louise A. Mullins
Charlotte St. George Nourse
Gertrude B. West
Franklin Speir
Anna K. Cook
Willie E. Crocker
Kenneth Connolly
Ruth H. Matz
Homer M. Smith
Harry Hayden
Randolph Fletcher Brown
Lucia Warden
Hattie Cheney

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Gerome Odgen
Chester S. Wilson
Carlota Glasgow
Bonner Pennybacker
Herbert Powers
Shirley Willis
Margaret Scott
Betty Millet
Dorothy Wormser
Harold K. Schoff
Gordon Fletcher
Elizabeth H. Webster
Harry Lefebre
Helen Kimball
Mary Sprague
Alec Sisson
Agnes C. Cochran
Mercedes Huntington
Elisabeth Heath Rice
Julius Bien
Margaret B. Copeland
Linda Scarritt

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Anna Clark Buchanan
Clinton H. Smith
Frank G. Pratt
Alice Clark
Edwin Shoemaker
Helen Pierce Metcalf
Elizabeth Morrison
Martha Gruening [Jr.
Richard de Charms,
Ruth Helen Brierley
Frances Goldy Budd
M. N. Stiles
Clara Williamson
Barbara Hinkley
Elsie Wormser
Harold Normand Schrender
Edith M. Hobson
Freda Messervy
Theodora Van Wagenen
Heyliger de Windt
Bessie Hedge
Adelaide Gillis
Lionel Jealous
Francis Bassett
Helen Banister
Kendall Bushnell
Gwendolen Scarritt
Godfrey Richards Thorne
J. Paulding Brown
Rutherford Platt
George F. Bliven
Mary Sanger

PUZZLES 1.

Mildred Martin
Alice Knowles
Anna M. Neuburger
E. Adelaide Hahn
Emerson G. Sutcliffe
Mary E. Dunbar
Elizabeth T. Harned
Margaret R. Merriam
Cornelia Landon
Adeline Thomas
Oscar C. Lautz
Elizabeth Berry
Douglas Todd
Louise Reynders
Elisabeth C. Hurd
Margaret McKnight
Elinor Dodsworth
Helen R. Howard
Harvey Deschere
Horace Platt
Seward C. Simons

PUZZLES 2.

Hope Adgate Conant
Cassius M. Clay, Jr.
Christine Graham
Robert Raymond
Claire L. Sidenberg
Margery Brown
Horace B. Forman
Marjorie Shriver
Henry H. Houston

ST NICHOLAS LEAGUE

"A HEADING." BY R. A. CHRISTENSEN, AGE 17.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 57.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place.

Competition No. 57 will close **June 20** (for foreign members **June 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for September.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title: to contain the word "Good-by" or "Farewell."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words to relate some incident connected with the "Louisiana Purchase."

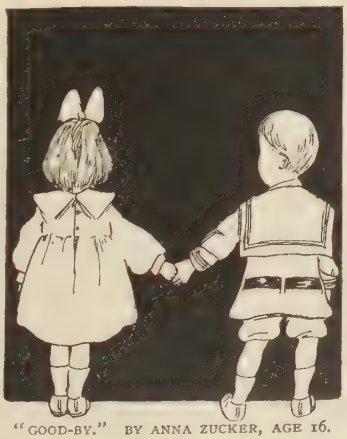
Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "What we Left Behind."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "Portrait from Life" and "A Heading or Tailpiece for September."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize,* five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize,* three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize,* League gold badge.



"GOOD-BY." BY ANNA ZUCKER, AGE 16.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied,* but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

THE LITERATURE OF PLACES. It will not require much questioning to find out what books refer to the very part of the country where you are going to spend your vacation, and it adds greatly to the interest of your reading if you can at the same time identify the very places referred to in the book. If you know where you are going, be sure to find out whether there is not some book worth reading that relates to the town or region in which your summer is to be passed. Cooper's stories, and Irving's, to say nothing of more recent works, relate to many localities in New York State, where thousands of young people will spend the summer months, and you will best appreciate their descriptions if you are amid the very scenes described. If there is no fiction that tells about the places you will see, there is always an interesting local history.

You may find yourself on some old battlefield, or taking a country walk along some road by which an army marched in Revolutionary days, or in the neighborhood of a historic building, and in this way your reading will assume a vividness that will impress it upon your memory for all time.

PICTURE AND MAP DRAWING. The St. Nicholas League has proved that thousands of our young readers can handle their pencils with skill. Do they ever try to make their reading more clear to their own minds by drawing illustrations or maps or plans of the scenes and incidents described? There is no better way of making one's ideas definite. In drawing the main outlines of a scene, you will find it becomes necessary to have it all clearly in mind, and no doubt you will need to refer to your book more than once before fixing precisely upon your composition. To take an old book, for example, it will be found most interesting to make a map or rough plan of Robinson Crusoe's island, showing where he was wrecked, where he found his cave, the hill from which he saw the savages approaching in their canoe, where the rescue of Friday took place, and so on. In historical stories the task will be even more interesting and valuable, and in well-written books you will be repeating the work of the author in preparing himself to write the story.

If this suggestion is carried out, we should be glad to examine the work of any of our young artists or map-makers, and perhaps show an interesting example of good work to other of the young readers of St. Nicholas.

SUMMER BOOKS. Besides the real outdoor books there are others suitable for the days when all nature is inviting the children to playtime. There are books of lightness in style and subject that may be taken up and put down again without serious interruption to your enjoyment of them. Such are best suited for your general summer reading, when you are likely to be called at any moment to make one in a foursome, or in tennis-doubles, to go for a walk with a lover of flowers, or to ramble along the brookside with the seeker of specimens for an aquarium. The time spent outdoors will never make you the worse reader of good books.

All the greatest writers have loved nature, and you will appreciate them the more for knowing more intimately the beauties of nature.

He who spends all his time over books and none out of doors is but half a student.

GOING ABROAD. It has been wisely said that one sees only what the eyes are prepared to see; which means, of course, that each of us notices most carefully the things he considers interesting. A trip across the ocean and through the storied lands of the Old World has a value depending entirely upon the person who takes it. One, who has by reading made ready to understand the associations called up by old cities, towns, castles, and monuments, will experience a series of golden days; another, not so prepared, will perhaps come home with no memories save those of the little discomforts of travel.

In a way, one's whole life may be compared

to a journey through the world; and whether that journey be happy or the reverse may in the same way depend greatly upon the preparation made for it in youth. From the best writers we learn to see the romance and poetry in every-day life; and this, besides the direct pleasure they give us, is one of the best reasons for choosing these volumes for our reading in youth.

THE LOVER OF BOOKS. THERE is the greatest difference in the way of handling books. You may almost tell whether a boy or girl is a true book-lover by seeing how they treat the books they read. There is a daintiness of handling, a respect for good books, shown by all who have learned what a volume may represent, and, on the contrary, a carelessness and indifference that prove how little books mean to some others. There are exceptions, however; for no one would consider Dr. Johnson indifferent to good literature, and yet he is reported to have been a cruel user of books — utterly careless of a volume when he had once finished with it.

It is hard to understand how one can be indifferent to the fate of a good book. There is always some one to whom it would be useful, even if you have done with it. A true book-lover it was who wrote these appreciative words:

> There is nothing like books. Of all things sold, incomparably the cheapest; of all pleasures, the least palling; they take up little room, keep quiet when they are not wanted, and, when taken up, bring us face to face with the choicest men who have ever lived, at their choicest moments. — *Samuel Palmer.*

Who will tell us something about the author of the quotation given above?

FOR YOUR VACATION. THERE are certain things you will not forget to take with you when you go to the country for a vacation; but unless you are specially reminded of it, you may not remember that, besides your fishing-rod, your tennis-racket, your golf-sticks, and such aids to your summer studies, you should not fail to put in a few favorite volumes. There should be few, possibly the fewer the better, if the little company be well chosen. But do not leave yourself entirely dependent upon the chance library of a country hotel. Who does not remember being indoors on some rainy day in the country, with a longing for a really good book? So, in addition to the lighter fiction already spoken of, it will be wise to take also one or two of the volumes that are inexhaustible treasures, and yet are well known to you, so that they may be taken up or put aside at will without especial care to find just where you last were reading. For this purpose a volume of a favorite poet can hardly be improved upon, whether you prefer Tennyson, Longfellow, Lowell, Aldrich, or the Quaker poet whose "Snow-Bound" should prove delightfully refreshing on a warm day.

If you have not already a favorite among the singers, choose a single-volume edition of any standard poet, and it will not be strange if you return from your summer's outing in possession of a new friend — a friend with whom you will hold many a quiet chat in winter evenings all your life long.

BOOKS ABOUT BOOKS. THERE is much advice given about reading, and many good lists of books are made up and recommended. And, so many are the classics awaiting young readers, these lists usually contain only the names of *books*, excluding the critical and explanatory volumes, the "books about books." No doubt it is most important to read the standard authors, but it may fairly be said that many of these can hardly be understood except by reading what other writers have to tell us about them. It is not necessary to tire yourself by reading criticisms and explanations, but it will be found to add greatly to your enjoyment of good literature if you follow your reading of a standard author by some study of what has been said about him and his work. Lowell, for instance, will be best appreciated when you have learned the main facts of his life, and you will see more in Tennyson's poems after you have read Henry van Dyke's study of his work. Whittier, too, and Oliver Wendell Holmes should be known to you as men besides being known as poets.

THE LETTER-BOX.

YONKERS, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Not long ago my cousin from Boston came to visit me, and we went to see your office, believing that to be the most delightful thing we could do. I have taken you all my life, and on one occasion you proved a "saving grace" to me.

The occasion was in school, where we had to put the noun *cantos* in a sentence. I really did not know what cantos meant, but I recalled an occurrence in "Davy and the Goblin" where it was mentioned. Happy thought! I adapted the meaning, and the result was correct.

Other children made sentences such as, "The cantos are in the cellar," and "It is nicer to cantos than to gallop."

I like New York very much. It seems to me like a great big box full of nice things, from which one has only to choose. One of my favorite things is the Metropolitan Art Museum. I have been there several times, but I always want to go again.

Another of my favorites is the Natural History Museum, to which I was first introduced by Mrs. Wright in "Four-Footed Americans."

To Castle Garden Aquarium, another of my favorites, I was introduced by you.

With best wishes for a happy and successful year,

I remain, your devoted reader,

HELEN COPELAND COOMBS.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few days before Christmas, father said he would take us to Mexico for our vacation, and we were a delighted family. We went first to El Paso, and then across the Rio Grande to Juarez, where we had to stop and have our baggage inspected.

The children of Mexico are very interesting. We threw pennies, and it was funny to see them scramble for them. As we were in the City of Mexico Christmas week, we saw booths all along the Alameda, where the natives sold pottery, baskets, and other goods.

The Museum, Art Gallery, Thieves' Market, National Pawnshop, and the churches were very interesting. We spent a few days at Cuernavaca, about seventy-five miles south of the City of Mexico. It is situated in the mountains, and the volcano of Popocatapetl can be seen not far away. Here are some pottery works, Maximilian's ranch, and Cortez's palace.

You go to Maximilian's ranch with a guide, on donkeys or horses, along a very interesting road, passing Mexican adobe huts, seeing beautiful wild flowers and coffee berries drying in the sun.

Very sincerely yours,

HELEN E. HIGH.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write you a letter about an old dog of mine. He is fourteen years old, but is as spry as if he were two. He rolls over, and shakes hands, and jumps through my hands. You can see that he is getting old, but I love him just the same. I have been sick, and cannot use my right arm, so I dictate to my mother.

I have had you for two years, and I like you very much. I hope to be able to write a story for the League sometime, as I belong to it.

Yours truly,

KATHERINE SCHEFFEL (age 11).

AIKEN, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just come back from going around the world, and am now going to tell you about the different little babies in Japan and other Eastern countries. In Japan they carry them on their backs. Very often you see little girls of seven and eight carrying their baby brother or sister, as it may be. They think nothing of it at all, and go on playing and running about, and the little babies just sit up there and don't mind it. They have nothing on their heads, and you often see them sleeping quietly on the person's back who is carrying them. In China they carry them the same way. In Ceylon they carry the babies and little children on their hips — funny little half-naked things. It is very curious to see all the people dressed in bright-colored silks and stuffs. The palms and trees are wonderful. In Egypt they carry the babies on their shoulders. You can only see the women's eyes when they are in the streets.

Your interested reader,

SOPHIE L. MOTT (age 10).

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for four years, and are very much interested in you. We are three Americans, but we live in France. We have eight fox terriers and three cats. The dogs and cats are very good friends and play with each other.

Ounce (the biggest dog) and a cat disappeared, and after a long search the dog was found in the loft lying down, with the cat between his fore legs. Once we had a monkey who used to ride on the dogs' backs.

Your faithful readers,

WALTER, HAROLD, and ARTHUR KINGSLAND.

BALLSTON SPA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take much pleasure in reading you. I wanted to write you, for I am interested in your riddles. We were guessing riddles one night, when my little six-year-old brother said, "I know one: A tail on its head, a body, and two feet." We could not guess, and he said, "A Chinese." We all thought that very good.

Yours truly,

ESTHER BEACH (age 8).

MAUCH CHUNK, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking the ST. NICHOLAS for the last three years and have enjoyed it very much. The first year I took it directly from the publishers, but to help a poor newsdealer I took from him, and expect to take it this year. I am very much delighted with the articles which we will expect in the following year. Yours truly,

MARGUERITE HORN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have now taken you for two years, and like you very much. I live just outside Paris now. My father brought a baby elephant back from India about two weeks ago. He is very amusing. We have a small veranda in front of our house, and once the elephant went up it, and we had a terrible time getting him down again. We have a big garden, and the elephant lives in a little stable in it.

Yours sincerely,

LEONARD RUCKBILL.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

CHARADES. I-bid.

DOUBLE DIAMOND. From 1 to 2 and 3, Jackson; 1 to 4 and 3, Johnson; 3 to 5 and 6, Niebuhr; 3 to 7 and 6, Neander. Cross-words: 1. Subject. 2. Chamois. 3. Acantha. 4. Keelman. 5. Useless. 6. Biology. 7. Rainbow. 8. Chimera. 9. Beeswax. 10. Bargain. 11. Custody. 12. Athlete. 13. Scarlet.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS. Decoration Day. 1. Ma-dam. 2. Tr-eat. 3. Ba-con. 4. Fl-oat. 5. Ac-rid. 6. Ch-air. 7. La-tin. 8. Tr-ice. 9. Bl-own. 10. Si-new. 11. Se-dan. 12. Fl-ail. 13. Ba-you.

CONCEALED KITCHEN UTENSILS. 1. Teapot. 2. Mug. 3. Kettle. 4. Griddle. 5. Pail. 6. Pitcher. 7. Pan. 8. Cup. 9. Bowl. 10. Dish-pan. 11. Tray. 12. Sieve. 13. Stove. 14. Strainer. 15. Fork. 16. Spider. 17. Ladle. 18. Plate. 19. Dish. 20. China-closet. 21. Dipper. 22. Pot. 23. Poker.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. From 1 to 2, Decoration; 3 to 4, In Memoriam. Cross-words: 1. Decimalism. 2. Demoniacal. 3. Declension. 4. Decolorize. 5. Decorously. 6. Defamatory. 7. Decerption. 8. Diminution. 9. Invocation. 10. Invitation.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. 1. Ham-mock. 2. Nar-rate. 3. Non-sense. 4. Awk-ward. 5. Not-ice. 6. Dis-grace. 7. Mag-got. 8. Rai-sin. 9. Her-o. 10. Con-found. 11. Gui-tar. 12. Orc-hid. 13. Rep-eat. 14. Con-cord. 15. For-age. 16. Sun-burn. 17. Bom-bay. 18. App-all. 19. Mar-gin. 20. Gen-eva. 21. Ram-part. 22. Car-away. 23. Pre-text. 24. Cox-comb. 25. Dis-honor.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS. 1. Re-ve-al, real. 2. No-ti-on, noon. 3. Pa-la-ce, pace. 4. Fi-gu-re, fire. 5. De-mo-ns, dens. 6. Re-li-ef, reef. 7. Li-ve-ly, lily. 8. Lo-vi-ng, long. 9. Mi-ng-le, mile. 10. Pa-yi-ng, pang.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 13, Decoration Day; 14 to 24, Memorial Day. Cross-words: 1. Distant. 2. Meaning. 3. Becloud. 4. Ammonia. 5. Decorum. 6. Central. 7. Exhibit. 8. Certain. 9. Padlock. 10. Kidnaps. 11. Radiant. 12. Yankees. 13. Younger.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from "M. McG."— Joe Carlada — Grace Haren — Marjorie Webber — "Johnny Bear" — Edward Horr — Lucille Craig Dow — "Prew and I" — Emily P. Burton — Corinne A. Pope — Ross M. Craig — "Allil and Adi" — Agnes Cole — Annie C. Smith — Lillian Jackson — "Teddy and Muvver" — Mabel, George and Henri — Evaline Taylor — "Duluth" — E. Boyer — Virginia Custer Canan — Frederick Greenwood — Katharine, Jo B., and Angie — Elizabeth D. Lord — Jo and I — Christine Graham — "Get" — "Chuck" — Paul Deschere — Elizabeth T. Harned — Marian Priestly Toulmin — Helen O. Harris — Nessie and Freddie — Bessie Sweet Gallup — Olga Lee — Myrtle Alderson — Tyler H. Bliss — Elizabeth Thurston — Louise K. Cowdrey — Marjorie Anderson — Agnes Rutherford — Marion Thomas — Walter Byrne — Grace L. Massonneau — Janet Willoughby — St. Gabriel's Chapter — "The Masons" — Margaret D. Cummins — Jessie Pringle Palmer — Constance H. Irvine — Charlotte Waugh — May Richardson — Ruth Williamson.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from C. E. Grubb, 1 — D. Muller, 1 — D. L. Dunbar, 1 — P. Johnson, 1 — Z. Merriam, 1 — E. Bennett, 1 — E. F. Butman, 1 — Sidney K. Eastwood, 9 — C. Hodges, Jr., 1 — M. Skelding, 1 — Lois Cooper, 1 — M. Murrish, 1 — G. Whittier, 1 — Aileen Erb, 1 — Lorette Healy, 1 — Norah Robinson, 1 — George Herbert Vernon, 8 — Harriet Bingamon, 8 — Calvert Sterquel, 1 — F. E. Dunkin, 1 — Ruth M. Cary, 1 — W. G. Rice, Jr., 4 — Amy Eliot Mayo, 9 — Vernon W. Collamore, 1 — Martha G. Schreyer, 9 — Florence Elwell, 9 — Dorothy Anderson, 1 — Grovene P. Converse, 3 — F. H. and C. C. Anthony, 9 — Eleanor F. Butman, 1 — Henry Leetch, 1 — Helen Loveland Patch, 9 — Cornelia N. Walker, 9 — Margaret C. Wilby, 9 — Lawrence M. Mead, 8 — Kenneth Duncan McNeill, 1.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My *firsts* are in cherry, but not in vine;
My *seconds* in oak, but not in pine;
My *thirds* are in arm, but not in hand;
My *fourths* are in sea, but not in land;
My *fifths* are in pebbles, but not in sand.
My *wholes* are two useful animals.

MARIE WARNER (age 9).

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In north. 2. A snare. 3. At no time. 4. A number. 5. In north.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In north. 2. A large cavity. 3. A large stream. 4. A beverage. 5. In north.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In north. 2. The fruit of certain trees and shrubs. 3. Report. 4. The highest point. 5. In north.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In north. 2. A small child. 3. A masculine name. 4. A masculine nickname. 5. In north.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In north. 2. A vessel used in cooking. 3. A bird. 4. A metal. 5. In north.

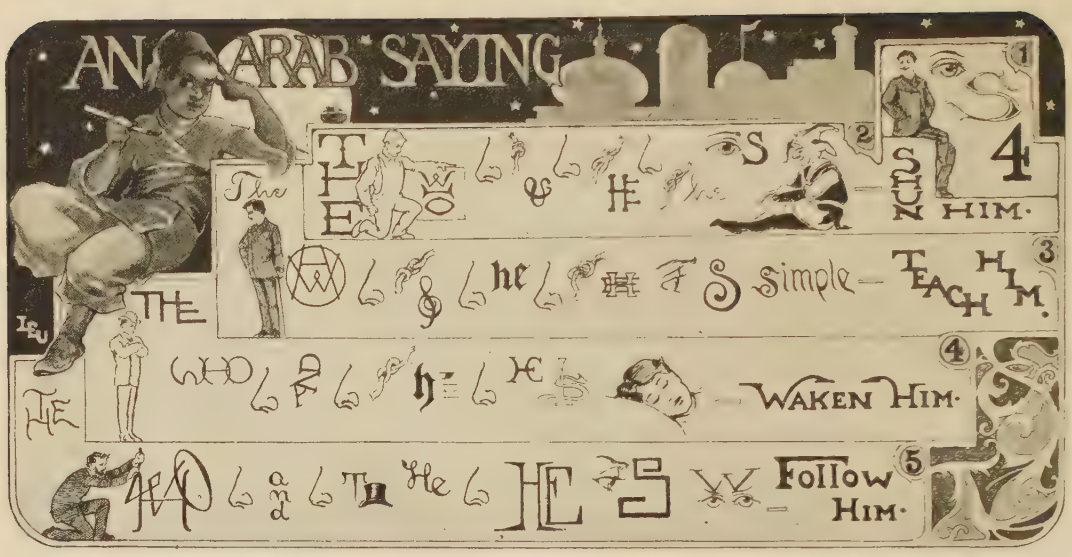
HELEN F. SEARIGHT.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter will spell the name of a poet; the diagonal from the lower left-hand letter to the upper right-hand letter will spell the title of one of his poems.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Moving one way and the other. 2. Calling anything to mind. 3. An old-time industry for women. 4. Associates in any business or occupation. 5. Score cards. 6. Disposed to associate only with one's clique. 7. Certain kinds of puzzles that sometimes appear in the Riddle-box. 8. A military man serving on horseback.

BURT H. SMITH (League Member).



HERE is an Arab saying. It begins with the little picture at the right-hand upper corner, marked 1. That reads, "Man is four." How do the four following lines read?

CUBE AND INCLOSED SOLID SQUARE.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

```
1 . . . . . . . 2
.               .
.               .
.               .
.       5 * * * * . . . 6
.       * * * * *       .
.       * * * * *       .
.       * * * * *       .
3 . . . * * * * 4       .
        .               .
        .               .
        .               .
        7 . . . . . : . . 8
```

FROM 1 to 2, a large city in the United States; from 1 to 3, a famous town in Palestine; from 2 to 4, a great Mesopotamian river; from 3 to 4, rays of light from the moon; from 5 to 6, lucidity; from 5 to 7, the name of a sea not far from the United States; from 6 to 8, shrewd; from 7 to 8, a spring flower.

CENTRAL WORDS (reading across only): 1. Unclouded. 2. A seaport on the Gulf of Guinea. 3. To send. 4. To come forth. 5. Heavy timbers.

HARRY I. TIFFANY.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: Doubly behead and doubly curtail sweetened; rearrange the remaining letters, and make a scrap. Answer, su-gar-ed, rag.

1. Doubly behead and doubly curtail pertaining to festoons; rearrange the remaining letters, and make a black powder formed by combustion.

2. Doubly behead and doubly curtail that which repeats; rearrange the remaining letters, and make a narrow woven fabric used for strings.

3. Doubly behead and doubly curtail a round building; rearrange the remaining letters, and make the fruit of certain trees and shrubs.

4. Doubly behead and doubly curtail to chastise; rearrange the remaining letters, and make within.

5. Doubly behead and doubly curtail round; rearrange the remaining letters, and make a ringlet.

6. Doubly behead and doubly curtail ensiform; rearrange the remaining letters, and make to jump.

7. Doubly behead and doubly curtail one who sings alone; rearrange the remaining letters, and make to lubricate.

8. Doubly behead and doubly curtail to communicate polarity; rearrange the remaining letters, and make one who tells a falsehood.

9. Doubly behead and doubly curtail a kind of candy; rearrange the remaining letters, and make a limb.

10. Doubly behead and doubly curtail treachery; rearrange the remaining letters, and make a large body of water.

The initials of the ten little words will spell two familiar words.

DORIS HACKBUSCH.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

```
1 . . . . . . . 11
. 2 . . . . . 12 .
. . 3 . . 13 . . .
. . . 4 14 . . . .
. . 5 . . 15 . . .
. 6 . . . . . 16 .
7 . . . . . . . 17
. 8 . . . . 18 . .
. . 9 . . 19 . . .
. . . 10 20 . . .
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CROSS-WORDS: 1. Gives assurance against harm. 2. Releases from slavery. 3. Sketched for a pattern or model. 4. Mechanical contrivances. 5. Foolish distortions of the countenance. 6. Brings out from concealment. 7. A character in "The Merchant of Venice." 8. Foolishly. 9. The act of stopping. 10. The principal sail in a ship or other vessel.

From 1 to 10, the name of a famous man; from 11 to 20, the name of a famous saint.

W. N. TAFT (League Member).

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

"AS DAPHNE DANCED ONE AFTERNOON, WHILE CHIMED THE SPINET'S TINKLING TUNE."

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Vol. XXXI. No. 8.

When Daphne Danced.

— By Jennie Betts Hartswick —

When Daphne danced the minuet
The colonies were children yet,
And this old world more slowly swung,
And dreams were long and love was young
And maids and men more shyly glanced
Each otherward when Daphne danced.

When Daphne danced, her eyes of brown
Were always cast demurely down;
No romping step or giddy whirl
Was seen when Daphne was a girl.
Such follies were not countenanced
By proper folk when Daphne danced.

When Daphne danced, they say, her gown
Was quite the marvel of the town;
'T was brought, to clothe her daintily,
O'er many leagues of land and sea;
Its flowered folds her charms enhanced
When, like a flower, Daphne danced.

"A WHISPER FLED FROM LIP TO LIP."

WHEN Daphne danced with bow and dip
A whisper fled from lip to lip,
And far and near each patriot son
Thrilled at the name of Washington,
And steadily the cloud advanced,
With portent grave, while Daphne danced.

As Daphne danced one afternoon,
While chimed the spinet's tinkling tune,
Before her mirror practising
Her quaint old-mannered curtsying—
One to her doorway came, it chanced,
With hurried step, while Daphne danced.

And lo! the word from England brought
Was for the moment all forgot,
And he who came the news to bear
Saw only Daphne dancing there—
King George's envoy stood entranced,
With quickened breath, while Daphne
danced.

HEN Boston rose to warlike roar,
And pretty Daphne danced no more;
But he who brought from oversea
The king's imperious decree
Kept in his heart the vision fair
Of dainty Daphne dancing there.

And when the land had found release,
And Boston town grew still with peace,
One afternoon at Daphne's door
King George's envoy stood once more,
Although no word he came to bring
Of colony or sword or king.

Below him, in the sparkling bay,
His waiting ship at anchor lay,
And as he lifted to his lips
Her shyly offered finger-tips,
Down where the waters gleamed and
glanced
The vessel like a maiden danced.

"I sail to-morrow morn," quoth he,
"At summons of his Majesty.
But ere I heed my king's commands
I ask this favor at your hands,
That you, of your sweet courtesy,
Will tread a minuet with me."

"HIS WAITING SHIP AT ANCHOR LAY."

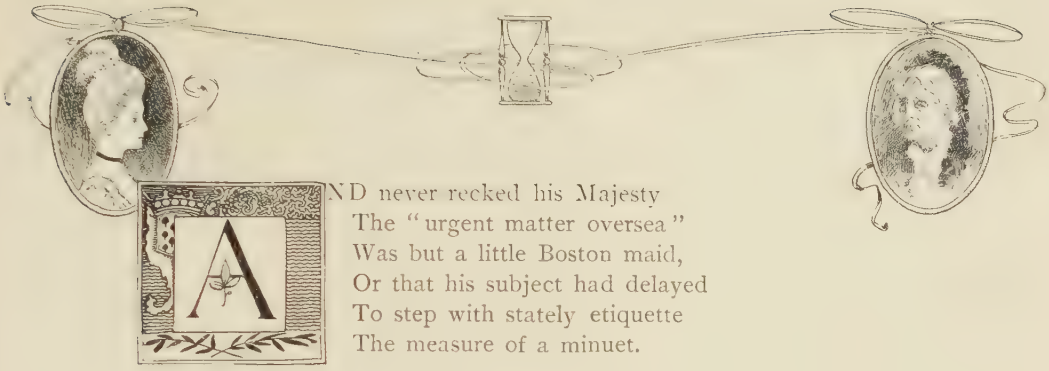
"'I SAIL TO-MORROW MORN,' QUOTH HE."

"AS, HOMEWARD BOUND, KING GEORGE'S SHIP SPED EVER ON WITH BOW AND DIP."

HEN Daphne blushed as damsel should,
And answered: "Gladly, sir, I would;
But none is here the air to play,
For Mistress Prudence is away,
And 't will be after candle-light
When she returns—to-morrow night."

As, homeward bound, King George's ship
Sped ever on with bow and dip,
The streets were still in Boston town,
And Daphne in her flowered gown,
Where fell the candles' mellow glow,
Unto her partner curtsied low.

"UNTO HER PARTNER CURTSIED LOW."



AND never recked his Majesty
The "urgent matter oversea"
Was but a little Boston maid,
Or that his subject had delayed
To step with stately etiquette
The measure of a minuet.

And so—what need the rest to tell?
He loved her long and loved her well,
And Daphne by and by became
A spectacled and wrinkled dame,
Bequeathing all her olden grace
Unto the daughters of her race.

* * * * * * *

Somewhere in lavender is laid
A faded frock of old brocade;
And, locked away from careless hands,
Somewhere a silent spinet stands.
The age has very much advanced
Since those dim days when Daphne danced.

"AS THE TWO BOYS WERE STEADILY GAZING ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER, SURE ENOUGH, UP CAME THE SHARK." (SEE PAGE 784.)

紀文大儘

"KIBUN DAIZIN"

OR

FROM SHARK-BOY TO MERCHANT PRINCE.

By Gensai Murai.

St. Nicholas counts itself fortunate in being able to present to its young readers an admirable serial story from the Japanese, written by one of Japan's most popular novelists and filled with the spirit of that great Oriental nation. The author of this story, Gensai Murai, was once a student of the Waseda School, founded by Count Okuma, leader of the Progressive Party in Japan. There he studied English Literature as well as Japanese, and after completing his course of study he was employed by one of the well-known Tokio daily papers, called the "Hochi," to write stories for it. His writings soon arrested the attention of the reading circles in Japan. Several of his novels went through as many as ten editions within two years.

This story of Kibun Daizin is founded upon the life of Bunzayemon Kinokuniya, a Japanese merchant of the eighteenth century, whose pluck, wisdom, and enterprising spirit made him one of the most prosperous and respected men of his time. He is much admired by his countrymen, and is talked of familiarly, even to this day, by the Japanese, under the nickname of "Kibun Daizin." "Ki" and "Bun" stand for the initials of his personal and family names, while "Daizin" means "the wealthiest man."

The shrewdness and dauntless ambition of the young hero of this story will commend him to the admiration of American boys, and in Kibun Daizin, as here pictured, they will find a true representative of the wonderful nation which, within thirty years, has entirely changed the modes of life that it had followed for more than twenty centuries, and has suddenly fallen into line with the most civilized countries of the world.

The story has been translated especially for St. Nicholas, and many quaint terms and expressions have been purposely retained, although the pronunciation and meaning of the Japanese words are given wherever necessary.— Editor.

Chapter I.

AN AMBITIOUS BOY.

"If you please, sir,—"

And, attracted by a voice behind him, a well-dressed gentleman turned round and saw a boy of about thirteen or fourteen hurrying toward him,—"if you please, sir, are you the head of the Daikokuya*?"

"Yes, I am," answered the gentleman, eying the boy with surprise. "What can I do for you?"

"I come from Kada-no-Ura," said the boy, making a polite bow, "and I wish to ask you a great favor. Will you please take me into your shop as an apprentice?"

"Your request is rather a strange one," said the gentleman, smiling. "Pray tell me why it is that you wish to come to me."

The boy raised his head. "Oh, sir, yours is the chief business house in Kumano, and I would be so glad if I might learn under you."

"You wish to become a business man, do you?" said the gentleman, with a friendly nod; upon which the boy drew himself up and exclaimed, "Yes; I mean, if I can, to become the leading merchant in Japan!"

The master of the Daikokuya instinctively studied the boy's face. There was a certain nobleness and intelligence about it; he had well-cut features, a firmness about the lips, and quick-glancing eyes, and, although his clothing showed poverty, his bearing was quiet and his speech refined. These things confirmed the gentleman in the opinion that the boy was not the son of any common man; and having, as the employer of many hands, a quick eye to read character, he said:

"Very good, my boy! So you mean to become

* Pronounced Dy-ko-koo'ya, meaning "dry-goods house."

the leading merchant in Japan? A fine notion, to be sure. However, before I engage a boy, you know, I must have somebody to recommend him, and he must give me references. Have you any relatives in this place?"

"No, sir; I know no one," answered the boy.

"Why, where have you been until now?"

"I have only just come from my country. The fact is, I heard your name, sir, some time ago, and being very anxious to enter your service, I left my country all by myself to come to Kumano. But I have not a single acquaintance here, nor anybody to whom I can turn. My only object was to come straight to you; and I was asking a man on the road if he could direct me to your house, when the man pointed to you and said, 'Why, that gentleman just ahead of us is the master of the Daikokuya.' And that is how it comes that I ran up to you all of a sudden in this rude way."

There was a charm in the free utterance with which the boy told his story, and having listened to it, the gentleman said: "I understand. It is all right. As you have no friends here, I will do without a recommendation, and you shall come just as you are"; and saying this, he brought the lad back with him to his house.

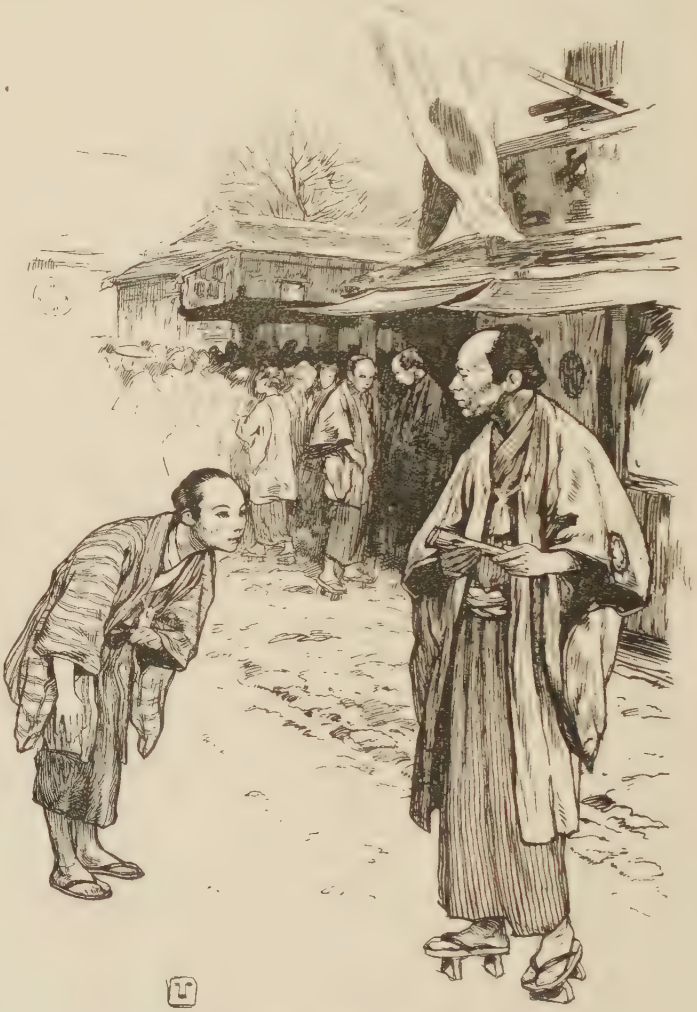
The Daikokuya, you must know, was the chief clothing establishment, or "dry-goods house," in Kumano, and did a larger business than any other in the town. On arriving there, the master took the boy with him into an inner room, and, telling his wife what had taken place, called the boy to his side. "Tell me, my boy, what is your name?"

"My name is Bunkichi." *

"Are your parents living?"

At this question the boy hung his head sorrowfully. "I have neither father nor mother," he answered, with a choking voice and eyes filled with tears.

Filled with pity, the others asked him how long he had been left alone in the world.



"'IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, ARE YOU THE HEAD OF THE DAIKOKUYA?'"

"I lost my mother," he said, "more than three years ago, and my father only quite recently."

"And what was your family? Were you farmers or tradesmen?"

"Neither one nor the other. My father formerly served under the Lord of Wakayama, and received an allowance of eight hundred *koku* † of rice. His name was Igarashi Bunzayemon; ‡

* Pronounced Boon-kee'chee. † One *koku* equals about five bushels. ‡ Pronounced Ee-gar-ash'ee Boon-zy'e-mon.

but, losing his position, he came to Kada-no-Ura, where we had to live in a very poor way. My father, however, would never allow me to forget that the ancestor of our house was Igarashi Kobunji,* who served in old days at Kamakura, and gained a name for himself as a brave warrior. 'And when you become a man,' my father used to say, 'you must win your way to fame, and so uphold the honor of the family; but, unlike the past, our lot to-day is cast in peaceful times, when there is little chance of winning distinction in arms; but become, if you can, the leading merchant in Japan, and you will bring honor to our house.' Such was my father's counsel to me, and not long since he was taken with a severe illness and died. And now, if you please, I wish to learn the ways of business, that I may become a merchant, and I have journeyed to Kumano to throw myself on your kindness."

The gentleman listened to the boy's clear account of himself and expressed his admiration. "Ah! I was right, I see, when I thought you were not the son of an ordinary man. Your ambition to become the chief merchant in Japan is a high one, certainly; but the proverb says 'Ants aspire to the skies,' and anything is possible to a man who puts his whole heart into his work. You are still quite young, I should say, though you have come all the way from Kada-no-Ura by yourself, and though you talk of your affairs in a manner that would reflect credit on a grown-up man. Come, tell me, how old are you?"

"I am fourteen," he answered.

"What, not more than that?"

And the master's wife, who was by his side, could not repress her surprise, either.

At this point the *shoji*, or paper sliding doors, opened, and in ran a pretty little girl of about eleven. Her hair was drawn up into a little butterfly device on the top of her head, which shook to and fro as she ran up to her mother. Stretching out a small maple-leaf hand, with a winsome look, she said:

"Mother, please give me a cake."

"Why, my dear, where are your manners? What will our young friend here think of you?"

At this the child looked round, and for the first time becoming aware of the boy's presence, turned shy and sat down. Looking gently in her face, her mother then asked her what she had been doing. Afraid of the stranger, she whispered in her mother's ear: "I have been playing *oni* † with Sadakichi in the garden. But I don't like Sadakichi. When he was the *oni* he just caught me at once."

"But that often happens in playing *oni*," said the mother, with a smile.

"Yes, but he does it too much; he has no right to catch people in the way he does, and I don't wish to play with him any more."

"Well, if that is so, how would you like to play with Bunkichi here instead?"

Accepting it as one of the duties that might fall to him, to act as the child's companion and caretaker, Bunkichi, rather pleased than otherwise, offered to go out and try to amuse her. The little girl looked into her mother's face, and then at Bunkichi. "Mama, how long has he been here?" she asked in a low voice.

"He only came to-day, but he 's a fine boy, and I hope you 'll be a good little girl and show him the garden."

But the child's thoughts seemed suddenly to take a new turn, and sidling up to her mother, she begged to be given a cake. The mother opened the little drawer of the *hibachi*, ‡ and taking out two or three sugar-plums, put them into her hand. The child then, with barely a glance at Bunkichi, ran through the *shoji* out of doors.

"Take care and don't stumble," her mother called out. "Do you mind just seeing after her?" she said to Bunkichi, who at once got up and went out on the veranda.

No sooner was Chocho Wage, § or "Butterfly Curls" (so named from the way in which her hair was dressed), outside in the garden than she began quarreling with the boy from the shop. "No, Sadakichi; I 'm not going to play with you. Mama says that the other boy who has just come is a fine boy, and I 'm going to play with him."

"What! another boy has come, has he?"

"Yes; there he is. Go and fetch him."

* Pronounced Ee-gar-ash'ee Ko-boon'jee. † A play similar to tag or prisoner's base. ‡ Pronounced he-bah'-chee. A wooden fire-box where a charcoal fire is kept for warming the hands. § Pronounced Cho'cho Wah'gay.

Sadakichi called to Bunkichi, "You will find some *geta* * there, if you will come out."

So Bunkichi came out to the garden.

It was not a very large one, but it was a pretty spot, for beyond it sparkled the bay that lay at the back of Kumano. Bunkichi had soon joined the two others, and Sadakichi, turning to the little child, said, "Well, shall we three play at *oni?*"

"No," she answered; "you are always catching me, and I don't care to play."

"I won't catch you, then, Chocho, if you don't like it."

"All the same, I 'd rather not."

A thought struck Bunkichi, and, addressing himself to the child, he said: "Would you like me to make you something? I would if I only had a knife and some bamboo."

The child was at once interested, and told Sadakichi to go and get what was wanted. So Sadakichi strolled off and brought a knife and some bamboo chips. "Now, then, what are you going to make?" said he.

"A nice bamboo dragon-fly," Bunkichi answered; and taking the knife he split a bit of the bamboo, shaved it fine and smooth, and fixed a little peg in the middle of it.

Sadakichi, quickly guessing what it was, said: "Ah, it 's a dragon-fly. I know! I once went with the *banto* † to Kada-no-Ura, and every one there was flying those dragon-flies, and now I think of it, the boy who was selling them looked just like you."

Not a bit disconcerted, Bunkichi replied: "Yes, you are quite right. I was the boy who made them and was selling them."

"Bah! Mr. Dragon-fly-seller!" blustered out Sadakichi, with a face of disgust.

"Don't speak like that," said the little girl, turning sharply upon him, and then to Bunkichi. "What made you sell them?" she asked, speaking out to him for the first time.

"My father was ill in bed," he answered, continuing to scrape the bamboo, "and as our family was poor, I managed to buy him rice and medicine by selling these dragon-flies."

Child as she was, this touching story of filial piety made her respect Bunkichi all the more.

"Oh, was n't that good of him!" she said, turning to Sadakichi. "Do you think you could have done it?"

"I — yes; only there would have been no need for me to sell dragon-flies. I should have sold the wearing-things in our shop," he answered arrogantly.

Bunkichi had now finished making the dragon-fly, and, holding it between his hands, he spun it round, and up it went into the air with a whirring sound, and lighted on the ground again some five or six paces away.

"Why, it 's just like a real dragon-fly!" cried the child, with delight. "Do let me have it!" And taking it in her hands, she tried to set it flying, but she could only make it go up a little way.

Then Sadakichi, wishing to try his hand, pushed forward. "Let me have it," he said, "and I 'll show you how well I can do it"; and seizing hold of it, with the force of both hands he set it flying high into the air. "There, now — see how it goes!" and while the little girl was watching it with delight, the dragon-fly flew over the wall fence and dropped into the water beyond.

The little child ran after it, followed by Sadakichi and Bunkichi. There was a little gate in the garden opening on a jetty. Through this they passed and stood together on the plank, watching the dragon-fly tossing about on the water.

"Oh, I wish we could get it," said the little girl, looking at it wistfully; "if it would only come just in front of us!"

"Take care," said Sadakichi, holding her back, while the dragon-fly, bobbing up and down among the ripples, gradually drifted farther off.

Now Bunkichi, seeing there was a small boat lying alongside the jetty, had said to Sadakichi, "Let me row out and get it," and was drawing the boat toward him, when he was abruptly stopped by Sadakichi. "No, no; you must n't think of putting out from the shore. If you do, you are certain to be eaten up by the *wanizame*." ‡

"Yes, it 's quite true," chimed in the little girl. "There 's a horrid *wanizame* that prevents any one going on the sea. Only yesterday it captured somebody."

* Pronounced gay'tah. Foot-wear or wooden clogs. † Clerk. ‡ Pronounced wah-ne-zah'may, meaning a huge shark.

"Yes — a young man from the brewery," said Sadakichi. "He had some barrels in his boat, and he had gone only two or three hundred yards when the shark came up and overturned his boat and seized him."

"'WHY, IT 'S JUST LIKE A REAL DRAGON-FLY!' SHE CRIED, WITH DELIGHT."

"It does n't matter about the dragon-fly; I don't want it; let us go back to the house." And the little child, frightened in good earnest, took hold of Bunkichi's arm.

It was the first time Bunkichi had heard about the *wanizame*. "Is it really true, miss, that there is a *wanizame* in the bay?" he asked.

"Yes; I can tell you it 's very serious. I don't know how many people it has eaten in the last month."

"Really! But how big is it?"

"I don't know what you would call big," broke in Sadakichi. "But it 's about as big as this house. If it sees a small boat, it overtakes it in no time and topples it over, and if it is a big boat it gets in the way and stops it so that it can't move, and so the fishermen can't go out, and no cargo can come into the port. I suppose it must be want of food that has brought it into this harbor; but, however that may be, it thinks nothing of upsetting the small craft, so that for a month no one has ventured out at all. Well, there was the brewer's man. Yesterday he thought it would be safe to go just a short distance, but he very soon got swallowed up. And what is the consequence? Why, the fishing is stopped, and there 's no trade, and the place is going to ruin. The fishermen and hunters have tried over and over again to kill it with spikes and guns and with all kinds of things. But what is the use? Their weapons only snap in two or glance off its back, and they only get killed themselves. So they have given up trying."

Bunkichi listened to every word, and then suddenly went into the house and stood before the master.

Chapter II.

BUNKICHI PLANS TO KILL THE WANIZAME.

The master and his wife were engaged in conversation, but on seeing Bunkichi he said, "Well, have you seen the garden?"

"Thank you, I have enjoyed it very much," answered Bunkichi, politely.

"Why, bless me, he has all the manners of

a little *samurai**!" exclaimed the master to his wife. "There is no comparison between him and the other boys. But dancing attendance on a little girl is not the sort of employment for a lad who has the ambition to become the leading merchant in Japan. No, no; he wants to get into the shop as soon as he can and learn the ways of business — eh, my boy?"

The master exactly interpreted Bunkichi's wishes, and Bunkichi felt very grateful to him, but he only answered: "I shall esteem it a great favor to be allowed to serve you in any way. But, master, with your leave, I would ask you, is it true, as I hear, that there is a *wanizame* lately come into this bay, and that people are suffering a lot of harm from it?"

"Ah, me! Yes, it 's a sore trouble, that *wanizame;* our fishermen are doing nothing, our boat traffic is stopped, and if things go on in this way the place will be ruined. All sorts of attempts have been made to kill it, but, alas! all to no purpose."

Then respectfully, in a kneeling posture, approaching nearer, Bunkichi thus addressed his master: "Master, in making the request I am now going to make, I fear you will put me down as a child with a vain, childish notion of doing great things; none the less, I am bold to ask you, in all seriousness, will you give me leave to attempt the destruction of this *wanizame?*"

The master exclaimed in astonishment: "What! You think that you are going to kill the *wanizame?* It would be the greatest thing in the world if you could, but already every means has been tried. Whaling-men have tried to kill it with their harpoons, the hunters of wild game on the mountains have tried to shoot it with their guns; but the *wanizame* has defeated all their schemes, and, to say nothing of the money it has cost, several men have lost their lives in their attempts to kill it, and our citizens have given it up as hopeless. Son of a *samurai* though you may be, this is no task for a boy of thirteen or fourteen. No; you may have seen in the seas around Kada-no-Ura sharks of four or five feet in length, but just go out to the hill above the town and look over the bay until you catch sight of our monster. The very sight of it is enough to terrify most people."

"You mistake me, master," said Bunkichi, sitting up straight. "I have no thought of trying my strength against the *wanizame.* But I have a trick in my mind I should like to play, if you would allow me."

"Oh, it 's a trick, is it? And what is the trick our crafty youngster is going to propose for killing the *wanizame*, I should like to know?" said the master, smiling.

"The plan I have is simply this. First to make a straw figure and to fill up the inside with poison. Then I shall dress it in a man's clothes and take it out into the bay, and, when we see the shark coming, throw it out to him to eat. Sharks are senseless creatures and ready to eat anything, so he is sure to swallow the straw man, and if he does the poison will at once take effect and kill him. That 's my plan; what do you think of it?"

"Yes; I think your plan of making a straw man is not at all a bad one, and I have little doubt, as you say, that the shark would swallow it. In that case it would certainly die and we should be free at last from our great calamity. But wait a minute; I am afraid, when the doll is made, there is nobody who will venture to take it out to the sea. People have had so many bitter lessons from trying to kill this shark that, however much money you offer, no one, I fear, will agree to take it out into the bay."

Bunkichi without any hesitation replied: "I will undertake the task of taking the doll out for the shark to swallow. As I grew up by the seaside at Kada-no-Ura, I can row a boat well and can swim better than most people. I saw a boat just now fastened at the jetty in your garden. Please lend it to me and I will go out alone upon the bay."

Astonished by the audaciousness of the lad, the master said: "It is too wild an idea, my boy. What if the shark upsets your boat. He will swallow you up in an instant."

"As to what you say about drowning, that does n't disturb me at all. Suppose I have no luck and lose my life, there is nothing to be regretted if by my death I succeed in removing the

* Pronounced sahm'oo-rye. The *samurai* were the military class of Japan, corresponding to the knights of the middle ages in European countries.

great calamity under which many are now suffering. And, as I said before, it is my determination to become the leading merchant of Japan; but if I am to realize my ambition I must be prepared to run many risks. If fortune favors me I shall come safe through them and attain my object; if, however, this first venture goes against me, and I go out to sea and fall a prey to the *wanizame*, it simply means that I must accept it as the decree of fate, and as far as my life is concerned, I am quite ready to risk it."

The master, who was much struck by his fearless determination, worthy of the boy's descent, said to him, "Indeed, your magnanimity is greater than ours, but for that very reason we should be all the more sorry to lose you."

Saying this, he turned round to his wife, who whispered in his ear: "I quite agree with you: if he be swallowed up by the shark, we could n't possibly get another like him; send some other one instead!"

Just then in came the girl, attended by Sadakichi, who had long been waiting for the boy, and said, "Bunkichi, please be quick and make me another dragon-fly."

Her mother, however, at once stopped the girl, saying: "Come, come; Bunkichi has something else to think about besides dragon-flies: he 's just saying that he wants to go out to sea and kill the *wanizame*."

The girl was startled, for she was only a child. "Does he go alone?"

"Yes, that is what he says he will do."

"Don't, please, mother; I don't like your sending him to sea."

"Why, my child?"

"I want him to make me a bamboo dragon-fly."

His curiosity aroused at hearing the little girl speak of the dragon-fly, the father said, "What do you wish him to make for you?"

"Oh, father, it 's a bamboo dragon-fly — an amusing toy which flies up high, whizzing," was her confident answer.

"Ah, I see," he remarked, as he understood the girl's request; "that flying bamboo thing I often see when I go out on the streets. The toy, I remember, was first made by a boy of great filial virtue in a certain country district, and even here they talk about him; it is clever of you, Bunkichi, to have learned how to make them."

Then Sadakichi interrupted, saying: "No wonder! Why, he was the hawker of the toy; I know all about it, as I saw him selling it at Kada-no-Ura."

"Are you, then, the inventor of the toy?" asked the master, to whom the boy at once replied in the affirmative. The master, who was more than ever struck by the boy's character, said, "Are you, then, the same boy whom all the people talk about and praise for his devotion to his parent?"

Then the girl, who remembered what had been told her a little while before, said: "Father, his family was very poor, and as his father was laid up on his sick-bed, he sold those dragon-flies and bought medicine or a little rice for the family. He told me so."

As she was listening to this conversation, tears stood in the mother's eyes, and she said: "He is really a model boy, is he not? I can't possibly let him go to sea."

The master, who was much of the same way of thinking as his wife, answered, "Of course I have been persuading him to give up his idea"; and, turning to Bunkichi, said, "Yes, do give it up, my boy."

And the girl, seemingly with the intention of inspiring the boy with dread and deterring him from his purpose, remarked solemnly, "Oh, it is dreadful to be swallowed by the shark on going to sea!"

Bunkichi, having once determined, was immovable. "Sir, trading to a merchant is the same that fighting is to a knight. It has been ever regarded honorable in a knight that he should hazard his life many a time, even in his early youth. If fate be against him, he will be put to death by his enemy. The knights of old faced the dangerous issues of life or death as often as they went out to battle. As they attained to renown by passing through these ordeals, so, too, must the merchant who aspires after a leading position not shrink from braving many dangers in his life. Sir, methinks the present is the opportunity given me to try my hand; and if fate sides with me and I succeed in killing the *wanizame*, in future I shall have courage to venture out on other great undertakings. If one begins to be nervous at the outset, one will go on being nervous forever;

but there is no fear, I think, for a man who is ready to sacrifice even his own life."

The master, meeting with such unflinching determination, knew not how to stop him, but said, "I must confess you have more in you than I thought. I am ashamed of myself to be thus taught by you the secret of success in trade when I should be in a position to teach you. Well said, my boy; trading is to a business man what fighting is to a knight. If you begin by being weak and timid, you will never be capable of bold enterprise. If you have a mind to divine your future by embarking on this exploit, go in for it with all your might. As to the preparations for making the straw man, as far as buying the poison is concerned, I will do it all for you. You had better go up to the mountain yonder, and ascertain the place where the shark is generally to be seen coming up to the surface. You, Sadakichi, had better take him up to the Sumiyoshi* bluff, and point him out the monster if it should come up and show itself on the surface of the water in the mouth of the harbor."

Bunkichi, who was much delighted at having gained his wish, said: "Then, sir, please let an apothecary prepare a lot of drugs which are likely to be the best poison for a *wanizame*, and I will go and have a lookout for the appearance of the monster."

As he was about to start, the girl asked him, in a little voice of remonstrance, "But when will you make a dragon-fly for me, Bunkichi?"

"When I come back, miss," was his reply.

"Come, come, he can't be bothered about such a trifle now," said her mother.

Meanwhile the two lads, Bunkichi and Sadakichi, hand in hand, went up to the Sumiyoshi bluff, which stood just outside the town on the eastern side of Kumano Bay. The mountain rose precipitously from the sea, whose fathomless water washed its southern base. A thick forest of pines covered the mountain, and the vibrating of their needle foliage in the breeze added a strange harp-like accompaniment to the perpetual roaring of the waves below. On reaching the summit, Bunkichi threw himself down on a knotty root of pine near the edge of a precipice and gazed out on the broad expanse of the Kumano Bay. As far as his view reached no shore could be descried, only the line where the dome of the azure sky circled the deep blue of the ocean.

After sitting thus in silent contemplation for a few minutes, Bunkichi suddenly turned round and said to Sadakichi: "Sea scenery is always fine to look at, is n't it? I am fond of this sort of rough sea. I should like to have a swim in it."

"Don't talk such nonsense; you would no sooner get into it than you would be swamped," was the reply.

"That 's just what I like. I should dive deep down into the water and get out of the whirlpool. And now, tell me where it is the *wanizame* generally pops out its head."

"It generally comes out just below this headland," the other answered, "at the mouth of the harbor."

As the two boys were steadily gazing on the surface of the water, sure enough, up came the shark, and startled Sadakichi by cleaving the water with its back. Whether it was in frolic or in quest of prey, the monster swam to and fro, now showing its head and now its tail. Its rock-like back and its iron-like fins were horrible enough to inspire even men with awe.

Sadakichi, feeling nervous at the sight, said to his companion, "Bunkichi San, now you see the monster, you will be for giving up your grand job, I fancy."

"What! You don't suppose I 'm frightened, do you," was his scornful retort, "at the sight of such a little fish?"

"What do you say?" said the other.

"Well, if the chance came in my way, I might even kill a leviathan or a crocodile!"

As these two were thus talking, a gust of wind from the high Nachi Mountain swept down on the forest of Sumiyoshi and awakened the myriad tiny harps of the pines, while the waves rolled one after another against the rocks below. These sounds contrived to drown the voice of the lads, one of whom seemed to be persuading the other that it was time to go back, while the other seemed to be insisting on staying a little longer to enjoy the wild scenery and to think over the issues of his scheme.

(*To be continued.*)

* Pronounced Soo-mee-yo′shee.

HOW TWO DOROTHYS RAN AWAY FROM THE BRITISH.

By Katharine Olds Hamilton.

Dorothy Sargent was a little girl who lived in Washington when it was called a city only because some day it would be one; when the broad avenues and streets existed only on paper;

"'GOOD-BY, DEAR.'" (SEE PAGE 787.)

when Pennsylvania Avenue itself was a quagmire, and, walking along it from the small brick Treasury building, one could see no beautiful dome resting against the eastern sky, for the Capitol was but two wings, joined by a wooden bridge. Near this Capitol Dorothy was born, and, before many weeks, was left a little motherless baby. Here she grew into a shy, lonely child, with no companions but the slaves who waited on her, and a very stern, very tall lady who came twice a week to teach her to sew and read. Her father she dearly loved, but he was too busy with his profession and politics to take much notice of his little daughter.

One other companion Dorothy did have. Between the windows in the stately parlor a great pier-glass stretched from floor to ceiling. "The little girl in the pier-glass" and Dorothy were the best of friends; and before she was old enough to understand that this little girl, who grew as she grew, was only her reflection, she had become to lonely little Dorothy a really truly friend and confidante. When she was not playing with this little girl, or learning lessons, or gathering wild flowers that grew in the woods near the Capitol, Dorothy would spend her time curled up in a great arm-chair in the library, reading whatever pleased her from the shelves all around her, or listening to her father's friends as they talked of all that might happen to the country now that George Washington was dead.

Dorothy was nearly ten years old when she first heard her father speak of another war with England. This interested even so little a girl, and she tried to hear and understand all about it. When they talked of "the lifting of the embargo" she did not know what they meant; but the gentlemen grew excited over the "impressment of American sailors," by which Dorothy, years afterward, learned they meant that the British officers came on board our ships without leave, and made men who were really Americans go to work on their ships.

Dorothy was always greatly interested in all that her father's great friends would talk about, whether she clearly understood it or not, and she knew when war was declared, and the victories and losses on each side. She heard many hot

discussions between General Winder and General Armstrong whether they should heed the warning sent from England and put Washington in a state of defense.

"The British will not come to the capital," she heard General Armstrong say, and his voice was so strong and burly that she was sure he must know all about it.

Very much astonished, then, was Dorothy to be awakened, early one August morning, by a clattering horseman, calling loudly as he rode: "The British have entered the Chesapeake! They are preparing to march on Washington!"

Dorothy was afraid to venture out all the morning, for fear the British would come suddenly around some corner. When her father and some gentlemen came in, in the afternoon, she stowed herself away quickly in the big chair; but all she could learn was that they seemed to be almost quarreling, and that General Armstrong still would not believe that the British intended to attack Washington.

Two mornings after this, Mammy hobbled into the little girl's room as she was slowly drawing the laces through her red morocco shoes.

"Hurry up, chile! Put on yo' clean pinafore," she said. "Yo' father done sent fo' yo'."

Her father sent for her? The hot blood flushed into Dorothy's cheeks. She could hardly wait for Mammy to brush her curls; yet when she came down to the dining-room, where her father, all in a soldier's uniform, was eating his breakfast, Dorothy stood just inside the door, twisting a corner of her apron, afraid to speak till she was spoken to, though bursting with impatience to ask what had happened.

"Dorothy," he said in a moment, without looking up, "I sent for you to give you some directions. I suppose you are too young to understand much, but —"

He stopped, and, turning suddenly, looked at her.

"How old are you, my child?" he asked.

"I shall be twelve, sir, in December."

"Why, so you will, child, so you will! I had forgotten you were so old. Come here and let me look at you."

As he raised the earnest little face to his, her father looked keenly into her eyes and sighed.

"We shall become better acquainted when I come back, little daughter," he said, adding as he kissed her forehead: "Secretary Monroe has just sent word that the British are within a few hours' march of Washington. We have to meet them as best we can. Stay right here at home, Dorothy. I am sure you will be in no danger. I have given the servants careful orders what to do, but if anything should happen you are to go straight to Mrs. Madison. She will send you away with her sister Mrs. Cutts's children. You are not afraid, my child?"

"No, father," Dorothy answered.

"Good-by, then, little daughter," and for the second time Dr. Sargent kissed her forehead.

Dorothy's heart sang a happy little song that morning. Her father had kissed her twice! He had called her "little daughter"! He had said that when he came back they would become better acquainted!

"But suppose," thought Dorothy, with a choke in her throat, "suppose he never comes back! Suppose he is killed by the bad redcoats! Or he may be brought home wounded — but then I shall nurse my father."

The little girl sat down on the broad window-seat, resolved to watch there till she saw him coming home again.

All day Dorothy watched for her father, and all through the summer night slept with her faithful little cheek against the casement, in spite of Mammy's scoldings and entreaties. The next day they could hear the long report and loud rumble of cannon to the northeast, and in the early afternoon disordered parties of flying soldiers came hurrying by from Bladensburg. About noon Mammy came to tell her little mistress that the servants had decided to escape to Georgetown.

"Father told you to stay right here. You are not to leave the house, any of you," Dorothy commanded.

"Yo 'd better come 'long yo'self, honey, 'fore de redcoats snaps yo'," the old woman said.

"You will do just as I say, Mammy!" the little girl repeated.

Mammy went downstairs again, muttering to herself. The house was very still after that, and when Dorothy called for her lunch a half-hour later no one replied. Again she called,

and again, then ran downstairs in alarm. She was all alone in the big house!

"Never mind," Dorothy said bravely, as she came back to her post. "Father will come home soon."

All that day, too, Dorothy's face was pressed against the window. In every squad of retreating soldiers, growing less and less frequent as the day wore on, she expected to see her father, and her heart grew heavier and more frightened with each disappointment. As the twilight deepened she saw a great light shining from the southeast, but she did not know it was the Navy-yard, set on fire by the escaping officers. It made the street as bright as day. Presently she heard the music of approaching soldiers.

"Now at last," thought Dorothy, "father is coming home."

But when they came nearer, and she saw that their coats were red, the little girl shrank back in alarm, and her heart for a moment stopped beating. Faster and faster came the British troops through the streets, this way and that, but all toward the Capitol; and then, in a short time, Dorothy saw a great flame shoot up from the wooden bridge that joined the two parts of the building.

"Surely now," the little girl cried aloud, "what father was afraid of has happened! I must go right to Mrs. Madison."

She fastened on her bonnet with trembling hands, and, not daring to light a candle, groped her way downstairs. When she reached the parlor she hesitated.

"'LITTLE GIRL! LITTLE GIRL!' SHE CALLED OUT. 'WHERE ARE YOU GOING?'" (SEE PAGE 788.)

"Poor little pier-glass girl!" she said softly.

She opened the parlor door, and felt her way around the room until her hand touched the cold glass; then, leaning forward, she kissed the reflection she could but dimly see.

"Good-by, dear," she whispered.

Half ashamed of the action, yet with a great lump choking in her throat, Dorothy made her way to the front door and out into the street. She knew it was a mile from the Capitol to the

White House, and she knew, too, that the streets were full of dreadful soldiers; but, like a wise little girl, she thought that the burning of the Capitol would draw them there, at least for a time. And she was right: the turmoil was all at the Capitol.

"If I can get through dark byways," thought Dorothy, "they will not see me."

But it takes longer to go through byways, and a mile is not a short road to travel alone at night. When she reached Lafayette Square the soldiers were there before her, and fire was shooting out of every window of the White House, while tiny flames were just beginning to light up the Treasury, and the State, War, and Navy Departments. Then, for a moment, Dorothy's brave little heart gave out. It had never occurred to her that the President's wife would not be there. She shrank back among the thick trees and bushes between St. John's Church and the President's House, afraid to stay or to go on.

"But I cannot stay here," she said to herself. "I must go to Georgetown, where Mammy is."

The day was just dawning when a tired child dragged her feet heavily over Rock Creek and into Georgetown. A close carriage drove rapidly by, then stopped a little way beyond her. A very beautiful lady leaned out.

"Little girl! Little girl!" she called out. "Where are you going? What is your name?"

Straight to the carriage poor, worn-out Dorothy ran, and threw herself almost into it, crying breathlessly, "My name is Dorothy, — some people call me Dolly, — and I 'm running away from the British."

The lady reached out her arms and drew the little girl in.

"My name is Dorothy, and some people call me Dolly, too," she said, "and I 'm afraid I am running away from the British also. We will run together, little Dorothy."

When Dorothy first found herself so unexpectedly in the comfortable carriage, she sobbed and cried, for all the fright and weariness she had felt; but at last, when she had cried her tears out, she looked around her. Beside her sat the pretty lady, with a sad, far-away look on her face, and one slender foot put firmly on a square red leather box; this box had brass nails closely set around its rim, and arranged on the top in the form of an oval. As Dorothy looked, a tear stole down the pretty lady's face, and the little girl shyly slipped her hand into the white one beside her.

The lady impulsively raised the little brown hand to her cheek. "How came you to be out in the street alone, dear?" she asked.

"Father went to fight the British," Dorothy answered, "and he told us to stay in the house, but the servants were frightened and ran away. People like that cannot help being cowards, you know," she explained.

"And then what did Dolly do?" the lady asked.

"I stayed until they set the Capitol on fire. Father told me if anything happened to go straight to Mrs. Madison, and I thought that something had surely happened then."

"It had indeed," the lady sighed. Then she asked, "But whose child are you, dear, that you were told to go to Mrs. Madison?"

"I am Dorothy Sargent, ma'am."

"Dr. Sargent's little girl?" the lady cried.

"Yes; and Mrs. Madison was gone, you know. The White House was all on fire. I was all night getting to Georgetown."

"Why, you poor little dear!" the pretty lady cried.

They sat silent for a long time. Many other carriages were on the road now, and people walking — often crowds of them. Once, when they had just changed horses, some rough men put their heads into the carriage.

"Hand over that box!" one of them said.

"You do not know to whom you are speaking," the pretty lady answered very proudly.

"Oh, yes, we do," the man replied; "but them as were something yesterday may not be so much to-morrow. Hand it over!"

"Back, every one of you! John, drive on!" the lady commanded, and as the carriage dashed forward the men fell back. Dorothy thought the pretty lady looked like a queen.

But in a moment she began to tremble, and she caught up Dorothy's little hand again and kissed it fervently. "We must let no one have the little trunk, dear," she said. "It is full of the most valuable papers."

In the afternoon they came to an out-of-the-way inn. The driver got down and went to the door, but in a moment came back looking troubled.

"They will not let us in," he said.

"Will not let us in? This is the place my husband appointed."

"They say the war is his fault," the driver began.

"Get back on the seat, John," said the lady. "I will wait for my husband in the carriage."

The weather had been growing dark and threatening the last mile, and now a terrible storm broke over them. The carriage swayed with the wind, and the horses reared in terror, while the rain came down in sheets. The pretty lady drew the little girl closer to her.

"We must not be afraid, little Dolly," she said. "The same rain is putting out the fires in Washington."

At that instant a man hurried out of the inn.

"Come in, ma'am, come in out of the storm," he cried. "I did not know my men had been so rude!"

But when they were safe inside, Dolly's pretty lady was more restless than in the carriage. She walked back and forth to the window, peering out.

"If my husband were only safely here!" she cried again and again.

The storm was nearly over when another carriage came driving up fast to the inn, and a moment later Dorothy saw a very small, thin-haired, middle-aged man come hastily into the room and clasp the pretty lady in his arms. He was followed by several other gentlemen, among whom, to Dorothy's great delight, she saw her father.

When Dr. Sargent had warmly greeted the small daughter he had thought safe with the little Cutts children, he turned to thank her rescuer.

"You have an obedient little girl, doctor," the lady said jestingly. "She did just as you told her. She came straight to Mrs. Madison."

For the pretty lady who had been so kind to Dorothy Sargent was no other than Dolly Madison, the wife of the President; and if any of you ever go to the State Department at Washington, ask to be shown the little red trunk in which she carried away the state papers when the British burned the city in 1814.

DOLLY MADISON'S TRUNK, NOW IN THE STATE DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON.
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR ST. NICHOLAS.

"THE VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT OF THE BEARS OF PRECINCT A."

THE BRAVE VOLUNTEERS.

By Carolyn Wells.

Upon a branch some little birds were sitting in a row,
All chittering and twittering as hard as they could go;
When suddenly a bird
Said, "Well, upon my word!
I 'm sure there is a fire in the valley down below."
And all the birds said, "Oh! We see the lurid glow!
There surely is a fire in the valley down below."

The squirrels told the rabbits, who told the coons in turn;
The features of the creatures expressed extreme concern.
They said, "There is no doubt
That fire must be put out.
There 's a village in the valley, and we must not let it burn!"
"No, indeed!" cried each in turn, with their faces set and stern;
"The village in the valley must not be allowed to burn!"

Then they flew around like madmen, so excitable were they;
They hurried and they flurried and they scurried every way;
When they heard a great stampede,
And at fearful rate of speed
Came the Volunteer Department of the Bears of Precinct A!
Then they all cried out, "Hooray! they will surely save the day;
Give three cheers and hip, hurrah, boys, for the Bears of Precinct A!"

The Volunteers sped o'er the road as fast as fast could be;
Though lumbersome and cumbersome, they hustled eagerly.
They rent the air with yells,
And they sounded horns and bells,
And said, "We will put out that fire, as you shall quickly see."
And they laughed aloud in glee to think how cleverly
They 'd reach the fire and put it out and get back home for tea.

But what d' you think those Bears found out when they their goal had won,
And babbling and scrabbling they came up on a run?
The lurid glow had faded,
And the village folk said, they did,
That there was no fire! It only was the setting of the sun!
But the Bears said, "We had fun, and a very pleasant run,
And, as you see, the fire is out, and so our work is done.
It 's such a lot of fun to put out a setting sun;
And, as you see, the fire is out, so now our work is done!"

CAN'T.

By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

How history repeats itself,
  You 'll say, when you remember Grant,
Who, in his boyhood days, once sought
  Throughout the lexicon for "can't."

He could not find the word that day,
  The earnest boy whose name was Grant;
He never found it through long years,
  With all their power to disenchant.

No hostile host could give him pause;
  Rivers and mountains could not daunt;
He never found that hindering word —
  The steadfast man whose name was Grant.

THE LARGEST SQUASH.

By Allan P. Ames.

When Mr. Armitage, who kept the new shoe-store, announced his prize squash contest, Daltonville wondered how he could afford it. There were fifteen prizes, ranging from a set of parlor furniture said to be worth forty-five dollars, to a fifty-cent jack-knife. But when people learned the conditions of the competition, they ceased wondering and admired his business enterprise. For only squashes grown from seeds obtained of Mr. Armitage were eligible for prizes, and to get seeds it was necessary to buy at least a dollar's worth of his goods.

Joe Edwards, as soon as the competition was announced, started into town with a dollar and a half to buy a new pair of shoes for his sister Jennie. He and his mother managed to retain possession of their comfortable old house on the outskirts of the village only by exercising the closest economy. There were two other children besides himself and Jennie—Stephen, named for their father, and baby John. In summer their rooms were filled with boarders from the city and money was more plentiful; but at this time the season for boarders had not yet opened.

When Joe left Mr. Armitage's shop that day, besides the new shoes he had a little pasteboard box containing a dozen dried seeds.

Joe was eager to get home, so he took a short cut through the orchard. As he jumped the last stone wall he spied the children tumbling around on the grass, enjoying the first really warm day of the spring—for last year baby John was too little to play. As soon as they caught sight of Joe they tumbled baby into the huge basket which they had brought out for his "house," and, lifting it between them, started to head Joe off. Easily guessing that Jennie was anxious to see the new purchase, he tossed the package of shoes to her, and quickly walked off to the last year's onion-bed in a secluded spot back of the house.

When it comes to rapid growing, no other garden vegetable compares with the squash-vine. Even under adverse conditions it will run so fast that its progress can be marked from one day to the next. To guard against accidents, Joe planted half a dozen seeds, and, when the shoots appeared, watched them carefully in order to find as soon as possible which was the hardiest. At the end of two weeks he rooted up all but two, leaving these at opposite ends of the bed so that they would not interfere with each other's growth.

One morning near the middle of June he was measuring and comparing measurements, when he heard a step behind him, and looked up to find Mr. Alward, the new boarder.

"Good morning," said Mr. Alward. "You are taking particularly good care of that squash-vine."

Joe had a poor opinion of city people's knowledge of farming matters; but Mr. Alward showed such an intelligent interest that he answered his questions politely, and in the end told all about the prize contest. "I have n't much hope of winning," said he; "but there 's no harm in trying. Most of us boys are. Perhaps I 'll get one of the smaller prizes."

"Your chances are as good as anybody's," replied Mr. Alward. "You have chosen an excellent piece of ground, and your squash is doing first-rate. I am interested in such things, you see."

"Is that so!" exclaimed Joe, stopping work. "Then perhaps you can give me some points on how to do this. Do you think the vine is growing fast enough? It is two inches longer than it was yesterday morning."

"Plenty fast enough; in fact, if it were mine I should n't let it get much longer. You see, the prize is not for the longest vine, but the largest squash. And the longer the vine—beyond a certain point—the smaller the squash. I see several little squashes: which do you intend to cultivate for the prize?"

"I have n't picked out any particular one," said Joe. "I can't tell which will be the best until fall, when they get their full growth."

"You are on the wrong track," declared the boarder, with a smile. "Let me explain. This vine can absorb only a certain amount of nourishment from the ground and air. If it distributes that nourishment among half a dozen squashes, you can easily understand that each will get less than just one would if it were the only one on the vine. If you 'll allow me, I 'll show you what I mean."

"All right, sir," said Joe. "I guess you know more about it than I do."

Mr. Alward bent over the vine and pinched off the ends of the longest shoots, as well as all but three of the green squashes, now about the size of potatoes. "There," he said. "Never mind about the other vine; this is the better one. Now watch these small squashes I have left, and as soon as you are sure which will do the best, remove the rest. And don't let the vine grow any longer. As fast as the new creepers show themselves, pinch them off."

"How about all these leaves?" inquired the boy, quickly grasping the idea. "They are n't doing any good, are they? Had n't I better pick them off, too?"

"By no means," answered Mr. Alward. "If you did, you probably would kill the plant. The leaves are as important as the roots. They take in nourishment from the atmosphere, while the roots are drawing it up from the soil."

After this Joe and the boarder met at the squash-patch for consultation almost every morning. It was astonishing how much attention that vine required. Apparently every worm and bug in the garden sought it out, and as for weeds, they sprang up by battalions during the night. Joe had told none of his friends anything about his trying for the prize. No one knew of it but his mother, Mr. Alward, and Joe's sister. Jennie was as keenly excited over the contest as was Joe himself, and she would often sit at the window of her room, at the back of the old house, and talk to Joe as he weeded and fed his beloved squash.

The second vine was rooted up, and by the end of July one of the three squashes on the other showed such unmistakable superiority that its two companions were lopped off, leaving this one alone.

By August, Daltonville was pretty familiar with the news that Joe Edwards had a marvelous squash. But, although they did not attract as much attention because their cultivators were grown men, at least five other squashes gave equal promise; and the men who raised these were veterans of many prize contests, who had no fear of being beaten by a fourteen-year-old boy. The weighing-in at the Armitage shoe-store did not take place until the 15th of October, and it is the last month that counts the most in a squash-growing contest.

About the middle of September, Mr. Alward, who had returned to the city, received from Joe this urgent letter:

Last night I walked over to Mr. Williams's garden and measured his squash. It is six inches larger around than mine, and looks greener, as if it had longer to grow. I 've done everything you told me, but mine does n't get much bigger. I 'm afraid it 's got its growth. Is n't there anything else I can do that will help it? I hate to lose that prize after we 've worked so hard for it.

"AS SOON AS THEY CAUGHT SIGHT OF JOE THEY TUMBLED BABY INTO THE HUGE BASKET."

The following day brought Mr. Alward himself. The matter was too important to trust to the mails, he said. "I 've been all through it

myself," he observed, as he and Joe walked out to the prize squash-patch, "and I know just how you feel. After I got your letter I consulted a friend of mine who teaches agricultural chemistry in a college. He told me a scheme

"SHE WOULD OFTEN SIT AT THE WINDOW OF HER ROOM, AT THE BACK OF THE HOUSE, AND TALK TO JOE."

I never heard of before, but he believes that it will work, and if he 's right we shall win in spite of our friend Williams. Have you plenty of milk at your house?"

"Why, yes," replied Joe, wonderingly. "Now that most of the boarders are gone, the cow gives more than we know what to do with."

"Get a quart of milk and a funnel, and I 'll show you the new plan," said Joe's friend, laughing at his bewilderment.

When Joe had carried out his directions, Mr. Alward pulled out his penknife and cut a slit in the stalk on the upper side, near where it entered the body of the squash. Then he hammered the small end of the funnel flat until its sides almost met, and set it in the opening.

"Now," said he, "in with the milk."

Joe poured until the funnel was full. "There is n't room for all of it," he said.

"Wait a minute," replied Mr. Alward. And even as he spoke the liquid in the funnel began to settle. It continued going down, as they watched it, until not a drop remained.

Joe rubbed his eyes in amazement. "I 'd never believed it if I had n't seen it. The squash has drunk it all up!"

Mr. Alward smiled. "Now if you give this fellow a drink twice a day it ought to get fat as fast as the pigs. About a pint at a time should be enough."

On the morning of October 15, Joe Edwards removed the blanket which for the past few nights had guarded the squash from the frost. Then he cut it from the vine and took it to the store in a wheelbarrow.

The weighing-in began at ten o'clock.

Several squashes tipped the scales at one hundred pounds and just under; but when farmer Williams's entry was dumped on the platform, the crowd broke into exclamations of admiration.

"He 's got it, sure enough," said several. "There 's no use trying any more."

The weight of the Williams squash was one hundred and fourteen pounds. When Joe heard the announcement his heart sank. He had had no means of weighing his own, and his rival's certainly looked the larger. Yet, when the question was left to the scales, the beam bobbed up with a clang, and the amazed shoe-dealer was obliged to move the balance weight forward many notches.

"One hundred and twenty-two pounds!" was the announcement.

Mr. Armitage gazed about him. Joe's was the last squash weighed. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I take pleasure in awarding the forty-five-dollar parlor suite to Mr."—consulting the card tied to the stem of the vegetable on the scales—"to *Master* Joseph Edwards. Where is he?"

"Here!" shouted Joe, joyfully stepping forward.

"Hold on, thar!" came a voice from the crowd. "I enter protest ag'in' that squash. It ain't fair. It 's loaded to make it weigh heavy."

The speaker was Williams. "It ain't nat'ral

that this squash should weigh more 'n mine," he growled, as he advanced and pointed out the rivals where they lay side by side, for his certainly looked the larger.

"I say there 's something been put into this one to make it weigh heavy," repeated the old man, angrily, rapping on Joe's squash with his knuckles.

"Nothing of the sort," replied the boy, indignantly. "You have no right, Mr. Williams, to accuse me of a dishonest trick."

To this the crowd murmured its approbation; for Joe was as popular in Daltonville as Williams was disliked.

"You ought not to make such grave charges, neighbor Williams, without proof," said the storekeeper, mildly. "We all know widow Edwards's son, and hesitate to believe that he would stoop to any such thing."

"'HOLD ON, THAR!' CAME A VOICE FROM THE CROWD. 'I ENTER PROTEST AG'IN' THAT SQUASH.'"

"Proof!" shouted Williams. "I 've got proof enough; I 've got a witness. Here, Hi, tell them what you and me saw Saturday evening when we were comin' 'cross lots."

At this, the old farmer's hired man stood

forth and told, not without reluctance, of having watched Joe put a funnel in the top of his squash and pour in some fluid whose exact nature they could not make out. "But we suspected 't was white lead," he added, "that bein' the heaviest liquid he could get around here."

"Look over his squash and see if it 's plugged," suggested some one.

"It has n't a flaw," answered Mr. Armitage. "I 've been examining."

"Then cut her open!" yelled Williams. "You 'll find her chock-full of lead; I 'll bet my hoss on it."

"Yes, cut it open," repeated several voices in the crowd.

Joe was willing enough to have this done, and was about to give his consent, when suddenly there was a movement in the front ranks of the onlookers, and Mr. Alward appeared. Joe could only gape in astonishment.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves," said his protector, sternly, "conspiring to injure this lad's property! A squash as big as that is worth a considerable sum entire, but cut up it 's no better than others. In fact, I intended to buy it myself, if the owner would sell, to put it on exhibition in my store window."

"How much would you give fer it?" asked Williams, suddenly.

"That depends upon how much Master Edwards asks. I should call ten dollars a fair price. One hundred and twenty-two pound squashes are rare enough to be valuable."

Without a word, Williams pulled out an aged wallet and selected therefrom two five-dollar bills. "Look here, Mr. City Man," said he, with a sneer, "this money shows that I mean business. Here 's ten dollars that I 'll put in Mr. Armitage's hands. If we find this squash all right and fair inside, the money belongs to the boy. If there 's anything crooked about it, the ten goes back to me and I get the first prize." And so it was agreed.

But now, when he saw them preparing to mangle his beloved squash, a fear smote him lest, in some unexplainable manner, something might have happened in its unknown interior which, when revealed, would leave him forever discredited in the eyes of all Daltonville.

It was no easy task opening a big squash with a rind hard almost as shoe-leather, but after much hacking and sawing it was accomplished, and the hemispheres fell asunder. Williams and as many as could crowd into the circle bent forward eagerly to inspect the contents. All they saw was a mass of smooth yellow pulp and white seeds. Thanks to its milk diet, this squash was of remarkable soundness.

"Cut her again!" shouted the old farmer. The squash was quartered, with the same lack of startling discoveries. Not until the once magnificent vegetable lay chopped into small bits did Williams give up the fight. With a scowl of baffled rage, he pushed through the jeering crowd and made for the door. Mr. Armitage and several others called after him to return and get his second prize; but he gave no heed, and was last seen driving rapidly out of the village.

"Well, young man," said the shoe-dealer, turning to Joe, "we 've spoiled your squash, but here 's ten dollars to pay for it and your anxiety. The first prize is yours. I congratulate you. If I were in the vegetable-raising business instead of the shoe trade, I 'd want you for a partner."

The forty-five-dollar set of furniture adds not a little to the decoration of widow Edwards's cozy parlor. Whenever Mr. Alward pays them a visit—which is pretty often—he never fails to step in for a moment and admire it.

WHAT ANOTHER SUMMER BROUGHT TO DENISE AND NED TOODLES.

By Gabrielle E. Jackson.

Chapter VII.

TROUBLES NEVER COME SINGLY.

I NEED not tell you a word about the performance. You have all been to the circus, and I dare say to much finer circuses than this little country show; but I doubt if you ever laughed more heartily at the funny pranks of the clowns and trick ponies, or ever enthused more wildly over the beautiful horses and wonderful trapeze performances, than did our happy party.

When the show came to an end, Mr. Lombard said:

"Now keep all in a line close behind me, and then we shall not become separated in this jam, for the whole town is turned loose, I firmly believe."

So off the procession started, Hart well in the lead, with Mr. Lombard's hands upon his shoulders to "steer him straight," then followed in order grandma, Mrs. Lombard, Denise, and Pokey, as usual, at the end.

Who can check the outpouring of a circus crowd? Willy-nilly they were swept out into the moonlight.

* * * * * * *

The next day was Sunday, and Mrs. Lombard, when all were seated at the dinner-table, said: "We have waited for Pokey to arrive before making our first visit to the 'Chapel' this year. John finished putting it in order yesterday afternoon, and we will all go up at about three o'clock."

Before long the whole party set out for the beautiful little woodland retreat which went by the name of the Chapel because, during the summer, the family spent nearly every Sunday afternoon there, resting in the hammocks, in the comfortable rustic seats, or stretched at length upon the soft moss. Plenty of cushions were always carried, and a more restful, soothing spot it would have been hard to find. The path led up the hill and through the fields to the wood's edge, and just within it, where the

view of the river was most charming, the seats had been built.

All were toiling up the hill, burdened with their cushions and books. Denise had Tan on one side of her and Ned on the other. She had thrown an arm across each neck, and was saying, "Now hay-foot, straw-foot," to teach them to keep in step. Not far behind came Pokey upon "Mrs. Mama's" arm, for Pokey had not had time to gain her full strength yet, and the hill made her pant. Grandma was assisted by papa's arm, and all were "making haste slowly."

"Hay-foot, straw-foot! Hay-foot, s-t-r-a-w — oh! oh! oh!" *baa-a-a-a-a-a!* and a screeching *neigh!* Then pandemonium reigned for a few moments, for the "straw-foot" had been planted fairly and squarely in a ground-hornets' nest, and out flew a buzzing, busy throng of startled housekeepers. In their haste to reach the house Denise stumbled and fell, and when she tried to get up she found that her ankle had been badly sprained, and she had to be carried into the house. Ned and Tan, however, felt the full force of the hornet horde, and when they arrived at the stable John was kept busy with hot water and liniment for their poor stung skins.

He had just made Tan comfortable and begun upon Ned when he noticed a man standing by the fence and looking at the pony as he brushed him and rubbed ointment where the stings were worst. John gave a friendly nod, and said: "It 's lively wor-rk we 've been havin' this past two hours!"

"What 's happened?" asked the man.

John related the story of the hornets' nest.

"Fine little beast, that," said the man, presently.

"You niver saw the loike of him in all yer loife!" said John, proudly.

"What will you take for him?"

"What 'll I take fer him, is it ye 're askin'? Faith, he 's not mine to sell, as ye well know, but ye 'd better not be askin' the master that same."

"What 's the boss's name?"

"What 's that to you?" demanded John, with some asperity, for he was beginning to dislike the man.

"Say, I know a man who 'll give a cool two-fifty for him, and never wink."

"Well, he may save his offer, thin, fer the boss paid three-fifty fer him not more than two year ago, and would n't sell him fer twict that, me son."

"Want ter make a deal? You git him to sell the little horse to my man fer just what he paid fer him, an' it 'll mean a fifty fer you."

But this was too much. "Who the mischief are ye, thin, I 'd loike to know? Get out av this, an' if I catch ye about the place with yer blackguard offers, I 'll call the constable for ye as sure as iver me name 's John Noonan," and John advanced toward the fence with ire in his eyes — whereupon the stranger promptly hastened away.

"Did iver ye listen to sooch chake as that, me foine boy?" John asked his small charge. "Don't ye let it worry ye heart, me son; it 's not goin' to be sold out of *this* home ye are — not fer *no* money!"

On Monday the circus gave another performance, and, after that given in the evening, crossed the river by special arrangement with the ferry-boat and went upon its way.

As Pokey never drove Ned, he was not used at all on Monday, for Denise's ankle had grown worse and she could not bear her weight upon it. At eight o'clock that evening Ned had been locked in his little stable as usual.

It was John's custom to come early to his work, his own home being a short walk across the fields, and six o'clock usually found him at the stable door, to be greeted with welcoming neighs by the horses, which had learned to love him, and Denise's pets, who found in John a very faithful attendant. After opening up the big stable, he went over to the "Birds' Nest" and was surprised to find the door unlocked.

"Now who 's been that careless, I wonder?" he muttered.

Then, entering, he wondered why he did not hear Ned's morning greeting. Filled with misgiving, he hurried across the floor and looked over the top of the door of the stall.

Ned was gone!

But even then the true situation did not dawn upon him, and he hurried out to look all about the grounds and in every place where Ned could possibly have strayed. But no Ned was to be found, and now, thoroughly alarmed, he

went to the kitchen to ask Eliza, who was just lighting her morning fire, to call Mr. Lombard.

"Whatever has happened you?" demanded Eliza, looking up from her range. "Ye look like ye 'd seen a ghost."

"The little horse is gone! I 've hunted the place for him and can find no trace of him," answered John, in a distressed voice.

"The saints save us! What will that dear child do?" said Eliza, in dismay.

"Go quick and call master," was John's answer.

"Don't let this get to Miss Denise's ears, if it can possibly be helped," said Mr. Lombard when he and John had returned from a fruitless search. "There may be some foundation for your suspicion regarding that man who spoke to you on Sunday, and coupled with what Denise has told me about the circus manager's questions, I am forced to admit that it does not look well. Go up to the village and ask Mr. Stevens to come to me as quickly and as quietly as possible, for this case needs both a lawyer and detectives. I will warn the others to keep silent;" and with a very troubled face Mr. Lombard entered the house.

But all that day passed, and still others, without revealing a trace of Ned. Inquiries set afoot came to naught. The circus had left at 1 A.M., but Ned had not been among the ponies. If he were really stolen, as Mr. Lombard was reluctantly compelled to believe, — for that wise little beast was not going to lose himself, or stay away from home voluntarily, — those who tried to get him away must have exercised great skill in doing so, for everybody in that town knew him.

The search had been on foot for three days, and Mrs. Lombard, Denise, and Pokey were sitting in the mother's room on Thursday morning, when Hart called to Mrs. Lombard from the bottom of the stairs, "Please may I speak with you a second?"

Mrs. Lombard hastened into the hall, for she was fearful that the message pertained to Ned, and even though the voice vibrated with hope, she did not wish the message to be heard by Denise unless it was the one she longed for. Hart had scoured the country upon Pinto, but thus far to no purpose. Half-way down the stairs Hart met her, and whispered, as he supposed in a low voice:

"They think they 've found a clue to Ned's whereabouts, for that man who spoke to John was seen 'way up by Hook Mountain, and had come across the river in a great big boat, big enough to carry Ned over in! And — "

"Hush!" whispered Mrs. Lombard, holding up a warning finger. But it was too late. Over the railing hung a white little face, and a pair of wild eyes looked beseechingly at her mother as Denise, who had limped to the stairway, demanded: "*What* do you mean? Ned found? Clue to Ned's whereabouts? Where is he? What has happened since I 've been laid up? Tell me — tell me!"

Feeling that a real tragedy had come into her little girl's life, — for Mrs. Lombard fully realized how strong was the tie between Denise and this well-beloved pet, — the mother stepped quickly to her little daughter's side, put an arm about her, and said: "Come into the sitting-room, darling, and let me tell you all about it. I had thought to spare you the anxiety, for we are confident that all will end well; but now you would better know the truth."

Trembling from sympathy, Pokey had drawn near and taken one of Denise's hands, and now stood beside her, looking into her eyes as though beseeching her not to be quite heartbroken. Hart, with contrition stamped upon his handsome boyish face, had crept up the stairs and was looking in at the door. Drawing Denise beside her upon the couch, Mrs. Lombard said in her calm, soothing voice:

"When John went to the stable Monday morning Ned was not there. At first we thought that he had managed to run away, but later we were convinced that he could not have gone voluntarily, and a thorough search has been made. Thus far it has been fruitless, but Hart has just reported that one of the men whom we now know to have been connected with the circus has been seen hereabout, and we have further learned that which surprises us not a little: that Ned once belonged to another branch of this very circus — indeed, that he and Sindbad, the big black horse with whom he so promptly renewed his acquaintance, were formerly ring companions and performed tricks

together. All this papa's men have discovered, and also that, about a year before Ned became yours, the circus then being in need of money, Ned was sold, very much to the regret of the proprietor. When more prosperous days returned they tried to find him, but could not, and not until they chanced to come to Springdale did they ever see their clever little trick pony again. Then this manager recognized him from the odd mark upon his right temple, and sent this man down to see if he could buy him back again; but John sent him to the right-about with a word of advice. Then Ned vanished, and naturally our first thought flew to the circus. But Ned is not with it, nor yet with the main body of it, for papa has sent everywhere. If they have taken him, they have surely hidden him somewhere till the excitement shall have passed, and they think it safe to bring him upon the scene far from this section of the country. There, my dear little girl, is all the truth, and you understand better than any one else can how very, very sorry I am to be forced to tell it to you"; and Mrs. Lombard held Denise close to her and tenderly kissed her forehead.

Not a sound was heard in that room for a few moments save the ticking of the little clock upon the mantel, and then Denise asked in a strange, hard little voice:

"You say that the man was seen up near Hook Mountain?"

"Yes!" burst in Hart. "He had rowed across the river, they think, and was prowling along the shore in a great big boat. Patsy Murphy was out on the river fishing, and saw him, and told Mr. Stevens when he got back."

"Hart," cried Denise, suddenly, the big brown eyes filling with a fire which boded ill for any one minded to take Ned from her, "do you remember that little wild path we once came upon on Hook Mountain, when you and I were trying to find a short cut over to the lake one day? It led around the curve of the mountain, and seemed to end, but when we forced our way through the underbrush it led down to an old brick-yard dock. We said at the time that it would be a splendid place to play Captain Kidd and bury a treasure, for nobody would ever think of scrambling 'way round there."

"Of course I remember," cried Hart, catching her excitement, although as yet he hardly knew why.

"Have you hunted there?"

"No! I never once thought of that place."

"Please go quick, *and take Sailor.* Give him something of Ned's to smell, and then say, 'Find Ned, Sailor; find him!' and he will know just what you mean, because that is what I always say to him when he and Ned and Tan and I play hide-and-seek, as we often do when we are alone. I would go too, but somehow I don't feel very well, and I — I —" And the voice dwindled off into nothingness as poor little nearly heartbroken Denise drew a long sigh and dropped into her mother's arms, for the time being, oblivious of her loss and grief.

Hart fled, muttering an excited "Plague take that old circus! Wish the old thing had never showed up in Springdale! I 'll go up to that place before another hour, and if Ned is anywhere in the mountain, I 'll have him — that 's all — no matter who has him now! Wish I could catch that man; I 'd punch his head for him! I 'd — I 'd — Why did n't we think of Sailor before? Pinto, you must just hustle *this* time!" And with his thoughts upon the gallop, Hart rushed across the lawn, calling to Sailor, who was always ready to follow, and five minutes later was tearing up the road toward Hook Mountain on Pinto, with Sailor bounding on ahead of him.

Meantime Denise had come to her senses, but was limp as a little rag, for she had not yet recovered from the effect of her fall, and the news about Ned had been as a thunderbolt to her. But Mrs. Lombard was a wise nurse, and presently had the satisfaction of seeing her patient slip away into dreamland.

Chapter VIII.

A TIMELY RESCUE.

Hart tore through the village, and soon was galloping up the road leading to Hook Mountain. Before long he came to the point at which the main road turned aside to wind its way by a circuitous route over the mountain,

and this was the only road known to the ordinary traveler to the fairy-like lake which lay in a lap of the mountain. But not so to the children, who had scoured the country for miles in every direction. A little path which seemed to end at the edge of an adjoining field did not end there at all, but made its way through the undergrowth, up, down, in, and out, until it finally scrambled over to the other side of the steep cliff, at whose base, years before, a small dock had been built for the accommodation of the long since dismantled brick-yard. Stopping at the entrance of the path, Hart called Sailor to him, and taking from under his arm the saddle-cloth of Ned's saddle, said to Sailor: "Here, old boy, see this? Smell it. It 's Ned's, Ned's! Find him, Sailor! that 's a good dog! Find him!"

If ever an animal's eyes spoke, Sailor's did then; for, giving Hart one comprehensive glance from those big brown ones, so full of love and devotion, he began to bark and caper about like a puppy. Then Hart started Pinto forward, and he and Sailor began their search. On and on they went. Mile after mile measured off behind them, as they brushed by overhanging boughs, stumbled through the tangled undergrowth, and repeatedly stopped to call and listen, Hart telling Sailor to bark for Ned, and the deep bark waking the echoes of the silent woods. As though he understood what they were doing, Pinto too would often join in with a loud neigh, but no responsive neigh could be heard.

Nearly three hours had slipped away, and the boy was beginning to lose hope, when they came upon the old dock, and Sailor, uttering a low growl, walked toward it with hair bristling and in that peculiar manner a Newfoundland dog advances upon his enemy — a sort of "come-on-and-face-me-fairly-and-squarely" air. Hart drew rein and called, while down his spine crept a wee bit of a chill, for he was far from home, and entirely defenseless. But there was no sign of living thing, and thinking that Sailor must have been mistaken, Hart called to him and went on into the wood again. Had he been able to see the lower side of the dock, he might have discovered a large flat-bottomed boat tied close under the overhanging shed of the old dock, while from beneath the rickety boards peered a pair of steely eyes which watched his every movement. Hart was indeed in greater peril than he suspected, for this man would be the richer by a considerable sum of money if he carried out successfully the dastardly laid scheme of the one who offered it to him; and to sit hidden there and see his plans cast to the winds before his very eyes, unless he resorted to far worse villainy than that already afoot, was a sore temptation.

With hair still bristling, and an occasional admonitory growl, Sailor stalked very slowly after Hart, looking back from time to time to guard against trouble from the rear. They reached the point where the path wound its way up the jagged rocks, and where they had been forced to pause when he and Denise explored it before, and a feeling of despair began to settle upon him, for it seemed utterly hopeless to look farther. Sailor stood panting beside Pinto, evidently trying to ask, "What next?" when suddenly he supplied the answer himself; for, putting his head close to the ground, he gave one long sniff, and then uttered a joyous bark and dashed into the woods. As it was almost impossible for Pinto to make way through the tangle, Hart scrambled from his back and tore after Sailor. Just as he did so, Sailor barked again, and far off in the distance a faint whinny answered him.

"Gee-willikens, Christmas! If that is n't Ned's whinny I 'm a bluefish!" shouted Hart, and the next moment almost tumbled into a little dell at the bottom of which a sight greeted him that made him throw his cap into the air and simply yell. In a little cleared space, firmly tied to a tree, a dirty old blanket strapped upon him, and the remains of his last meal scattered upon the ground near him, stood little Ned, with Sailor licking his velvety nose and whining over him as though he were a little puppy. The next second Hart had his arms around Ned's neck, laughing, talking, asking questions as though he were talking to a human being who could answer if he only would. And Ned very nearly did, for the little fellow's joy was pathetic to witness.

When Hart had somewhat calmed down, he discovered how Ned had been brought into his hiding-place, for at the other side of it there

"SAILOR STOPPED FOR AN INSTANT, AND THEN, WITH A LOW BARK OF WARNING, SPRANG AFTER A MAN WHO SUDDENLY APPEARED FROM THE UNDERGROWTH."

were distinct traces of his hoof-marks, and Hart lost not a second more in untying the rope which held him and leading him out that way. It came out upon the wood path somewhat below the point where Pinto had been waiting, but at Hart's call Pinto came picking his way down the path, and was greeted by his old friend with a joyous neigh. They had not gone far when Sailor gave signs of anger. He stopped for an instant, and then, with a low bark of warning, sprang after a man who suddenly appeared from the undergrowth and was coming out of the wood to intercept Hart.

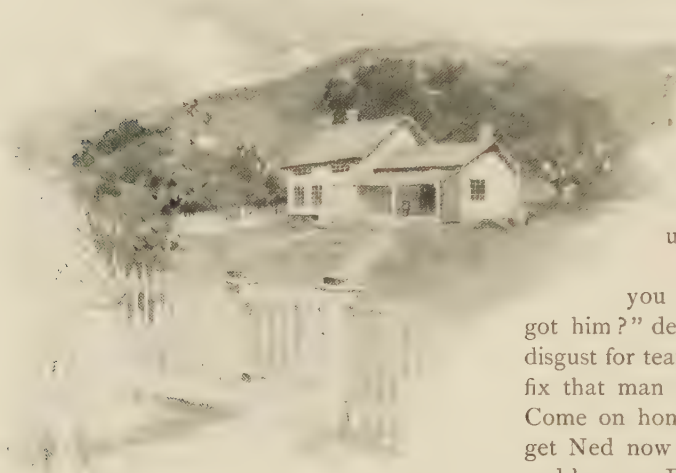
Chapter IX.

JOY TURNS POKEY DAFT.

Had not Sailor acted so promptly one trembles to think what might have been the outcome of Hart's adventure. But as the man bent down to avoid the low-hanging branches in entering the pathway, Sailor, now thoroughly aroused, sprang upon him and bore him to the ground face downward, then, planting both front feet squarely upon the man's back and holding him firmly by his coat collar, the faithful dog

held him prisoner, growling in his ear: "If you know what is well for you, you won't move!"

"Guard him, Sailor, guard him!" shouted Hart. "Hold him fast, good dog, and I 'll send some one to you!" And scrambling upon Pinto's back and leading Ned by his rope, he plunged along the path at a pace fit to bring destruction upon all three. But he had no thought of destruction just then, his only thought being to send some one to the noble dog's aid. He reached the main road, and was tearing along at breakneck speed, when he came upon a hay-wagon which had just turned in from a roadside field. Pulling up so suddenly that he nearly fell over Pinto's head, he shouted: "Quick! Quick! Run up into the woods, for Mr. Lombard's Sailor has caught the man who was trying to steal Ned Toodles, and is holding him fast."



"THE BACK FIELD ON WHICH JOHN'S COTTAGE STOOD."

All Springdale knew the story, and the three men in the hay-wagon tumbled out of it as one man, to run toward the wood-path, while Hart, still quivering with excitement, again pelted off toward home and friends. He was still rivaling John Gilpin when a voice from the side of the road called:

"Oh, Hinky-Dinky! Hinky-Dinky! Where did you find him? Where did you find him?" And up bounded Pokey, to plant herself almost directly in his path, for joy made her reckless. They were on the lower side of the village, Pokey having walked and walked till she was weary, and then seated herself by the roadside to rest. Hart slid off Pinto's back, and both ponies were glad to stop, for Hart had never given a thought to time, distance, or heat in his eagerness to reach home. Both ponies were blowing like porpoises, and for once in her life Pokey forgot all fear of Ned Toodles, and gathering the pony's head in her arms, proceeded to sob out her joy upon his neck.

"I say, what the mischief are you crying about now when we 've got him?" demanded Hart, with a boy's usual disgust for tears. "Those fellows up there will fix that man all right, and Sailor 's a trump. Come on home, for that 's where we want to get Ned now just as quick as ever we can"; and he gave Pokey's sleeve a pull.

"I know it," she answered, raising her head from Ned's silky mane. "But I 'm just simply shaky, I 'm so happy; and please let me take Ned to Denise, for I could n't go to find him, and I wanted to do something so badly."

"Of course you may, but I thought you were scared to death of him," said Hart, amazed to find that timid Pokey, who had invariably kept some one between herself and Ned, wanted to lead him. But on they went, and Hart had cause to be more surprised before he was less so, for Pokey hurried along the road, Ned pattering beside her, and occasionally tugging at the rope to hasten her steps as he drew nearer and nearer the dear home and dearer little mistress. Pokey did not take time to go around by the driveway when she reached the grounds, but cut across the back field on which John's cottage stood. Passing this she slipped in through a side gate that opened on the lawn.

After about an hour's sleep Denise awakened much refreshed, and Mrs. Lombard was on hand to say a soothing word when needed.

When she had finished speaking they sat silent for a moment or two, and then the silence was broken by a commotion downstairs.

"Yes, you can do it if you want to, and you just *must*, 'cause her ankle is too stiff for her to come to you. There! Now you see you can, just as well as not! Now another! One more! Another! Now only two more — and — t-h-e-r-e you are!" And then a clatter and a scramble over the piazza, and in through the lace curtains tore Pokey and Ned side by side, one with a cry of "I had to bring him! I could n't wait!" and the other with as joyous a neigh as ever a horse gave voice to. Straight into the library they came pell-mell, and straight into Denise's arms, to be laughed and cried over; for the tears which had not come at the sorrow fell like a refreshing summer shower now.

Mrs. Lombard and Denise had sprung to their feet as the funny pair entered the library, and both joined in the shout of welcome. And now Pokey, having done her one wild and daring act, curled herself up in a little heap in the middle of the floor and swayed back and forth, crying and laughing by turns as she said:

"Hart found him in the woods, and I made him scramble up the piazza steps."

Need I tell you any more? Of course all was excitement for a time, for Ned was welcomed like a lost son, the entire family gathering about him as he stood in the middle of the library, with Denise hugging him as though she would never give over doing so. Every one else was either patting him or stroking him,—for grandma, Eliza, Mary, and John had rushed up to the library to rejoice with the rest,—and all were talking at once of Ned's abduction by "that bad man" and his rescue by "this blessed boy." Hart's head was in a fair way to be turned with sheer conceit. After the excitement had subsided a little, John went tearing off to the village to learn the fate of the "bad man" and Sailor, and also to telegraph the good news to Mr. Lombard.

Finally Ned was taken to the Birds' Nest by the children, Denise having speedily recovered under the stimulating influence of so much happiness. Late in the afternoon Sailor was brought home by John, after having held his victim till the men sent by Hart released him, and took him in their wagon to the sheriff's office, where he was promptly committed to the calaboose and held for trial.

John's testimony was required at the sheriff's office, but he was on hand to drive to the station as usual for Mr. Lombard. And that gentleman soon arrived to join in the happiness that reigned in the household — the joyous climax of the worst adventure that ever befell Denise and Ned Toodles.

THE END.

THE OPENING OF THE FISHING SEASON — DIGGING FOR BAIT.

A DAY WITH HUDSON MAXIM.

By Joseph H. Adams.

The month of July suggests the Fourth, and as that means to the boys fire-crackers and other explosives, they may be interested in this account of an American who has invented one of the new terrific explosives used in modern warfare.

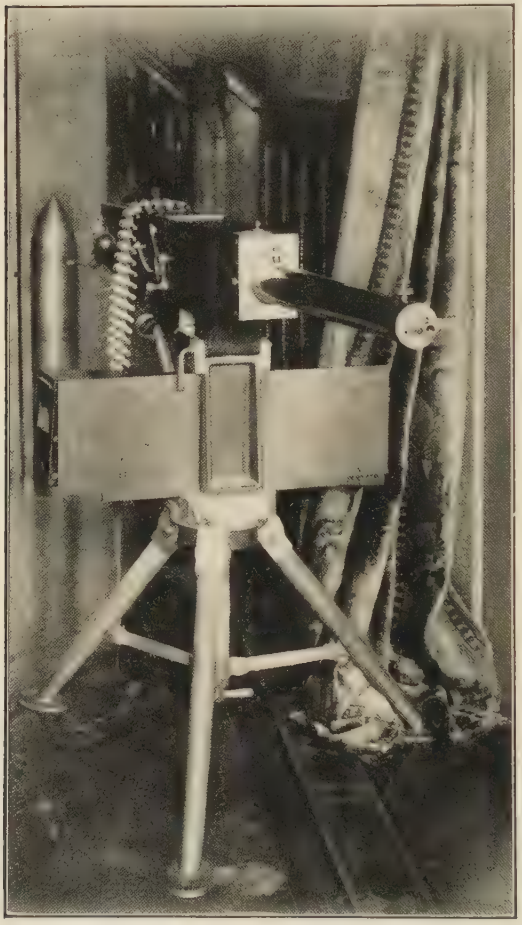


FIG. 1. "ON ENTERING THE HALLWAY ONE IS SUDDENLY CONFRONTED BY A FORMIDABLE-LOOKING ENGINE OF WAR — A MAXIM GUN."

On a quiet residence street in Brooklyn, and in a row of light-stone houses, there is a house of especial interest. Seen from the street, it does not differ from the other houses alongside it, but on entering the hallway one is suddenly confronted by a formidable-looking engine of war, a famous Maxim gun, whose muzzle projects toward you in a menacing manner, as if inquiring what your business is.

Stepping along still farther into the hall, you are greeted by another and larger gun with a still more threatening appearance; and as you glance around, on every hand you see groups of guns, pistols, projectiles, ammunition, and instruments of war, until you begin to wonder whether this is a residence or an arsenal.

A glance into the other rooms of the house, however, dispels all doubt, for, with the exception of the forbidding sentries in the hall, the furnishings of the house give every evidence that the master is not only a peace-loving citizen, but a home-loving man as well.

This is the city home of Hudson Maxim. To enter this unique home and to be introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Maxim, and to hear them speak of explosive shells and other deadly missiles as if they were commonplace matters of housekeeping, is a novel and fascinating experience; and while you feel at first as if everything around might suddenly "go off," this feeling wears away and your confidence is restored as Mr. Maxim explains the uses to which the various compounds are put and their harmlessness under certain conditions.

Indeed, Mr. Maxim is really as much at home among his high explosives as his cook is in her kitchen with vegetables and flour and coffee; and the ease and freedom with which he handles his fearfully powerful materials is awe-inspiring, to say the least, as I confessed to myself when in my presence he cut off a thick piece of dynamite with a common carpenter's saw.

There are few men in the world who know as much about explosives and their chemistry as does Mr. Maxim, and in the simplest language possible and in all modesty he takes pleasure in explaining the results of many years of hard study and unceasing and costly experiment.

In the rear of this Brooklyn residence is the inventor's brick laboratory, where he usually works and where he explained to me some very interesting experiments with high explosives, giving practical demonstration of their power.

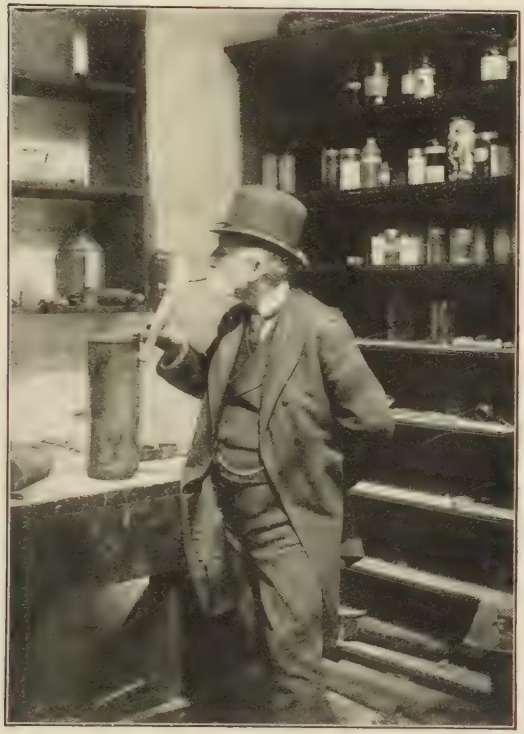


FIG. 2. LIGHTING A CIGAR WITH A MAXIMITE "CANDLE."

When he lights a fire in the stove, — for he needs heat to conduct some of his experiments, — he will take a stick of smokeless powder in a pair of long pliers, set it afire with a match, and then hold it under the grate. You will expect to see the stove blown instantly into a thousand fragments, but, instead, your misgiving changes to surprise when the powder burns with a bright yellow flame like a pine-knot and does not make the slightest bit of smoke.

It takes but a few seconds for it to be entirely consumed, and as a result a roaring fire is started, so that in a few minutes the stove is hot enough for use.

Mr. Maxim will show you one of his important inventions, his powerful shell-exploder, known as maximite, which in explosive force is about fifty per cent. more efficient than dynamite, and somewhat more powerful than pure nitroglycerin. This maximite has lately been adopted by our government as a bursting-charge for projectiles and shells, and it is equaled in shattering force by only two other known substances.

In spite of its high explosive quality it is a very safe compound to handle, and is practically unaffected by shock, and will not explode by being set on fire — even if a mass of it is stirred with a white-hot iron. It will burn with a bright green flame, and can be ignited with a match.

All this Mr. Maxim demonstrated by lighting a piece of smokeless powder and dropping it in a dish containing some lumps of maximite. He also melted lead and poured it over dry lumps of maximite, and, while it burned freely, like sulphur or wax, it did not explode.

In appearance maximite somewhat resembles sulphur, being yellow in color and quite hard. It is easily melted, in which condition it flows like molasses and is poured into steel projectiles.

On striking and entering a fortification or the armor-plate of a vessel, a cap or fuse, charged with fulminate of mercury, at the rear end of

FIG. 3. SAWING OFF A STICK OF DYNAMITE.

the projectile explodes the maximite, which in turn shatters the projectile into thousands of fragments and rends everything in its vicinity.

The fearfully destructive force of maximite can hardly be realized by any one who has not witnessed an explosion of a shell. The effect of a shattered shell is shown in Fig. 5.

Before this was fired it was a 1000-pound forged-steel projectile into which seventy pounds of maximite had been poured and allowed to solidify. After it had struck and exploded, in a sand-crib built for the test, there were more than 7000 fragments recovered and laid out on some boards, as shown in the photograph. There were undoubtedly many more fragments, but they were so fine that they passed through the sieve with the fine sand and were lost.

Imagine such a shell falling in the midst of a fortification or in a city where hundreds of people were on the streets! It would be hard to calculate the destruction to life and property, but it is safe to say that within a circle of hundreds of feet there would not be a living thing left.

Fig. 6 shows some fragments of a steel plate five and three quarter inches thick, put back into place after a maximite shell had pierced it. The illustration also shows some small fragments of the shell. These fragments did not make up the entire shell, however, as a good part of it was literally blown into bits too small to be recovered. The steel plate was erected in front of a sand-crib, which the explosion completely demolished, and a great hole was blown in the

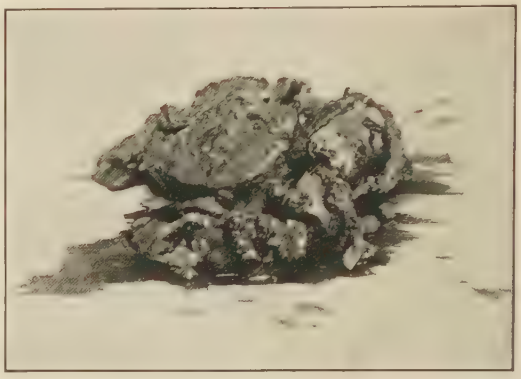


FIG. 4. A LUMP OF MAXIMITE.

earth immediately below the spot where the explosion occurred.

In this pit a dead sparrow and a crow with a broken wing were lying side by side. These birds had been struck by flying fragments of the shell and brought down out of the air, illustrating the enormous range covered by the flying missiles.

The numerous ragged fragments as they sped through the air, both in going up and coming

FIG. 5. SHOWING THE EFFECTS OF A SHATTERED SHELL. AT THE LEFT IS THE SHELL BEFORE IT WAS EXPLODED; AT THE RIGHT ARE MORE THAN 7000 PIECES, ALL THAT COULD BE RECOVERED OF THE SHELL AFTER EXPLODING.

down, produced a weird sound. The length of time this lasted told of the vast height to which the pieces must have been hurled. As one of the private soldiers who was present extravagantly put it, "The fragments seemed to be coming down for about half a day."

Such is the deadly work of the seemingly harmless material, but Mr. Maxim heats, burns, melts, hammers, saws, or breaks it with a mallet, as if it were a mere lump of sulphur or chalk; and while it is not prudent to smoke in a "fireworks" laboratory, Mr. Maxim actually lighted a candle made of maximite at the stove, and deliberately lighted a cigar there, calmly blew it out, and proceeded with his interesting talk. Maximite differs from dynamite, lyddite, nitroglycerin, guncotton, and other highly explosive compounds in that it is less easily exploded and, therefore, much safer to handle and carry aboard a war-vessel.

It is also more deadly in its work, for a shell loaded with it does not explode until after it has penetrated, or become embedded in, the object at which it was aimed.

By very thorough tests at Sandy Hook, the United States government testing and proving ground, maximite has excelled everything thus far discovered as a powerful explosive for projectiles. In every detail it met the requirements of the government — for it had very high explosive power, and did not lose this force by being kept a long time; yet it could be safely handled, as it would not explode from any shock except that of the cap made especially for that purpose. Moreover, the shell loaded with maximite could be safely fired from big guns at high velocity, and would withstand the far greater shock of piercing the heaviest armor-plate before exploding.

FIG. 6. SHOWING FRAGMENTS OF A 5¾-INCH STEEL PLATE PUT BACK IN POSITION AFTER HAVING HAD A MAXIM SHELL EXPLODED IN IT. AT THE RIGHT ARE SHOWN SOME RECOVERED SMALLER FRAGMENTS OF THE PLATE.

Maximite also had these additional advantages: it could be produced at a low cost; it would melt at a low temperature; it could not be exploded by being set on fire — indeed, it could be melted over an open fire, and so there

was no danger in the process of filling projectiles with it. It would not explode from overheating, but would simply boil away like water if heated to a high temperature. Last of all,

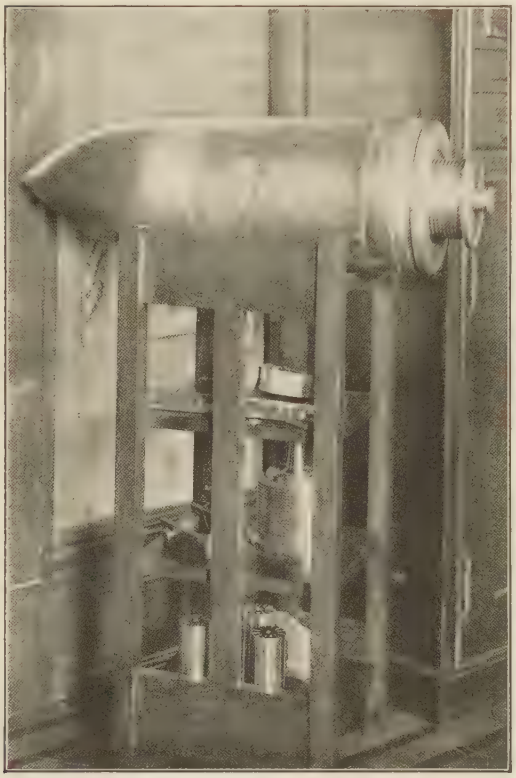


FIG. 7. SHOWING A MAXIMITE SHELL WITH THE DETONATING FUSE PARTLY UNSCREWED FROM THE PLUG.

it could be poured into the projectile in such a way as to form a solid mass that would not shift, even on striking armor-plate.

These requirements were set forth by the government, and of all the compounds that have been tested at the proving-grounds, maximite was the only one that came up to and exceeded

FIG. 8. SECTIONAL VIEW OF A SHELL, SHOWING THE CHARGE, PLUG, AND FUSE.

these specifications. As a result, negotiations were opened with Mr. Maxim, and our government became the possessor of the right to manufacture and use this deadly substance.

The tests at Sandy Hook were intensely interesting, and their history in detail would fill a large book; but in this brief description we can give little more than a hint of the remarkable properties of the compound which Mr. Maxim invented.

A shell was filled with maximite, but the fulminate cap was left out, and the shell was shot at a three-inch Harveyized nickel-steel plate. The forward half of the shell penetrated the plate, and the force with which it was shot flattened the end of the shell, cracked it open, and some of the maximite could be seen where it was forced through an opening. The shell rebounded from the plate about two hundred feet, and struck in front of the gun from which it was fired. But the maximite, lacking its own special fuse, did not explode.

One of the most important parts of the projectile is the detonating fuse or cap — that is, the part that explodes first and which in turn explodes the charge within the shell.

Fig. 7 shows a large shell on a stand with the screw-plug part-way out, also the detonat-

FIG. 9. FILLING A SHELL WITH MELTED MAXIMITE.

ing fuse partly unscrewed from the plug; Fig. 8 is a sectional view of a shell with charge, plug,

FIG. 10. MR. AND MRS. MAXIM FILLING THE CAPS WITH THE SECRET COMPOUND.

and fuse in their relative positions; and Fig. 9 shows how Mr. Maxim fills a shell with the melted maximite. While it is still soft the plug is screwed in, and as the maximite cools and expands it holds the plug solidly in place, and by its own action in cooling, the charge in the shell becomes compressed in the projectile.

Mr. Maxim has invented a controlling device for fuses which may be adapted to any type of fuse, and which will tend always to explode the projectile at the very shade of an instant desired — at least so far as this is possible as yet. For naturally it is a matter of exceedingly nice adjustment so to time its action that a fuse will explode the shell at exactly the right instant, when we remember that it requires but the one-thousandth part of a second for a projectile to pass through a plate.

It is necessary to employ a very powerful detonator in order to explode maximite after it has passed through the plate, and it is only by detonation that the shell can be exploded at all. The making of these fuses is a delicate and dangerous matter, and in many of the experiments both Mr. and Mrs. Maxim have risked their hands, and even their lives, to learn the secrets of certain chemical combinations.

Mr. Maxim has also invented a smokeless powder, and at Maxim, a small town near Lakewood in New Jersey, the well-known Maxim-Schuppans powder was developed.

It was here that Mr. Maxim met with the loss of his left hand, which was blown off; and while this hinders his individual work of experimenting, it has not abated his zeal in pursuing new theories and plans for new experiments.

The loss of his hand, the inventor often says, was the penalty for discovering maximite.

Smokeless powder is made in several forms: fine like powdered sugar, coarse like gravel, and in sticks in sizes from a quarter of an inch in diameter up to the diameter of a curtain-pole for large shells that are fired in the largest guns of the forts and navy.

Fig. 11 shows a few samples of sticks of smokeless powder; the holes extending through the pieces are to render them more inflammable so that the explosive gases may be formed more quickly than if the sticks were solid. They somewhat resemble horehound candy in appearance and color, and when ignited do not go up in a puff of smoke, like black powder as shown in Fig. 12, but burn longer and with a bright yellow flame, as in Fig. 13, free from smoke but leaving a peculiar pungent gas in the atmosphere.

FIG. 11. STICKS OF SMOKELESS POWDER.

The large grains or sticks of powder are protected by a coating on the outside which renders the burning slower and more uniform for large

guns, in which a pressure of 10,000 pounds to the square inch is often produced. A large car-

FIG. 12. SETTING FIRE TO ORDINARY BLACK POWDER—LITTLE FLAME AND MUCH SMOKE.

tridge-shell full of this powder gives a terrific velocity to a projectile.

The shell itself is never loaded with powder. The powder is placed in the gun to throw the projectile, which is in turn shattered by the maximite charge when this charge is exploded by the fulminate cap. Thus three different compounds enter into each "business" charge of a gun.

"Now come down and have some refreshment before leaving," was the hospitable invitation of Mr. Maxim after I had finished a tour of his laboratory. And my host led the way to the cozy dining-room which is also his literary

FIG. 13. SETTING FIRE TO SMOKELESS POWDER. THE LIGHT FLARE IS FLAME ONLY, *WITH NO SMOKE.*

den and study; and here another surprise awaited me, in a Welsh rabbit, cooked in a chafing-dish over a lamp filled with—not alcohol, as you might think, but *nitroglycerin!*

At first I thought it to be a joke, but Mr. Maxim soon dispelled any doubt, for, blowing out the flame, he emptied a few drops into a teaspoon, proceeded to the rear yard, and exploded it with a noise like the report of a gun.

This was the climax to my day with this peaceable wizard of frightful explosives.

GUESSING SONGS.

By Henry Johnstone.

I.

My house upon my back I bear,
  And so, however far I roam,
By climbing backward up my stair
  In half a minute I 'm at home.

I travel slow, and never speak;
  I 've horns — but never try to shove,
Because my horns are soft and weak,
  Like fingers of an empty glove.

II.

Two servants listen, two look out,
  Two fetch and carry for their share,
And two are sturdy knaves and stout,
  Well used their master's weight to bear.

And may I not be proud and bold,
  With eight such servants, tried and true,
That never wait until they 're told,
  But know themselves what they've to do?

AN ELFIN CELEBRATION.

By Oscar Llewellyn.

"Little Gnome, where are you going, I pray?
  What is that bottle you 're carting away?"
"That, don't you see," said the wise little gnome,
"Is a thirteen-inch gun for my twenty-inch home.
  I 've a fine stock of puff-balls, all ready to shoot,
  And now, with this cannon, I 'll fire a salute."

"IN THE 'FAMILY JAR.'"

YOUNG AMERICA.

By Carolyn Wells.

Fourth of July, they say, sir,
Is Independence Day, sir,
But really I am certain that there must be some mistake;
For people say, "Be quiet!"
And, "I won't have such riot!"
At every teeny-weeny noise that I may chance to make.

Why, when my gun exploded,
(I thought it was n't loaded),
My mother said, "You naughty boy, now stop that fearful noise!"
And then our cannon-crackers
(And my! but they *were* whackers!)
Made grandma say, "Oh, mercy me! you *must n't* do that, boys!"

"You 're much too young to handle
A bomb or Roman candle,"
They always say when I get near to where the fireworks are;
And for a little rocket
I put in Bobby's pocket
My father just now set me down inside the "family jar."

The caution and the warning
Begin at early morning:
It 's "Don't do this!" and "Don't do that!" and so, unless I may
Choose my own celebration
For the birthday of our nation,
I don't see why I ought to call it *Independence* Day!

A SUMMER SUNDAY HOUR OF LONG AGO.

ONE OF LEWIS AND CLARK'S MEN - "A FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE ROCKIES."

"WESTWARD THE COURSE OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY."

JUST after the completion of the Louisiana Purchase of 1803,—which is commemorated by the World's Fair of this year at St. Louis,—the American Congress, urged by President Jefferson, authorized an expedition to explore the newly acquired territory. President Jefferson's private secretary, Meriwether Lewis, was appointed commander of this expedition, and he chose as his associate Captain William Clark, an old army friend.

A hundred years ago this month these intrepid men, with a small party of about thirty explorers, were well away on their journey up the Missouri River, as far as the mouth of the Platte. In May of the following year they had their first glimpse of the Rockies, and before that year (1805) was ended they had crossed the Great Range and pushed on to the Pacific Ocean by way of the Columbia River. During certain parts of their journey they endured great hardships, and for fifteen months they were cut off from all communication with the outer world.

It was one of the most famous of American expeditions, and to the pluck and perseverance of this little band of explorers we owe the acquisition, later, of the territory now embraced in the three great States of our northwestern boundary — Washington, Oregon, and Idaho.

LIVE STOCK FOR THE COMMODORE.

By Edwin L. Sabin.

IN the year 1813 the Fourth of July fell on a Sunday; therefore the United States celebrated on the following Monday. This country was then right in the thick of its second war with Great Britain, but it saw no reason why it should not observe the Columbian Jubilee—as the Fourth was styled in those days.

In New York City the favorite place for celebrating the Jubilee was the Battery—then, as now, a park occupying the southernmost point of the town, and very beautiful with its grass and elms and maples, and the waters of the bay flashing in front. From here the people could look down the Upper Bay, lively with shipping, toward the Narrows; but at that time, beyond the Narrows, closely watching outside the Lower Bay and blockading the city, was a British squadron.

Since early in the year British ships had been doing this duty, and seriously interfering with New York's trade by water. Some vessels — in particular the daring privateersmen — managed to slip out and in, but traffic was being confined mainly to the bays.

Most annoying of all the British blockading force was the *Eagle*, one of the smaller vessels and a sort of assistant to the huge ship of the line, the *Poictiers*, seventy-four guns. The *Eagle* was constantly prowling about, on and off Sandy Hook Light, pouncing right and left upon whatever caught her fancy. Did a fishing-smack essay a cruise? Down swooped the *Eagle*, chased her, fired at her, overhauled her in haughty fashion, ignored her skipper, and in a high-and-mighty manner stripped her of anything and everything, from men to potatoes. Did drogher or lumber-schooner poke its nose above the horizon? Down swooped the *Eagle*. Whosoever would pass Sandy Hook Light must reckon with the pesky *Eagle*.

Consequently New York was always hearing, or reading in the papers, some tale of woe caused by the *Eagle*.

It was about time that the *Eagle's* wings were clipped, and the Columbian Jubilee was a very good day for the operation.

At Sandy Hook was stationed a flotilla of United States gunboats — useless for offense, but handy in defense; of no account as sailors, but good fighters at close range. The saucy *Eagle* had exasperated them, too; and their commander, Commodore Lewis, was very glad to assist in her capture.

A day or so before Jubilee, at a famous old pier known then as Fly Market Slip, a homely fishing-smack named the *Yankee* was borrowed from its owners and was smuggled down the coast a short distance. Here, in a sheltered cove, it was manned with forty volunteers; and twice as many would have enlisted for the sake of pulling the tail-feathers out of the *Eagle*.

Sailing-Master Percival, from the flotilla, was in command.

To a sailor on sea duty of several months there is no luxury like fresh meat, and the British squadron off New York was growing more and more ravenous for things not salty. The *Eagle* almost preferred bagging a pig to a marine. Therefore, as a bait, aboard the *Yankee* were taken a live sheep, and a live calf, and some other barn-yard dainties, and stowed in the hold — to be afterward placed on deck so as to be in plain sight at the right moment.

With the sheep *baa*-ing and the calf *maa*-ing, with ten armed men in the cabin, twenty-seven forward in the hold, and three, apparently unarmed, with Sailing-Master Percival, all clad in common fisherman's garb, on deck, early in the morning of Monday, the 5th, the *Yankee* left the cove and stood up along the coast as if

innocently bound on a fishing cruise to the Banks of Newfoundland or Nova Scotia.

At the same time the people of New York City were collecting on the Battery; for doubtless the Columbian Jubilee did not let folks sleep any later than does our Fourth of July. Besides, word had been passed around that *this* Jubilee was to be celebrated in a special way.

Shortly after noon the *Yankee*, with her load visible and invisible, was off Sandy Hook. The position of the channel made it necessary for her to pass close to the formidable *Poictiers*, who, with only a few of her sails set, was leisurely

"THE *POICTIERS* FIRED A FEW INEFFECTUAL SHOTS."

"THE POSITION OF THE CHANNEL MADE IT NECESSARY FOR THE *YANKEE* TO PASS CLOSE TO THE FORMIDABLE *POICTIERS*."

moving out to sea. The warship, having no quarrel with an unarmed and disreputable-looking fishing-smack, permitted her to proceed unmolested. The *Yankee* headed toward the Long Island shore, where it was thought the *Eagle* might be cruising.

Finally the officious *Eagle* spied her.

"Sail in sight, sir. About two points off our weather bow, sir," reported little Midshipman Price, aboard the Britisher, to Master's Mate Morris.

"Looks like a Yankee smack," murmured that officer as he scanned her through his glass. He felt his temper rising. "What does the rascal mean — trying to set out on a cruise when his Majesty says he sha'n't! A pretty idea, that! Shake out your jibs, sir!" he ordered to the midshipman. "We'll run him aboard and see what he's got."

Down slanted the *Eagle*, to intercept the hapless smack, which by this time had transferred its live stock to conspicuous positions on the deck.

Only the four fishermen, in old clothes, at the wheel or lounging around the deck, were to be observed on her. She did not promise much. But suddenly the eye of Master's Mate Morris glimpsed a calf.

"Hi!" he chuckled. "We want that calf — eh, Mr. Price? We'll send it down to the commodore. He's particularly fond of veal, I dare say, and he'll remember us for it."

Then he saw a sheep!

"What!" he exclaimed. "A sheep? The idea of a beggarly Yankee cod-hauler having mutton when his Majesty's officers are living on salt horse and pea-soup! We'll take that sheep, too!"

As they drew nearer to the chase he saw chickens!

"And chickens! D' ye mark 'em, Mr. Price? In a coop aft, there!"

And, at the array, the mouths of Master's Mate Morris and young Midshipman Price and the crew of the *Eagle* widened and watered.

The *Eagle* was now so near to the smack that a hail could be easily heard.

"Luff, or we'll run you down!" called Master's Mate Morris, coming close to the rail. "Heave to, and be quick about it!"

Of course there was nothing for the smack to do but obey. Her canvas fluttered in the breeze and her headway was checked. The men on her deck stared gawkily across at the English officers and the English marines, spick and span in their brilliant naval uniforms.

"Put down your helm, and report to the flagship, in the offing yonder," commanded Master's Mate Morris, gruffly. "Tell him I send the live stock, with my compliments."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the helmsman; but, as if in stupidity, he put his helm up instead of down, and the bows of the *Yankee* swung in toward the *Eagle*, not five yards distant, and scraped against her side.

"What's the matter with—" began Master's Mate Morris, furiously.

"Lawrence!" shouted Sailing-Master Percival, leveling a musket.

"Lawrence," the name of the gallant captain of the frigate *Chesapeake* captured by the Britisher *Shannon* a month previous, was the signal.

"Lawrence!" shouted back all his men, swarming from hatch and companionway.

In an instant a volley of musketry swept the *Eagle*, driving her people headlong below for shelter, and to care for four brave fellows who were badly wounded. These included Henry Morris, the commander, and Midshipman Price. So surprised and overwhelmed were they that they did not fire a shot.

The muskets were silent again. Upon seeing nobody left to resist on the *Eagle's* deck, Sailing-Master Percival had ordered his followers to cease firing. Presently a British marine cautiously emerged and shouted that they would surrender the vessel.

By this time the *Poictiers*, seeing what had happened, fired a few ineffectual shots. Deeming it wise, however, not to approach too near the New York defending flotilla, she did not venture to give chase.

The *Yankee* reported, with her prize, to Commodore Lewis, at Sandy Hook. Here, on the Hook, "with military honors and in a most respectful manner" (as say the papers of the day), were buried Master's Mate Morris and a marine.

Then through the Lower Bay, into the Narrows, and through the Upper Bay for New

York, proudly sailed the *Yankee*,—never fishing-smack was prouder,—accompanied by the plucky *Eagle*.

How the people gathered on the Battery cheered and cheered! Hurrah and three times three for the *Yankee* and her volunteers!

The *Yankee's* men were made much of by the populace. Sailing-Master Percival was officially thanked by the Navy Department at Washington; but poor little Midshipman Price died, and, "with every testimonial of respect," was laid to rest in Trinity churchyard.

LAZY WILLIE WILLOW.

See lazy Willie Willow
Asleep upon his pillow!
He does not know
The sun is high,
A-shining bright and fair;
Nor hear his little
Frisky skye
A-barking here and there;
Nor see the golden
Wheat and rye
A-nodding in the air;
Nor heed his mother's
Cheery cry
A-calling up the stair:

"Come, little Willie Willow,
Jump up and leave your pillow!"

Fie! lazy Willie Willow,
To hug your downy pillow,
When lassies sweep
And sew and bake,
A-singing as they go;
When laddies plant
And hoe and rake,
A-whistling down the row;
When all the world
Is wide awake,
A-rushing to and fro,
And not a soul
His ease doth take
Afore the sun is low!

"Come, little Willie Willow,
Jump up and leave your pillow!"

Elizabeth Olmis.

A COMEDY IN WAX.

(Begun in the November number.)

By B. L. Farjeon.

Chapter XXIV.

HOW THE CELEBRITIES WERE ENTERTAINED IN THE EVENING.

"By St. Jude!" exclaimed Henry VIII, as he entered the banqueting-hall with Queen Elizabeth on his arm. "This Marybud Lodge of thine, fair Lucy, is a very garden of flowers, and thou and thy sister the sweetest of them all. In good sooth, thou hast but to smile upon a bud, and it bursts into bloom. And this table, spread for our entertainment — ha, ha! and this menu, it likes us well."

In truth, a prettier dinner-table was never seen, with its glittering glass and china, its snow-white cloths and shining silver, and its low banks of flowers embedded in moss. The doors and walls were festooned, and so skilful was the arrangement that the flowers seemed to be growing where they were set. The celebrities expressed their admiration in various ways, and Queen Elizabeth murmured:

"'Away before me to sweet beds of flowers,
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.'

Thou hast done well, child."

"I am glad you are pleased," said Lucy, "but you must give the praise to Lydia."

"No, no," said Lydia. "To Lucy."

"'T is a sweet contention," said Queen Elizabeth, smiling upon the girls, but the smile died away in a frown. "We had a sister who harbored not toward us sentiments so loving. But this is not the time for gloomy thought. The hour is

'Full of joy and mirth.
Joy, gentle friends! Joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!'"

"What beautiful things you say, dear queen!" said Lucy.

"For the which, child, thank that Swan of Avon who left to his dear land a heritage of divinest song. What is here, forsooth? A posy?"

She placed it at her breast, and her example was followed by all the guests, by the side of whose napkins lay delicate posies of fern and flower.

The Headsman did not sit at the table. He was doing duty outside, pacing the ground between the two entrances to the Lodge, and had been promised a table to himself in another apartment later in the evening.

As for the dinner, the Marchioness of Barnet had done wonders. In consultation with Mme. Tussaud she had provided an astonishing number of choice dishes; and the menu prepared for the occasion deserves to be treasured as a memento. If there are any grammatical errors or wrong spelling in it Miss Pennyback is responsible for them, for to her was intrusted the task of writing them out in a fair, round hand. Here it is:

MENU.

Potages.

Potage à la Bonne Reine Bess.
Purée à la Mme. Sainte Amaranthe.

Poissons.

Saumon à la Reine Mary des Ecossais. Sauce Tartare à la Guy Fawkes.
Truite à la Mme. Tussaud.
Filets de Sole à la Charles II.

Entrées.

Riz de Veau à la Houqua.
Chaufroid de Cotelettes de Mouton à la Richard III.

Relevés.

Poulardes à la Richard Cœur de Lion.
Quartier d'Agneau à la Roi gai Henry VIII.
Pommes de terre à la M. Scarlett.

Rôts.

Canetons à la Tom de la Pouce.
Pintades à la M. Bower.
Salade à l'Oliver Cromwell.

Entremets.

Asperges à la Loushkin.
Célestines d'Abricots à la Chère Petite Lucy.
Demoiselles d'Honneur à la Belle Lydia.
Café noir à l'Executioner.

This is as far as Miss Pennyback got; she did not venture upon the details of an elaborate dessert, leaving these and certain other delicacies as surprises for the guests. The wines were left to speak for themselves, which they were well able to do.

Sir Rowley, Flip of the Odd, and the maids, with shining faces and in their Sunday clothes, waited at table, and Henry VIII was so pleased with the menu that he remarked, with a joyous glance at Queen Elizabeth:

"By our Lady, we have never been more bountifully served!"

Belinda was leaving the room with her arms full when the remark was made, and there came to the ears of the guests a sudden crash of crockery, which caused Lucy to exclaim, "Oh, dear!" but her papa, like the good host he was, took no notice of it. Mirth and joy prevailed in the hearts of all except Richard III, whose nature was too sinister to join in the hilarity, and Lorimer Grimweed, who, despite that he had partaken of every course, was not quite easy in his mind respecting Mme. Tussaud. One toast only was proposed. Queen Elizabeth rapped upon the table, and all eyes were turned upon her. She raised her glass.

"To our dear Lucy and Lydia, sweet health and fair desires."

The enthusiasm was immense. Lucy's face was rosy-red, and it grew rosier-redder when she was called upon to respond to the toast. But to her great relief, Lydia at that moment rose to her feet, and bowing gracefully to the assembled company, looked around the table with a beaming smile, waited until the cheering had ceased, and then simply said:

"Thank you!"

All the glasses on the table rang out in musical applause, and Lucy's papa, with tears of

"'AND THIS MENU,' EXCLAIMED HENRY VIII, 'IT LIKES US WELL!'"

joy shining in his eyes, said under his breath, "Bless the dear girl! Bless *both* my dear girls!"

"Grimes! what a dinner I 've had!" thought Lorimer Grimweed. "It must have cost old Scarlett a little fortune."

Mme. Tussaud gave the signal to rise from the table.

"We will go all together to the drawing-room," she said, "where Harry Bower has a little entertainment for us."

They did not dare to dispute the old lady's commands, so they one and all trooped into the pretty drawing-room, wondering on the way what kind of amusement Harry Bower had in store for them. The white sheet he had hung at one end of the room stimulated their curiosity as they seated themselves in the chairs which had been placed for them and began to chatter as ordinary people do in a theater before the performances begin. Their chatter ceased when the room was darkened, and Lydia, who had seated herself at the piano, began to play soft music. Then there flashed before the astonished eyes of the celebrities the pictures of a magic lantern. Exclamations of wonder and delight escaped their lips.

"By our Lady!" exclaimed Henry VIII. "Harry of the Bower is a magician."

Great was the enthusiasm of Queen Elizabeth when upon the curtain there suddenly appeared the figure of Shakspere, which she vowed was a faithful presentment of her dear poet, "in his habit as he lived"; and when this was followed by a picture of Hermione garbed as a statue, she murmured:

> "'Oh, thus she stood,
> Even with such life of majesty (warm life,
> As now it coldly stands), when first I woo'd her!'"

Still greater was her enthusiasm when dainty Ariel appeared, and Lydia sang, "Where the bee sucks, there suck I."

"'T is the old time come o'er again," murmured the fond queen.*

Harry Bower had provided a splendid collection of slides, and he had selected these especially for Queen Bess. Artful young man! With the majority of the company the most popular were the dissolving views, winter melting into spring, spring into summer, summer into autumn, autumn into winter with the snow falling, and the moving pictures, conjurers throwing balls, girls skipping, the flower in the flower-pot changing to a Turk's head, and the clown jumping through a hoop. Great stamping of feet, clapping of hands, and amazed exclamations of delight greeted each fresh tableau.

Harry Bower wound up his entertainment with the pictures which described the death and burial of poor Cock Robin, and to hear the celebrities joining in the chorus to each verse was something to be remembered:

> "All the birds in the air fell a-sighing and a-sobbing
> When they heard the bell toll for poor Cock Robin."

It was most affecting; and, indeed, several of the celebrities wore expressions of grief.

When the last chorus was sung and Cock Robin comfortably buried, the lights were turned up and they had games — "London Bridge is Falling Down," "Nuts in May," "Hunt the Slipper," "Musical Chairs," and others with which they were highly diverted. Not the least popular were the kissing games, in which Henry VIII came out in great force.

"Oh, dear," thought Lucy, when he caught her in his arms, "I 've been kissed by a king! But how rough they are!"

Then followed songs. Queen Elizabeth sang a love ditty, Henry VIII a hunting song, and Tom Thumb stood on a chair and gave them "Yankee Doodle." Of course Lucy and Lydia were called upon, and they sang very sweetly. Lydia's song was quite new, and this is how it ran:

> "Sweet Nature, good-morrow;
> Good-morrow, fair dame!
> The birds are awak'ning
> And praising thy name,
> The east is aflame.
>
> "The green earth lies smiling,
> Aroused from repose.
> How gentle, how coaxing
> The morning wind blows!
> 'T is courting the rose.

* Note for scholarly young readers (others may skip it). Her Majesty's allusions to and quotations from "The Winter's Tale" and "The Tempest" will settle the dispute as to the dates of the production of these plays — for surely in matters of importance occurring during her reign Queen Elizabeth is a final authority.

"Young life is awakened,
And ceases to dream.
See how the light dances
On yon silver stream,
With sunshine agleam.

"Oh, life, of thy gladness
And joy I will borrow!
Laugh, laugh, all ye woodlands,
And chase away sorrow.
Sweet Nature, good-morrow!"

CHAPTER XXV.

THE GOOD-BY AT THE DOOR.

THE clock struck ten, and Lorimer Grimweed for the last hour had been shifting uneasily in his chair. All this nonsense of singing and games had greatly annoyed him.

"Lucy dear," said Mme. Tussaud, "it is time for you and Lydia and your papa to get to bed."

"But what will *you* do?" asked Lucy. "It must be very uncomfortable sleeping in those horrid schoolrooms. Of course we have n't beds enough for all of you, but you and the ladies can sleep with Lydia and me, and we have got the spare room ready."

"We shall not need it, Lucy. Do as I tell you, and leave the rest to me. Do you all lock your doors when you retire?"

"No," answered Lucy, wondering at the question.

"Very good. Get you to bed."

Lucy did not hesitate. "Papa dear," she said, "you are so sleepy that you can hardly keep your eyes open. We are all going to bed."

"But our friends here—" he stammered.

"Will take care of themselves," said Mme. Tussaud. "We can do that, I think. We were not born yesterday."

There was no disputing that. Ah, how many thousands upon thousands of yesterdays had passed away since they first opened their eyes upon the world!

"Such a pleasant evening!" said Mme. Tussaud, as she wished her host good night.

LYDIA RESPONDING TO THE TOAST.

And, "Such a pleasant evening!" murmured the celebrities, as they did the same. "Thank you *so* much!"

"Come along, papa," said Lucy, handing him a chamber candlestick.

"Before you are twenty-four hours older," whispered Mme. Tussaud to him, "you shall have the new lease of Marybud Lodge, duly signed and sealed."

Lucy looked around upon the celebrities. "Oh, what a wonderful day!" she thought. "What a wonderful, wonderful day!"

Modestly and gracefully she and Lydia bade good night to their friends.

"Good night, fair Lydia," said Queen Elizabeth. "'Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end.' Good night, dear Lucy. 'Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.' Dost truly love me, child?"

"Truly, truly! With all my heart, dear queen!"

Elizabeth stooped and touched Lucy's cheek with her lips. The sweetest look of loving thanks shone in Lucy's eyes as she curtsied to the great queen.

Mme. Tussaud accompanied the sisters out into the passage.

"Shall we see you early to-morrow morning, dear Mme. Tussaud?" asked Lucy.

"No one knows what to-morrow will bring forth," answered the old lady. "Should I not be here, you will know where to find me. Well, upon my word, here is Harry Bower! Now, pray tell me, what does *he* want? A good-by at the door?"

With a roguish smile she turned her back upon the lovers.

It was rather singular, but certainly appropriate, that Queen Elizabeth's voice should be heard from within the room, saying:

"'Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow
That I could say good night till it be morrow.'"

"There, there," said Mme. Tussaud, confronting the blushing Lydia and the happy young man, "do you hear what her Majesty is saying? Away with you, Harry Bower." She drove him gently back into the room, and, tenderly embracing the girls, promised that their horror, Lorimer Grimweed, should not trouble them much longer.

"LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN."

"When Lydia and Harry are married," she said, "I should like to be at the wedding, but I fear it will be impossible. Do not forget me, children."

"Do you think we could if we tried?" they said, throwing their arms round her neck. "And do you think we are going to try?"

She watched them till they were out of sight. They blew kisses to her as they went.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOW MME. TUSSAUD DEALT WITH MISS LUCINDA PENNYBACK AND MR. LORIMER GRIMWEED.

IT was while the good nights were being exchanged that Miss Pennyback adopted a bold course of action. She had been greatly excited by the remarkable incidents of this remarkable day, and so intense was her curiosity and her desire to witness what else might transpire that she squeezed herself into the smallest possible space, and kept in the background, hoping thereby to escape the eye of Mme. Tussaud; and taking advantage of a favorable opportunity, she slyly retreated behind a conveniently placed screen, where she remained unseen and, as she believed, unnoticed. But it was not alone her curiosity to witness the further proceedings of the celebrities that induced her to take this step. There was another reason, which she deemed of the greatest possible consequence, and which had thrown her into a state of delightful agitation. Earlier in the evening Lorimer Grimweed, when he and she thought no one was observing them, whispered into her ear the following soul-stirring words:

"I should like to speak to you privately before I leave Marybud Lodge to-night. I have something of the utmost importance to say to you."

Now what did this mysteriously confidential remark imply? This gallant young man — she thought of him as a young man, though he was nearer fifty than forty — had something of the utmost importance to say to her! And he had not made the remark aloud in an offhand manner, but had whispered it, actually whispered it, mind you, with his lips so close, oh, so very close to her ear! What *could* this imply? Was it possible that she had supplanted Miss Lydia in his affections? Was it possible that he intended that *she* should be the future Mrs. Grimweed instead of Miss Lydia? As she crouched (in rather an uncomfortable attitude, but what did that matter?) behind the screen she dwelt with rapture upon the delightful prospect. "Be still, my fluttering heart!" she whispered to herself. "Oh, my Lorimer — my noble, peerless Lorimer!"

But nothing escaped the watchful eye of Mme. Tussaud. She had seen Lorimer Grimweed whisper into Miss Pennyback's ear, she had seen that lady's sly retreat to a place of concealment. Mme. Tussaud was quite content; she even smiled. The real business of her visit and that of her celebrities had yet to be accomplished. Lydia must be released from the odious attentions of Lorimer Grimweed, and the new lease of Marybud Lodge must be signed; and in order to achieve these victories it was her intention to make Lorimer Grimweed sensible of the consequences if he dared to defy her. She had no doubt of her success, for who could resist the power of her magic cane?

When, therefore, she returned to the room she was pleased to observe that Miss Pennyback was still behind the screen, and she immediately prepared for action. Rapping smartly upon the table to stop the chattering of her celebrities, she thus addressed them:

"My celebrities, in the pleasures and enjoyments of the day we have said nothing of the task to perform which we journeyed to this delightful retreat where our dear Lucy and Lydia reside with their papa. Before we started I informed you that we were going into the country upon an affair of chivalry. We came here to rescue a fair damsel in distress, a mission which the chivalrous heart of England has ever gladly undertaken. You have not, I hope, forgotten my words."

"Nothing that falls from thy lips, Mme. la Tussaud," replied Henry VIII, with kingly dignity, "is likely to be forgotten by the Majesty of England. By the holy rood, what we came hither to perform, that we *will* perform. Our knightly word was given. Who breaketh his knightly word is false to his order, and shall himself be broken and dishonored. When the great King Alfred invested William of Malmesbury with a purple garment set with gems, and a Saxon sword with a golden sheath, it was no idle ceremony he performed. He bade his grandson remember that knighthood and chivalry were one, and that he must never be deaf to the plaint of a demoiselle."

"Thus spoke Segur, our garter king of arms," said Queen Elizabeth. "In the blood of knightly men run fealty, modesty, courtesy, self-denial, and valor. We wait to hear what further thou hast to say, madame."

"An if any here oppose thee we will deal with him," said Henry VIII.

"'MR. GRIMWEED — LORIMER — PROTECT ME!' SCREAMED MISS PENNYBACK." (SEE PAGE 828.)

"Our royal cousins speak our thoughts," said Richard Cœur de Lion. "We are of one mind."

He looked around, and all the celebrities nodded their heads and said: "We are of one mind."

"'T is well," said Henry VIII. "Proceed, Mme. la Tussaud."

"What is all the fuss about?" thought Lorimer Grimweed. "What do they mean by their damsel in distress?"

And Miss Pennyback, hidden behind the screen, inwardly congratulated herself upon her cleverness, and eagerly awaited what was to follow.

"We trust, madame," said Richard Cœur de Lion, "that the fair damsel you refer to is not that sweet child, Mlle. Lucy."

Mme. Tussaud did not reply, but held up her hand.

"Pardon, Richard, a moment," she said. "Assembled here as we are in solemn council, we must have no interlopers. Do you all agree with me, celebrities?"

"We all agree," they answered, as with one voice.

"No eavesdroppers or spies," said Mme. Tussaud.

"Eavesdroppers and spies!" roared Henry VIII. "An we catch any we will make short work of them."

Guy Fawkes rubbed his hands; Richard III's eyes gleamed; the Headsman raised his ax.

"Restrain yourselves, my celebrities," said Mme. Tussaud. "Our only desire is that justice shall be done."

As before they answered, "Justice shall be done."

Then Mme. Tussaud, in a loud voice, said:

"Miss Pennyback, come forth."

The screen trembled, and all their eyes were turned toward it, none with greater eagerness than those of Richard III and the Headsman.

"Do not give me occasion to repeat the lesson I gave you this morning," said Mme. Tussaud, sternly. "It is n't a bit of use hiding behind that screen. Lucinda Pennyback, come forth."

With tottering steps, and with a face into which she vainly strove to throw a brave expression, Miss Pennyback presented herself.

"Ha, ha!" cried Richard III. "A spy upon our royal council! We pronounce sentence! Executioner, to thy work!"

"Mr. Grimweed — Lorimer — protect me!" screamed Miss Pennyback, running toward him. At the same moment, the Headsman stepped nimbly forward, and with a sweep of his ax was about to strike when Mme. Tussaud touched both him and Richard III with her magic wand, and they became transfixed. Lorimer Grimweed, who showed no disposition to protect Miss Pennyback, who by this time had managed to get between him and the wall, gazed at them in fear and amazement. Their glaring eyes and motionless attitude filled him with terror, and he had what is called "the creeps" all over him.

"We can do without violence," said Mme. Tussaud. "As you perceive, Mr. Grimweed, we have at our command other means as effectual. I hold a power which none dare brave, and neither noble nor commoner shall defy my commands with impunity."

"Might I suggest the torture-chamber, madame?" said Guy Fawkes. "I have had some experience."

"No, nor that. I can manage the lady alone. Miss Pennyback, you heard me speak of spies and interlopers. In the business we have to do your presence is not needed. Lucinda Pennyback, go to bed!"

But Miss Pennyback, relieved from the terror inspired by the sentence pronounced by Richard III, and by Mme. Tussaud's statement that she would have no violence, and not having observed Lorimer Grimweed's disregard of her appeal for protection or his own frightened aspect, mustered sufficient courage to say in faltering accents:

"I am not accustomed to be ordered to bed, madam."

"Whether you are or not, you will obey. You will not? Very good."

Once again the magic cane was used, and Miss Pennyback, with arms outstretched, was fixed and motionless.

"Oh, grimes!" groaned Lorimer Grimweed. "This is awful! This is something awful!"

"You made the remark to me to-day, Mr. Grimweed," said Mme. Tussaud, "that seeing's believing. Speak to her, and satisfy yourself that she has no more sense or feeling in her than a block of wood."

"I 'd r-r-rather n-n-not, if you w-w-would n't m-m-mind," he murmured, with chattering teeth.

"Oh, I don't mind. It is for those who defy me to mind. But I will give her one more chance." And with another touch of the magic cane Miss Pennyback was restored to consciousness.

"Where am I?" she exclaimed in a faint tone.

"Where you ought not to be, where you have no business to be," replied Mme. Tussaud. "Now, listen to my orders. You will retire to your sleeping-apartment, lock your chamber door, and get to bed. If you stir from it until eight o'clock to-morrow morning, I will petrify you for an indefinite period of time, and then goodness knows what will become of you, for no one but myself can bring you back to life. Possibly the authorities, discovering you in that state, will set you in a glass case and put you in the British Museum. Take your choice."

One last feeble appeal did Miss Pennyback make to Lorimer Grimweed: "Mr. Grimweed!" But seeing that the magic cane was stretched toward her, she shrieked, "I will obey — I will obey!"

"Make your obeisance, and go," said Mme. Tussaud.

Shaking like an ill-set jelly, Miss Pennyback bent low to the celebrities, and tottered from the room.

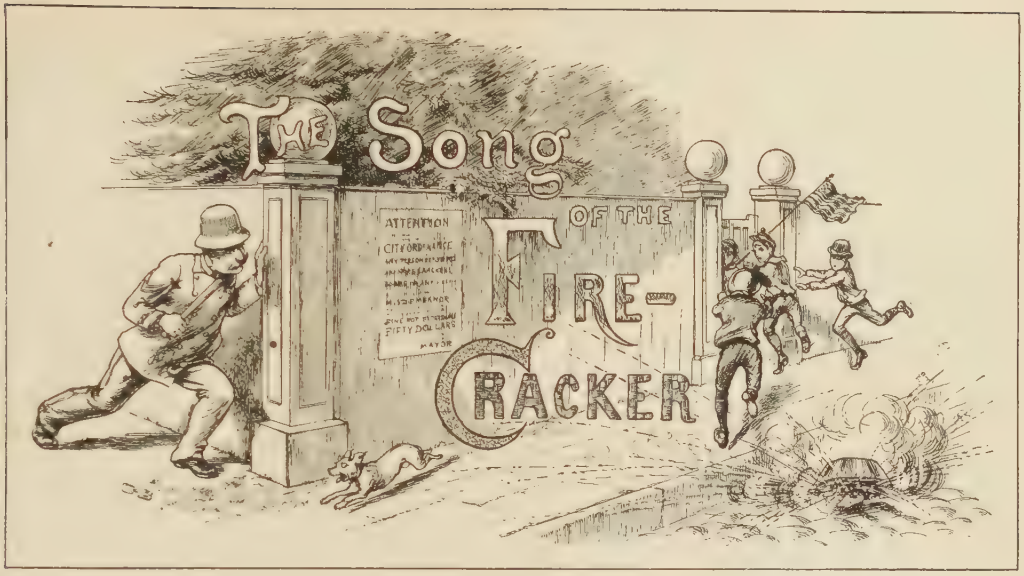
"If you will excuse me," said Lorimer Grimweed, in a cringing tone, "I will also retire. It is really time for me to get home."

"You will remain," said Mme. Tussaud. "Our business is now with you."

"Oh, but really, now," he protested, but collapsed when Henry VIII roared:

"Silence, varlet, or we will make short work of thee! Mme. la Tussaud, at your pleasure you will proceed with the indictment."

(To be concluded.)



By Ada Stewart Shelton.

With a fizz! and a boom! and a bang!
With a bang! and a boom! and a fizz!
Oh, this is the song the fire-cracker sang,
With the boom! and the bang! and the fizz!

"From the farthest of far-away lands,
From the land of the rice and bamboo,
By the cunning Chinee with his dexterous hands
We are molded and fashioned for you.

"Would it seem like the Fourth of July
Without our explosion and noise?
Oh, the men on parade march quietly by,
But the crackers belong to the boys.

"There 's no need for the sun to arouse
All the world on this Fourth of July;
For *we 're* up and we 're off, though the grown folk may drowse;
We awake the whole land when we try."

With a fizz! and a boom! and a bang!
To the very last sizzle and sigh,
Oh, these are the words that the fire-cracker sang:
"Hurrah for the Fourth of July!"

LLOYD'S LUCK.

By Fred Lockley, Jr.

WHEN Lloyd's father told him that he had sold the farm, and that they were going to spend the summer camping out, Lloyd was very much delighted. His father and two other men had formed a partnership and were going to spend the summer in mining. They bought their provisions and mining outfit, and loading them in two wagons, they started. Lloyd's father and mother, with Lloyd and the provisions, were in one wagon; in the other were the two partners, with the picks, shovels, gold-pans, and the lumber for sluice-boxes and rockers.

When, after several days' traveling, they arrived at the place where they intended to mine, the men cut down some trees, and in the course of a week built a log cabin. They had planned to work a "placer claim." It had been mined long ago, when gold was first discovered in California, but not very thoroughly. Lloyd liked to watch the men shovel the dirt into the sluice-boxes and see the swift muddy water wash the rocks and coarse gravel out at the other end. They found the "dirt" was not very rich, and some days when they made a "clean-up" they would find a very small quantity of gold-dust in their riffles, less than half an ounce for a whole day's run.

Lloyd soon grew tired of watching the men work: he wished to do some mining all by himself; so his father, one evening after his own work, made him a little rocker out of the thin light boards of a dry-goods box, and every day Lloyd would play he was a miner. Finally he carried his rocker up the stream nearly a quarter of a mile above where his father was working.

One of the men had called to him, "Hello, rocker, where are you going with that boy?"

Lloyd looked back and said, "We 're going up the creek to find a claim of our own."

"Well, go ahead, and good luck to you!" they called after him.

Lloyd did not find much "color" along the creek, so he carried his rocker up a dry gulch that led into that stream.

Next day Lloyd dug till his hands were blistered and his back ached. He had been digging a hole where the ground was wet and soggy, so that he could get water to rock with. When he went back next morning he found that the hole was nearly full of muddy water that had seeped in from the spring. There was enough water to run the rocker for some time.

In one place at the lowest part of the gulch, near where his rocker was set, a rock cropped out a few inches. He did not know it at the time, but he had gone to the best place possible. A few inches below the surface he struck bed-rock. It was quite irregular. He took his shovel and scraped the rock, piling the gravel beside his rocker. He threw a shovelful of dirt into the hopper, dipped up some water, and started to rock. When the dirt and gravel had washed through the hopper, he lifted it off to throw away the coarser gravel and rocks that would not pass through the holes in the sheet-iron bottom of the hopper. As he did so he noticed a pretty rock he had thrown out. It was white, with yellow streaks in it. He found several more pieces, and put them in his pocket to ask his father what they were. He did not know that he had found some very rich gold quartz, but when he lifted up the hopper and saw a line of yellow along both of the riffles on the upper apron, he was enough of a miner to know that he had found rich pay dirt. The gold-dust was coarse, some of it being as large as grains of rice. He went to the camp and got a gold-pan so that he could clean up the rocker.

That night, when the men came to supper, Lloyd's mother said to her husband:

"Well, how did you do to-day? Did you have a good clean-up?"

Lloyd's father sighed and said: "No, little woman; I am sorry to say that our pay dirt is running out. I am afraid we made a mistake in not sticking to the farm.

"Well, Lloyd, how did *your* clean-up turn out?" his father asked.

Lloyd brought out the gold-pan and the pretty rocks, and handed them to his father. When the men caught sight of the coarse gold dust and nuggets in the pan, and the pieces of rich gold quartz, you should have heard them shout.

"Where did you find that?" they excitedly asked. "Come and show us!" And without waiting for supper they started for the place. Lloyd could hardly keep up with them, they walked so fast.

When they got to his rocker Lloyd showed them where he had shoveled up his dirt. Taking his pick, his father struck the rock that cropped up in the bottom of the gulch. He picked up a fragment that was broken off and looked at it. It was quartz heavily veined with gold. He handed it to his partners, and caught Lloyd up, tossed him in the air, and said:

"Our fortune is made! You 've found the ledge from which all the placer gold on the creek has come."

The men broke off several pieces of quartz and then covered up the outcropping ledge.

It was pretty late before any one went to sleep in camp that night. Next day one of the men drove over to the nearest town with a wagon, to buy picks and shovels, fuse and blasting powder. They called the mine "Lloyd's Luck," though his papa said it ought to be called "Lloyd's Pluck," because he had worked so hard. Several mining experts for big companies had assays made, and it proved a very valuable claim. Indeed, so valuable was it that in the course of a month Lloyd's father, who had all along felt that the life of a mining camp was too rough for his wife, sold out his share to his two partners, and, with Lloyd and his mother, returned to their farm, which they were now able to keep up as it never had been before, and to send Lloyd to college as soon as he became old enough to enter.

WATCHING THE AFTERNOON EXPRESS.

THE HARPY EAGLE.

By J. M. Gleeson.

One of the treasures and I think the greatest pet in the National Zoo in Washington, D. C., is the beautiful harpy eagle. So far as I know, this is the only one in a zoölogical collection, and I doubt if a finer specimen could be found in his native jungles in Central and South America.

For good behavior generally, and dignity of deportment, he is the model captive bird; nor is this merely the result of the taming influence of long captivity, for he has always been so, and you can see in his face that he could not well be otherwise. I know of no other beast or bird that can look at one with a more keen, intelligent, and searching expression; and he has never been known to make the wild, futile dashes against the bars of his prison that is characteristic of other eagles.

I must mention right here that, for reasons interesting only to scientists, he is really not accepted as a true eagle, as he possesses some of the attributes of the buzzard family; but to all appearances he is royal clean through, and when he draws himself up and raises his crown-like crest, he looks it completely.

Visitors sometimes make many strange mistakes when reading the signs attached to the cages. The polar bear is read and accepted as "parlor bear," and the harpy eagle as frequently is called the "happy eagle"; and I fancy that he is as happy as a bird can be. The interest he displays in everything about him is wonderful. Once I was painting a life-sized portrait of him, and when it was nearly completed I chanced to place it against the opposite wall in such a position that he could see it; this was purely accidental on my part, for I had never seen an animal notice in any way a drawing or painting. He noticed it at once, and fixed on it such a look of intelligent wonder and inquiry that I was filled with amazement. He thrust his head forward, then tilted it to one side, then to the other, exactly in the manner of people in looking at a picture; finally he jumped down from his perch and hopped over to the front of the cage to get a nearer look.

He was known to the Aztecs by the name of "winged wolf," and it is said that they used him for hunting purposes, as the falcon is used in Europe; and I can well believe it, for his beauty, intelligence, and high courage eminently fit him to be the servant and companion of man. He does not hesitate to attack game three times his size and weight; peccaries, monkeys, young deer, badgers, almost anything that moves in his native jungles, is his legitimate prey. His strength must be very great. No other bird possesses such powerful legs and feet. In my drawing I purposely selected a position rarely taken by him, in which they are fully exposed.

In size he equals any of our eagles. The wings are long and powerful; the tail is long and rather square; the head looks large on account of the crest and ruff which surround the face; the beak is very heavy and hooked, of a bluish color tipped with black; the eyes are deep-set and of a dark hazel color, the pupil, which is rather small, being black. The head, face, and upper part of neck are a rich gray. About the lower part of the neck and running into the breast-feathers is a broad collar of grayish black, which is the color of the back wings and upper surface of the tail. Many of the wing-feathers are edged with a thin line of white, giving a beautiful scale-armor effect. The breast-feathers are snowy white, one feather laid over another in a soft, fluffy manner. The upper parts of the legs are covered with soft gray feathers marked with thin semicircles of black; the legs and feet are lemon yellow; and the huge, horn-like claws are black; the under surface of the tail is almost white, broken by broad bars of black.

In a free state his cry is said to be loud and harsh, but in captivity I have never heard him make any sound.

THE HARPY EAGLE.

Drawn from life for St. Nicholas by J. M. Gleeson.

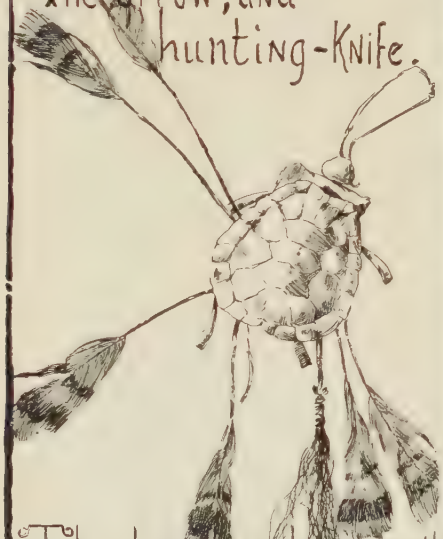
H.F. INDIAN-BOY-AT-SCHOOL

By J.P.

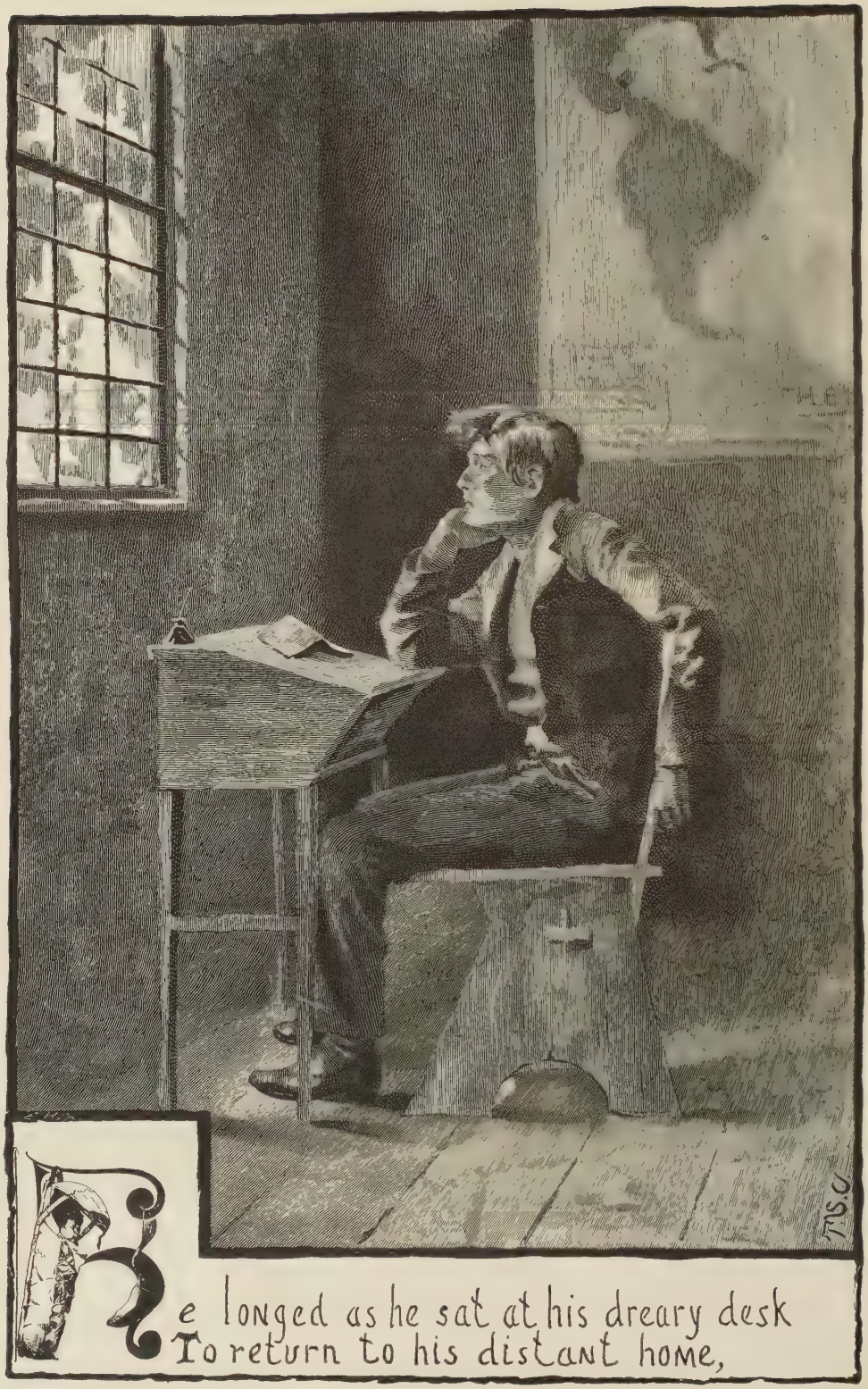
They brought him away from his prairie home,
From his comrades so wild and free
From the games and sports that were his delight,
And the plains where he longed to be;
For they fain would conquer his savage tastes;
And they hoped he might be beguiled —
Though an Indian boy — to follow along
In the trail of the white-man's child

How tame to him were the quiet haunts,
And the hum of the study hour,
When he longed on his bare-backed steed away
O'er the level fields to scour;
Or to poise himself on a giddy height
Where no white man would dare to go,
And send his arrow with fatal aim
To the deer in the vale below!

His people were warriors brave and strong!
His father a Ponca chief!
And many a scalp he had thought to win
Himself, in a warlike fief;
And now as he tossed on his narrow bed
His slumbers with dreams were rife
Of the tomahawk, and the deadly spear,
The arrow, and hunting-knife.



The humdrum lessons, the daily drill,
The training, were far too mild
To suit the taste of this savage boy,
This fierce and barbaric child;
And though he daily pursued his tasks,
And daily his lessons spelled,
The spirit within him, still unsubdued,
Each hour at his lot rebelled.



He longed as he sat at his dreary desk
To return to his distant home,

To flee from the spiritless, paleface ways
And — again a wild boy — to roam
In the pronghorn chase as in earlier years
— The years that were all too brief —
For his heart was the heart of an Indian brave
And the son of a Ponca chief.

One of Uncle Joey's Jokes

JOHN HANCOCK GREENE was five years old, and had a grievance. His sister, Mariannina, was half-past six. It was Fourth of July, and all the other boys had fire-crackers, but Johnny had none.

But though there were no fire-crackers, there were six packages of torpedoes that Uncle Joey had bought for him and Mariannina. At first Johnny said he would take but one package; torpedoes were only for girls, anyhow. Like a martyr he singled out the smallest bag, and put five into his sister's pinafore. Sadly the two went out into the back yard.

"We 'll take turns out o' mine first, Ninny," said he. "First I frow, den you.

"P'r'aps, after all, we 'd better keep the bags all sep'rate," Johnny went on to say. "I take half the bags, and you take half."

But even with this careful management the torpedoes were soon gone.

Suddenly Mariannina had an idea. She picked up the torn cover of one of the exploded torpedoes. It was common white tissue-paper. She examined its contents. The torpedoes seemed to be made of sand and salt and things.

"Johnny," cried she, "supposing we *make* some torpedoes!"

"I don't believe dey 'll torpede," answered Johnny, gloomily.

"We can't tell till we try," said Ninny. "I 've got plenty of tissue-paper that came in the box with my beautiful wax doll."

"Oh, yes," said Johnny; "but what 's de stuffing made of?"

"What should you think it was?" asked Ninny.

"Looks like sand and gravel," replied Johnny. "But sand has n't got any fire-bang to it, 'cause I 've frowed it ever so many times."

"Perhaps red pepper would help," suggested Ninny. "Anyway, I 'm going to get some."

"You 'd better get bofe kinds of pepper!" cried Johnny, as Mariannina ran into the house.

Ninny soon returned with spice-box, scissors, and tissue-paper.

Ninny cut and Johnny mixed. Both children began to sneeze.

"Supposing it went off wiv a bang while I was mixing it," said prudent John Hancock. He turned his head and mixed at long range.

"First we 'll twist up two, just to try," said Ninny.

But just as they had finished the two, a curly head appeared above the high fence. The head belonged to Angelina Thurston; the children knew very well that she was standing on the rain-barrel.

"What you doin'?" she called.

"Oh, just making torpedoes," answered Johnny.

"Gi' — gi' me one?"

"I could n't exactly *give* 'em away," responded Johnny.

"Pooh!" said Angelina. "I don't believe they 're any good, anyhow!"

"Don't let 's fire off any till she 's gone," whispered Mariannina, "'cause if anything should happen that they would n't be good, she 'd laugh at us. Let 's make more."

Soon there was a fine large pile of beautifully formed torpedoes, looking for all the world like those you buy in the store.

"Now, then," said Mariannina, her cheeks red with excitement, "let 's try 'em. You try first."

She held her breath, and had her fingers ready to stop her ears. Johnny straightened himself, took aim, and furiously hurled one of the largest torpedoes against the stone. Alas and alas! It fell as noiselessly as a snowflake.

"It does n't torpede," said Johnny, plaintively.

He tried another, and another, with the same result. Those plump and beautiful torpedoes, half filling the little cart, were — failures!

Mariannina wept. But the dinner-bell rang and they went in.

Now all this time Uncle Joey, hidden behind the library blinds, had been chuckling quietly to himself. Still smiling, Uncle Joey opened the door of the library closet. On the top shelf were two packages of torpedoes, intended as a pleasant surprise. Uncle Joey slipped out into the yard and put them in place of the torpedoes the children had made.

After dinner the children went again into the shady yard. The little cart with its little load of torpedoes was still there. John Hancock picked up a torpedo, sighed, and let it fall. *Bang!* To his immense surprise that torpedo was a success! He tried another, and another. Oh, joy!

Then appeared Angelina on the rain-barrel.

"See our torpedoes?" cried Johnny. "Smell 'em? Hear 'em?" And he threw three together.

"I say, will you give me a cent's worth?" asked Angelina.

She tossed down a cent, while Johnny, standing on a soap-box, gave her five torpedoes.

Then Isabel and Amabel, the Bolton twins, sauntered into the yard. They had a cent between them; and seeing Angelina's purchase, they too wished to buy. Johnny sold them a cent's worth.

"Made 'em ourselves," he said airily.

"How did you do it?" asked the twins, in awe.

"Oh, it 's easy," answered Johnny. "Just take sand and salt and red pepper and black pepper, and twist 'em up in paper. I could do it wiv my eyes shut."

Johnny, intent upon proving to the twins the ease with which torpedoes could be made, mixed more "stuffing"; Mariannina cut two covers; and there were now two brand-new home-made torpedoes, one for Isabel and one for Amabel.

"Aim, fire, bang!" shouted Johnny. Isabel and Amabel obeyed. A painful surprise awaited them. The little white balls dropped as gently as kernels of popcorn.

Then Uncle Joey had to come out and set all things right in the eyes of everybody. When the truth was known, and Angelina and Isabel and Amabel found they had bought common store torpedoes, they objected.

"I only bought 'em," said Angelina, "'cause I thought they were home-made."

"So did we," added the twins.

ISABEL AND AMABEL.

"All right," said Uncle Joey, kindly; "bring the torpedoes and you can have your money."

"But we 've fired 'em all off."

"Well," replied Uncle Joey, "I suppose I shall have to pay you out of my own pocket." But as he had no change smaller than five-cent pieces, he was obliged to give five cents to Angelina, and five to the twins. Then it occurred to him that it was rather cruel to leave out John Hancock and Mariannina; so he gave five cents to each of these.

"Now," said he, looking around at the little group, "I hope everybody is satisfied."

But no! Isabel Bolton, the smaller of the twins, lifted up her voice and wept; for Amabel had taken charge of the Bolton five-cent piece, and Isabel's little fat hand was empty; and Uncle Joey got out one more five-cent piece to dry her tears, and then all was right again.

SEA-LIONS SWIMMING RAPIDLY, CATCHING FISH, AND SWALLOWING THEM WHOLE.

OBSERVATIONS AT THE WASHINGTON ZOO.

THOSE who are constantly associated with animals at a zoo see many comical and interesting sights, and keepers of such places have many stories to relate.

The sea-lions are very much "smarter" than their appearance suggests, and while they are always interesting, their method of feeding is one of the most amusing things in the gardens. The keeper brings to the edge of the pond a pail of fish, which average perhaps a foot in length, and flings each one as far out as he can, when the sea-lions, with amazing rapidity, swim to get them. I think that I have never yet seen a fish strike the water, as a lion catches it before it has time, and swallows it head first.

The sea-lion reminds one of a swift torpedo-boat, since he makes a similar "bow-and-stern wave" when he darts through the water. I am much interested in the art of swimming, and I felt curious to know how this expert manages to stop so suddenly. I find, upon investigation, that he does it by a quick downward turning of the fore flippers, with an extending of the hind ones, when the resistance of the water brings him up pretty short.

In this particular zoo is a very beautiful tiger, said to be the largest one in captivity. But if he would only move about as if he felt at home, and not be so dignified, we should be better pleased with him; yet the poor creature is excusable, because he has dys-

A NOVEL METHOD OF ADMINISTERING MEDICINE TO A TIGER.

pepsia, and his sufferings make him cross. One day the keeper decided to administer a dose of medicine, so with the bottle and a whip he climbed to the top of the cage. Was that tiger cross? You would have thought so if you had seen him throw back his great head and snap at the whip. The keeper, after enraging him, poured a little medicine down the lash, which he gradually withdrew, until in its place there was a tiny medicinal stream, at which the tiger kept biting and snapping, too much surprised, it seemed, to distinguish between whip and liquid. When he turned away his head the medicine was poured over his paws, and when he had licked them clean that day's treatment was completed. The difference between that dinner and the dessert was not great.

H. B. Bradford.

SOMETHING ABOUT ROCK-SALT.

If you could get upon the back of a great bird and float far away over the southwestern part of our country you would see many strange and wonderful things. One of the most interesting of these is a vast desert which it would take days to cross if you had to walk. Sandy valleys and low mountain ridges of bare rock extend as far as you can see in every direction.

In this desert a whole year sometimes passes without any raindrops falling. The sun shines from a sky which is almost always clear, and in summer it beats down so fiercely that it seems as if it would burn up the earth.

Few people live in this desert country, for there are no streams of water, and the springs are so many miles apart that one has always to carry water when a journey is undertaken. Everything needed to eat has to be brought hundreds of miles. Peculiar plants which need very little water grow in the sand, but there are no trees. Animals and birds live there, but most of them seek the shade and are out of sight during the long, hot days. Some of the animals are very strange creatures, fitted to go for weeks and even months without any water other than that within their own bodies.

In the center of one of the most lonesome and dreary portions of this desert there is a cabin standing all alone. From a little distance it seems to be made of blocks of rough stone, but if you will look at these blocks closely you will find that they are clear and glassy. These are curious rocks with which to build a cabin. What can they be? They are not ice, for there is no water here, and, besides, ice would quickly melt under the hot sun.

A CABIN MADE OF PIECES OF ROCK-SALT.

Break off a piece and touch it to the tongue, for a taste may tell what you wish to know. You find that there is a taste, and that it is of salt. The cabin is made of pieces of salt—rock-salt, we call it, because it is quarried in solid pieces like rock. The walls, the fireplace, and the chimney are of salt. The framework of the roof alone is of wood, and this is hidden upon the outside by a layer of earth. This strange cabin is probably the only one of its kind in the world.

We all know how quickly salt dissolves when it is wet. The cabin has been built many years, but there is so little rain in the region in which it stands that the cabin is in as good condition

CRYSTALS OF ROCK-SALT.

as when first built. All that the rain has done to the cabin is to dissolve enough of the salt to cement and make one solid mass of the pieces in the walls. This has taken place in much the same way as the freezing together of blocks of ice after being exposed to the warm sun of a winter day.

Years ago some prospectors discovered a bed of salt here, and built the cabin to live in while quarrying the salt. They found at last that it cost too much to ship the salt out of the desert, and so abandoned their work.

If you could scrape off the sand from the broad valley in which the cabin stands, you would find the bed of salt extending perhaps for miles and looking for all the world like a frozen lake such as you enjoy skating upon. What a quantity of salt there is! It would supply the whole world for thousands of years.

The valley in which the salt lies is a real basin, for the land is higher all about. If the basin were filled with water the water could not run away. Once the basin was full of water, but it was long, long ago. The land in this part of southeastern California was not then as high as it is now. The Gulf of California reached many miles farther north, even to the basin where the salt cabin stands.

Then the earth began to rise, as though some giant below were lifting it. By and by the ocean ran back and left this rising land, but lakes remained here and there in the low places.

Through many years the water slowly dried up, passing away, as invisible little particles, into the dry air; but the salt which it contained—for you must know that all sea-water is salty—could not escape in this manner and so was left. At last, after the water was about gone, there remained a thick layer of glassy salt in the bottom of the basin. Then the winds blew and carried sand from the deserts about and hid the most of the salt from sight.

This is the story of the salt cabin and how one bed of rock-salt was made. In other parts of the world there are beds of rock-salt buried hundreds of feet below the surface. They have to be reached by deep shafts, which look much like wells.

HAROLD W. FAIRBANKS.

THE HONEY-BEE'S FOOT.

A WONDERFUL case of adaptation is shown in a honey-bee's foot, which consists of claws and a pad (called a pulvillus). Projecting from the lower side of this pulvillus are numerous hairs called tenent or holding hairs, which secrete a clear, sticky fluid that enables the bee to walk on smooth surfaces. The pulvillus may be used or not, as desired. When the bee is walking on a rough object the claws only are used, and the pulvillus is folded and turned upward (Fig. 1).

FIG. 1. WALKING ON A ROUGH SURFACE. PULVILLUS, OR PAD, THROWN BACK.

On a smooth surface the claws are turned down and backward and only the pulvillus is used (Fig. 2), and when the foot is to be removed the pulvillus is loosened by being rolled up from the edges, as you would remove a plaster—only, in this case, much more quickly. Cheshire, in his excellent book on "Bees and Bee Keeping," says: "The bee can fix and release each foot at least twenty times a second."

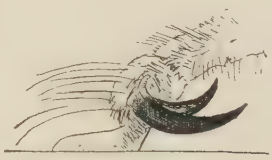


FIG. 2. WALKING ON A SMOOTH SURFACE. PULVILLUS IN ACTIVE USE, CLAWS THROWN BACK.

A PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. HERBERT C. WILSON, PHOTOGRAPHER OF GOODSELL OBSERVATORY.

HOW TO PHOTOGRAPH LIGHTNING.

Any boy or girl who has a camera and a good stock of patience may secure a photograph of lightning. The patience is needed in waiting for the lightning. When a thunder-shower comes at night, keep a sharp lookout for an opportunity to secure your picture. You cannot get a picture of lightning during every thunder-shower. Clouds or a heavy downpour of rain often conceals the flash from view, and we have "sheet-lightning." It is useless to photograph this, but you may by its light get an interesting picture of the landscape. When the sharp "chain-lightning" comes, select a window from which you can see it well, or, if it is not raining, go out of doors and set the camera on the tripod focused as for a distant view and pointed toward that quarter of the heavens in which the lightning is most frequent. The diaphragm should be set to the largest opening that is ever used, the slide drawn, and the lens uncovered as for a time exposure. Then follows a wait of one, two, five, or even twenty minutes, until a bright flash comes within the field of view of the camera, when the lightning takes its own picture. Then cover the lens, push in the slide, and you are ready to try again on a fresh plate. Oliver P. Watts.

Mr. McFarland took the second photograph on this page with a 5 x 8 camera from an open window in his sleeping-room. A thunder-storm awakened him at night. He left the plate exposed for several hours.

A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. M. McFARLAND.

A LITTLE ARCTIC TRAVELER.

SEVERAL thousand years ago a little traveler was stranded in the northeastern part of the United States in a strange land, and with none of its friends near.

SKETCHES OF THE PARTS OF THE SUBARCTIC PRIMULA.

This little foreigner was a tiny plant, the subarctic primula, and you can easily guess that it was left behind by the great ice-sheet of the glacial period which at that time covered this region.

As the climate grew warmer, and the ice melted and receded, we all know that it left in its wake lakes and rivers that had never before existed, dug out gorges and formed waterfalls, and scattered all manner of glacial deposits.

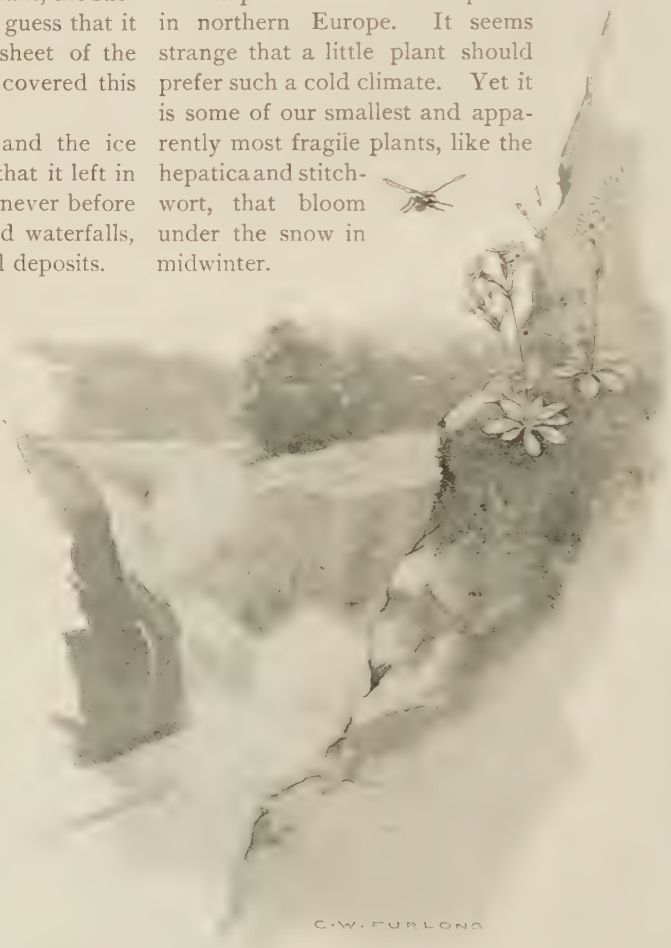
And it also left behind it, in these strange new surroundings, this delicate little plant of the primrose family.

The great mass of animal and plant life which survived the ice-sheet gave up its struggle for existence; but the sturdy primrose persevered and began looking about for the most natural place it could find for a home, finally deciding upon the shaded wet walls of the ravines then forming. It set bravely to work, making the best of its surroundings and adapting itself to them. This member of the primrose family closely resembles the rest in appearance, with the exception of being smaller; but only those of us who live along certain wet banks from Maine to Greenland, and west to central New York, Michigan, and the Northwest Territory are privileged to meet this particular species, and only from about the middle of May to the middle of June.

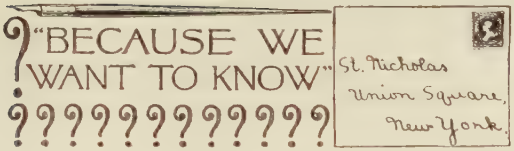
As they modestly cling to the dark, mossy rocks far up the south side of the gorges, sheltered from the sun and cooled by the spray, the delicate appearance of the masses of tender plants bearing the tiny pink star-like flowers gives us little idea of the rebuffs this plant has encountered and the hardships it has endured to become a little naturalized citizen of our temperate zone. EVA E. FURLONG.

You will find further descriptions of this little plant in the botanies under the name dwarf Canadian primrose (*Primula Mistassinica*).

The plant also occurs in places in northern Europe. It seems strange that a little plant should prefer such a cold climate. Yet it is some of our smallest and apparently most fragile plants, like the hepatica and stitchwort, that bloom under the snow in midwinter.



THE "LITTLE ARCTIC TRAVELER" GROWING ON THE SIDE OF THE LEDGE ABOVE THE FALLS.



SOME MONKEYS CAN SWIM.

ST. HELENS,
HASTINGS, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw in Nature and Science a query asking if monkeys can swim. Although it has been answered, I thought your readers might like to know that the monkeys of Bombay, India, will swim out to vessels anchored there for bits of food given to them by the sailors.

Yours very truly,
FREDA M. HARRISON (age 11).

WAS IT A METEOR?

WEATHERSFIELD CENTER, VT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your Nature and Science department. I live on a farm. One day in April my sister was transplanting some plants on the piazza, and I was standing near. We heard a rumbling sound, which I thought might be a lumber-wagon going along the road. This noise continued for a few seconds. When it stopped we saw a column of something which looked like light smoke or fog rise from the ground about a quarter of a mile away. It was about as thick as a man, and rose straight up ten or fifteen feet or thereabouts, and went out of sight. We did not see or hear anything more, and, after waiting a little, I went down to the place. The place is a rather swampy mowing which we do not plow. It is quite rough, and has small trees and bushes scattered about in it. There are woods beyond, with a brook, which is about four feet wide and averages about nine inches deep, running through it. The "smoke" rose on the north side of a clump of elm-trees which were about ten feet tall. I did not see anything unusual at the place. Can you explain this?

Your interested reader,
AUGUSTUS W. ALDRICH (age 16).

Apparently a small explosion of gunpowder would explain the phenomenon of the column of smoke and the noise. On the other hand, precisely such rumbling sounds, followed by a trail of smoke, attend aërolites or meteors, and it is quite possible that such was the case in the present instance. Observers generally estimate aërolites and smoke-trails as being near at hand, when they are really many miles away.—PROFESSOR CLEVELAND ABBE, Weather Bureau, Washington.

VARIATIONS IN LEAVES.

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was making some pictures of leaves, and I noticed that my pansy leaves were all different. I have made four different kinds on a piece of paper and am going to send them to you.

DEBORAH DUNNING.

WILKES BARRE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to know why three different kinds of leaves grow on the same stem; will you please tell me? I inclose you a sample. Good-by.

Your friend, T. ALLEN MILLS, JR.

VARIOUS FORMS OF LEAVES ON ONE BRANCH OF SASSAFRAS.
Note that the three forms are distinct in the small as well as in the large leaves.

Some plants and trees have each leaves of the same general type. Yet even among these a close examination will reveal the fact that no two are exactly alike.

Other plants and trees have leaves of two or more distinctly different types. Perhaps the most common and marked example is in the leaves of the sassafras. On one branch may be found three distinctly different designs—the solid form with unbroken outline, the "mitten" form, and the "three-pronged" form. Note the variations in size in relation to the best lighted parts of the tree or plant. Note also variations in the veinings and markings.

Examine also the leaves of tulip-tree, mulberry, and other trees with respect to variation. If you find any two exactly alike in size, outline, and veining, please press them and send to Nature and Science.

THE OSTRICH-FERN.

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We were all very much interested last spring in watching the growth of a row of tall "river-ferns," as they call them, which grow in front of our piazza. They grow here in great numbers along the Housatonic, and had been planted near the house before we came here. Their growth seemed to be like ordinary ferns till just a little while ago, when some curious sprouts came up in the middle of each plant. One would imagine them fronds, except that they do not grow on the spiral. The ferns themselves are very tall—the largest I have ever seen.

These shoots are of a dark, disagreeable olive green, do not spread prettily, and are very thick and ugly. Do brakes act this way? for the plants seem much too large to be real ferns of a temperate climate. Inside the sprouts are tiny seeds (perhaps spores). We should all be glad to hear an explanation in your Nature and Science department.

Sincerely yours,
ELIZABETH C. PORTER (age 15).

The fern you describe, and of which you sent liberal specimens, is the ostrich-fern (*Struthiopteris Germanica*). The common name is due to an imagined likeness of the fronds to an ostrich-feather. This fern is the tallest of Eastern American ferns, and by many regarded as the handsomest.

THE FERTILE FRONDS SOMEWHAT RESEMBLE OSTRICH-PLUMES.

THE OSTRICH-FERN BY THE RIVERSIDE.

In the illustration at the left our artist has represented the characteristic form and growth of these beautiful ferns by the riverside. The straight fruiting frond is shown in the center of each clump. It is these fertile fronds that resemble ostrich-plumes.

In "Our Ferns in their Haunts," Clute says of this fern:

It is at its best in the wet, sandy soil of a half-shaded island or river shore, and in such situations puts up

magnificent crowns of fronds that often reach a length of seven feet. In the northern United States there are many jungle-like thickets of this species in which a man of ordinary height may stand and be completely hidden.

A STORK'S NEST ON A CHIMNEY.

STRASSBURG, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The storks usually come to Strassburg in the first or middle of spring, but last year they were unusually early, coming the beginning of March. They are gradually becoming extinct. They build their nests on the tops of the tallest chimneys of Strassburg, as is shown in the photograph I inclose herewith. Last year there were thirteen nests. These nests are high and basket-shaped. One that we looked at from the top of the Cathedral has three young ones in it. The full-grown storks are about the size of a small turkey, although their bodies are very slim. The storks have long thin red legs and long red bills. Their feathers are white and the wings are tipped with long black feathers that wave like fringe when they fly. Their tail-feathers are black. The storks are very tame and we see one or two nests in all the tiny villages of Alsace. They fly away every year in October, returning to the same nests; but if any nest is destroyed by accident, they make a mournful sound, and fly away, never to return. The peasants believe the storks bring luck, so no one would wilfully destroy a nest.

Very respectfully,
BESSIE PARKER FRICK (age 11).

THE STORKS AND THEIR NEST ON THE CHIMNEY.

A PHŒBE'S NEST ON THE OVERTURNED COVER OF A DINNER-PAIL.

ROSLINDALE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would you like to know about a nest built by a mother phœbe in a very queer place? It was in a shed, where one window was broken, so that the bird could fly in and out. There was a tin pail hanging on a beam. The last time the pail was taken down, the cover was put on upside down, and the phœbe built her nest in it, one side of the nest resting against the beam. The farmer who found the nest was very careful not to frighten the mother away, and there are now four little birds in it.

ELAS W. STONE (age 12).

The phœbe's favorite location is underneath a bridge, or in a rocky bank by a brookside.

THE POISON OF THE COBRA.

GERMANTOWN, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell me what cobras' poison is made of that makes them so much more deadly than other snakes.

Your interested reader,
THOMAS MCKEAN DOWERS (age 10).

The venom of the cobra contains an ingredient not well known that acts upon the nerves. Its effects are rapid and difficult to counteract. This ingredient exists in the cobra's venom to a greater extent than the other substances that make up the poison. The poison of the viperine and crotaline snakes (the rattlesnakes, copperhead, moccasin, etc.) contains but a small percentage of this nerve-destroying (or paralyzing) element. The poison of these snakes acts principally upon the blood, and in consequence its action is slower.

RAYMOND L. DITMARS.

"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY F. MILES GREENLEAF, AGE 17. (CASH PRIZE.)

THE LIBERTY BELL.

BY ELIZABETH M. T. WOOD (AGE 12).

(*Gold Badge.*)

We talk and think of the relics that mark the events of old,
And many a silent story these voiceless things have told;
They tell us of heroes gallant, of many a siege and fight,
And illustrate their phantom tales with phantom pictures bright.
The Liberty Bell is cracked and old; it can no longer ring;
Without associations it would be a useless thing.
Yet on a summer morning still, a day in hot July,
The sun was shining on the streets, the river sparkled by,
When suddenly upon the breeze a bell rang loud and free;
In every note rebellion spoke, each note was liberty!
They rang it till its side was cracked, just as we see it now.
The housewife at her spindle heard, the farmer at his plow.
And that is why this ancient bell is treasured and preserved,
Like many another storied thing that has its country served.

The drawings this month were both good and numerous. We have had to make smaller reproductions of them than usual in order to get a fair representation in numbers. Some of the pictures are from old friends and their work shows continued improvement. Indeed, among these are drawings so good that it would be very hard to point out their faults.

Next to the drawings this month rank the true stories of dog heroism, and it is the editor's regret that more of these cannot be published. The fine intelligent dog that saves life, often at the risk of his own, is something we never cease to admire, and the story cannot be told too often.

One of the very best of these stories is one that we do not print as written, because three different members sent it in from Cleveland, where the remarkable incident occurred, and all told it so well that to print one would not be fair to the other two. This was the story:

A little curly-haired dog awoke one night to find smoke in the room where he had been sleeping. Immediately he ran to the bedroom of his master and pawed and scratched on the door until it was opened, when he plunged in and by every means he knew made it plain that something was wrong. The fire being discovered, the owner of the house and his family hurried out to a place of safety, forgetting the noble little dog. A window had been opened from the top in the master's room, and the draft had blown the door shut before the little animal, who waited until all were out, could make his escape. An effort was made to save him, but it was too late. One of the reports says that a little headstone now stands in the corner of the yard, and upon it is carved:

HERE LIES CURLY
A
DOG HERO
WHO LOST HIS LIFE IN
SAVING SIX.

Surely no hero ever more truly deserved to have his memory kept alive in the hearts of his debtors.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 55.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Elizabeth M. T. Wood** (age 12), Sayville, L. I., N. Y., and **Helene Mabel Sawyer** (age 12), 611 N. 4th St., Keokuk, Ia.

Silver badges, **Joseph R. Gousha** (age 14), De Kalb and Main streets, Norristown, Pa., and **Dorothy Walker** (age 14), Bawtry, Yorkshire, England.

Prose. Gold badges, **Elizabeth R. Eastman** (age 17), 33 S. High St., New Britain, Conn., and **Ruth Kinsey** (age 14), "The Glencoe," Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Silver badges, **Martin Janowitz** (age 15), 387 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N. Y., **Alice G. Peirce** (age 11), 54 Mountain Ave., Montclair, N. J., and **Margaret F. Grant** (age 10), Armdale, N. W. Arm, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Drawing. Cash prize, **F. Miles Greenleaf** (age 17), 132 N. 38th Ave., Omaha, Neb.

Gold badge, **Adelaide Durst** (age 15), 1911 W. Edmondson Ave., Baltimore, Md.

Silver badges, **Irene Gaylord Farnham** (age 11), Box 511, Laurium, Mich., **Jessie C. Shaw** (age 16), Box 837, Honolulu, H. I., and **Dorothy Longstreth** (age 13), cor. Penn and Knox streets, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Photography. Gold badges, **Gertrude Harris Reazor** (age 15), St. Mark's Rectory, West Orange, N. J., and **Harry Lefeber** (age 13), 84 W. Main St., Wauwatosa, Wis.

Silver badges, **Heyliger de Windt** (age 13), Winnetka, Ill., and **Helen Seaman** (age 9), 290 Vanderbilt Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Wild Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Mallards," by **John V. S. Bloodgood** (age 14), 56 W. 37th St., N. Y.

Second prize, "Deer," by **G. Herbert Duncan** (age 14), 92 Walmer Rd., Toronto, Can.

Third prize, "Coot's Nest," by **Katharine Monica Burton** (age 13), Highfield, Gainsborough, England.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Jennie Milliken** (age 16), 111 State St., Portland, Me., and **L. Arnold Post** (age 14), Stanfordville, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Juniata Fairfield** (age 9), 24 Cottage St., Ware, Mass., and **Marie B. Townsend** (age 7), Bolivar, Mo.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badge, **Marian A. Smith** (age 14), 2018 Hawthorne Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Silver badges, **Mary R. Adam** (age 15), 16 W. Housatonic St., Pittsfield, Mass., and **Eleanor Wyman** (age 13), Nunica, Mich.

"A PLEASANT CORNER." BY GERTRUDE HARRIS REAZOR, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

TO THE LIBERTY BELL.

BY HELENE MABEL SAWYER (AGE 12).

(*Gold Badge.*)

A METAL thing thou art, and yet a shrine,
A lifeless object, yet one which creates
A throb of life within each human heart
That knows thy name, and what thy voice hath done.
This nation's progress thou hast watched, these years;
Hast seen its strife, hast witnessed all its woes;
Hast seen it thrive, expand, in liberty,
And then at last achieve its mighty name.
Never has man so great a task fulfilled
As this which thou hast done—this wondrous work
Of giving strength to men downcast, oppressed,
To meet the worst in freedom's mighty cause.
And now that peace has come, thou hast thy share,
For never more thou 'lt need—we hope and trust—
To send thy song of freedom o'er the land,
Or witness such another bloody strife.
And so rest on, creator of a race!
Thy worthy life should end in well-earned peace.
Rest, for thy work is done, thy task fulfilled,
Thy mission wrought, thy mighty tongue at rest.

A DOG HERO.

BY ELIZABETH R. EASTMAN (AGE 17).

(*Gold Badge.*)

A GOOD many years ago, when my mother was a young lady, there was a flood in the small Massachusetts town where she lived—not a very large flood, but one which carried away a number of buildings in the lower part of the town near the river.

My mother's home, being on higher ground, was not reached by the flood; but one of her little Sunday-school scholars, Johnny Scheip, was less fortunate. His home *was* flooded, and had it not been for the bravery of Johnny's dog, his baby sister would have been drowned.

The faithful dog, when the water reached the house, drove the frightened little chicks and their hen mamas on to the top of the hen-coop. Then he ran to the baby, and, catching her dress in his mouth, he dragged her hurriedly, yet with great care, down to the water's edge. Then, carefully holding her head above water, he half waded, half swam, out to the now floating hen-coop, and laid her gently upon it.

This novel craft with its strange crew sailed swiftly downstream, passing floating houses, chairs, tables, and every kind of furniture. All sorts of debris filled the river around it, yet it came into collision with nothing.

It floated safely on, baby and chickens quite wet and frightened, but unhurt, until finally the brave dog, swimming with the rapid current, pushed it ashore.

There he stood guard over his charges through the long night, the baby sleeping quietly with her head against the dog's soft body. And there Johnny found them all next morning, safe and sound.

How thankful the Scheips were to see their darling, whom they had given up for lost, and how proud they were of her rescuer, I can only imagine; but I am sure *I* should have been proud of such a hero.

"A PLEASANT CORNER." BY HARRY LEFEBER, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE LIBERTY BELL.

BY DOROTHY WALKER (AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge.*)

WHEN the flowers are in the meadows
And the west wind whispers by,
When the whole bright world is singing
With the skylark in the sky,
When the streamlet murmurs softly
As it flows along the dale,
And each hedge is crowned in glory
With the hawthorn blossom pale,
Then our work seems dull and dreary
And we wish the clock to say:
"'T is time to ring the liberty bell
And put your books away."

A DOG HERO.

BY RUTH KINSEY (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

HE did n't save any one's life, or rush into danger at the risk of his own, but day in, day out, submitted to all sorts of indignities. He belonged to some friends of ours and his name was Seal.

Near our camp were some natural tubs, worn out of solid granite by the constant rush of the water.

It was our great delight to drag the poor dog up to these and souse him under. Up he would come, puffing and blowing, trying to scramble up the sides; but we had no mercy, and would push him under again and again.

As he was settling himself for a nap, we would grab him and dress him up in doll clothes, with a sun-bonnet on his head and a tight ribbon sash trailing in the dust. In these he would wander around until they were scraped off on some tree.

When we went to hunt pine-knots, Seal was hitched to a box without wheels; in this we stuffed all the heavy knots, and compelled him to drag it over stumps and stones to camp — grunting and complaining, but never offering to bite.

There was a large boulder near camp, which we would climb; its sides were steep, and it took practice to get up. How we ever conceived the idea of hoisting Seal up there, I don't know — but we did. I took his front legs, while Elinor hoisted from behind, and, pulling and scraping, we got him up. It was hard work for all concerned, but Seal took it philosophically, and jumped off as soon as he was fairly up.

In a deep crevice between two rocks we would push him, and stand at the opening and watch his frantic rushings to and fro. When we got tired of standing there we let him out, and he would lick our hands to thank us.

After the execution of King Charles, we would pretend that Seal was the unfortunate King, and would maul him unmercifully, and then tie him in the hammock and swing him in spite of his howlings.

Through all this he never lost his good nature, and was always ready for whatever came next, far nobler than his cruel tormentors.

He that ruleth his temper is greater than the mighty. If this applies to men, why not to Seal? — whom I consider a true hero.

"A PLEASANT CORNER." BY HELEN SEAMAN, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE LIBERTY BELL.

BY DORIS FRANCKLYN (AGE 17).

(*A Former Prize-winner.*)

RING out, great bell!
Thy story tell
Of liberty!
Not low nor sad,
But full of glad
Solemnity.

Ring loud! Ring long!
Proclaim thy song
Triumphantly!
The nation hears,
And, answering, cheers
Exultantly.

A DOG HERO.

BY MARGARET F. GRANT (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

AT Cow Bay, Halifax County, Nova Scotia, Rover, a Newfoundland dog belonging to Mr. Mosher, one day did a wonderful act. It was a stormy day; the surf was high, and from the lighthouse the watchman saw a small schooner dashing against the rocks, and being too rough to launch the lifeboat it seemed as if the schooner

"MALLARDS." BY JOHN V. S. BLOODGOOD, AGE 14. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

was doomed, but suddenly a bright idea struck them. Seizing hold of a long rope, they gave one end to the dog, and taking hold of the other end themselves, they pointed to the schooner. Rover seemed to understand. Dashing bravely into the water, he made for the schooner. Sometimes it seemed that he would be drowned; but no, he was up again, and plunging bravely on, he reached the schooner. The sailors took the rope from Rover, and tying it to the schooner, they went back on it. Rover swam back. The dog was promised a gold collar, but died before he got it. This happened about nine years ago.

OUR HEROIC LEO.

BY ALICE G. PEIRCE (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

ONCE our mother owned two dogs. One was an Irish setter named Leo, the other a black English setter named Prince.

They were deadly enemies, and very jealous of each other.

If any one paid more attention to one than the other they would fight, and growled every time they saw each other.

One day mother was out driving, and Prince was running behind the carriage, when a ferocious bulldog ran out from a house close by and bit at him.

Of course that started a fight. It was a hard one, and Prince was getting the worst of it.

Leo was out with them, too, and had run quite a distance ahead up a steep hill.

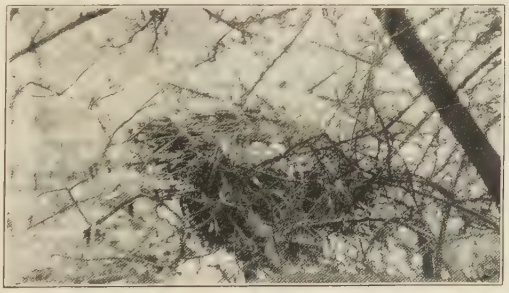
Turning, he saw Prince was in a fight and getting the worst of it.

He ran back down the hill as fast as he could go, and, dashing into the fight, bit and tore at the bulldog.

The owner of the bulldog was standing near, and did all he could to stop the fight.

At last it was stopped, but Leo had saved the life of Prince, his enemy.

He knew; he lived right with him in the family; so he risked his own life to save his enemy's, and I think that was very brave and heroic.



"COOT'S NEST." BY KATHARINE MONICA BURTON, AGE 13. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

TO THE LIBERTY BELL.

BY JOSEPH R. GOUSHA (AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge.*)

ALTHOUGH thy tongue is now quite still,
And thou dost swing no more on high,
Thou hast a mission to fulfil
To generations passing by.

Thou mutely speak'st of heroes dead,
Who bravely for their country fought,
Of battle-fields with blood all red,
Of liberty so dearly bought.

Thy silent task is to teach all
That they shall guard, with all their might,
Their free, strong nation at the call,
And keep the glow of freedom bright.

"DEER." BY G. HERBERT DUNCAN, AGE 14. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

CONCERNING LOST BADGES.

As we have often announced, we will replace the regular League badge, free, in case of loss or injury.

We regret to say, however, that many prize-winners have lost their gold and silver badges, and have written to see if they could not purchase others in place of them.

In some instances and on certain conditions we have granted the request of the losers, but we cannot continue to do so. Prize-winners must value their honors enough to preserve them with such care that loss is well-nigh impossible, and if loss does come the gold and silver badges must hereafter be counted among those vanished things which *cannot be replaced.*

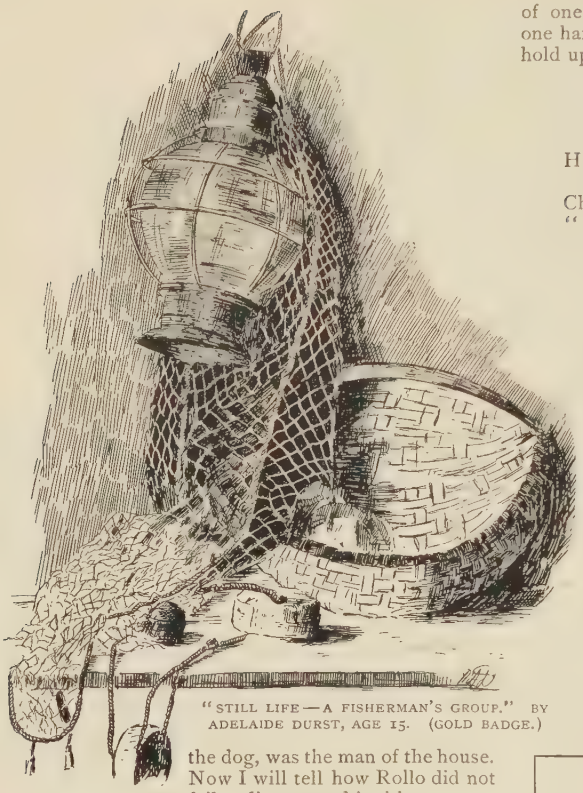
A DOG HERO.

BY MARTIN JANOWITZ

(AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

LITTLE Esther longed for a dog. So one day father brought one home —the cutest little terrier you ever saw. In a short time they were friends. Often they played housekeeping—Esther being the mother, a doll named Caroline the child, and Rollo,



"STILL LIFE — A FISHERMAN'S GROUP." BY ADELAIDE DURST, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

the dog, was the man of the house. Now I will tell how Rollo did not fail to live up to his title.

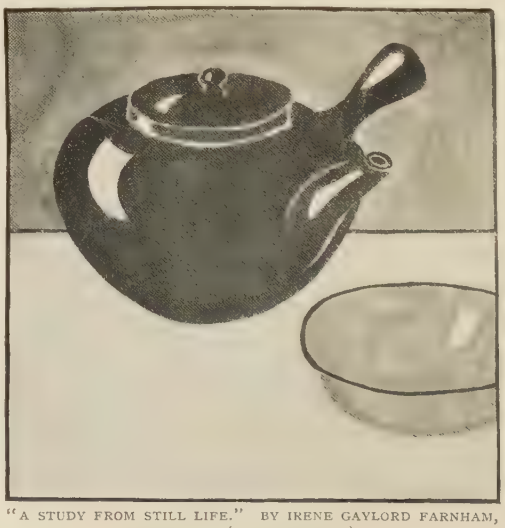
As we were sleeping, one night last summer, we were all awakened by a loud barking.

This aroused us.

Smoke greeted our nostrils as we came into the hall. It was pouring up the stairway in huge volumes. We knew what had occurred: Rollo had awakened us, for the house was afire! Half dressed we ran out into the street, which was fast filling with spectators. As we stood there shivering from the cool night wind, Rollo came running to us. Seeing Esther crying, he looked at her a moment, and then, before any one could stop him, he dashed into the burning building. Probably he was gone a minute, but it seemed an age before he returned. We saw there was something in his mouth when he approached us.

He ran up to Esther and laid it at her feet. Can you guess what it was? The doll, Caroline! Then you ought to have heard the crowd cheer! 'Rah after 'rah went up!

After the fire was out, there being no very heavy loss, we entered the home of one of our neighbors, Esther carrying her dog in one hand and with the other trying to carry the doll and hold up her little dress.



"A STUDY FROM STILL LIFE." BY IRENE GAYLORD FARNHAM, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE LIBERTY BELL.

BY PHILIP STARK (AGE 14).

HARK to the clamor that spreads o'er a city!
List to the sound of a clear, ringing call;
Cheer after cheer the glad tidings reëcho:
"Brave independence and freedom to all!"

Swaying aloft in a high ancient steeple,
First to declare that the people are free,
Pealing the news to both country and city,
This is the bell that proclaims liberty.

Over and over it tells us the story—
Triumphant people exult in the sound:
"Free! we are free! Independence forever!"
All unjust tyranny dashed to the ground!

Now comes the struggle, a wrong to be righted;
Battles we fight, by our brave heroes led.
Glorious Union,—the pride of our nation,—
Know you the cost of the years that have fled?

History's pages will tell us the story—
Fresh may it ever be kept in our minds!
Carefully, then, the old bell let us treasure:
Past deeds and present together it binds!

TO NEW READERS.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers. Every reader of the magazine, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to a League badge and instruction leaflet, free, upon application.

A DOG HERO.

BY ALICE HARMON PEAVEY (AGE 15).

A FRIEND of mine, who lives on the coast of Maine, owned a large St. Bernard —a beautiful dog and very smart. He ran errands and played with the boys most of the time, and often went on long walks with them.

One day he started for a walk with a small boy of six. He was often with this boy, and seemed to think that it was his duty to take care of him.

On this particular day they were exploring the wharves, when they went out on the breakwater. The boy was playing on the edge when he suddenly jumped or fell off. The current, which was very strong, carried him down through the Narrows. The dog jumped into the water and swam to save his friend. He reached

the boy, and tried to swim to land, but was carried down by the current. The people on shore, seeing them, launched a boat and soon reached the dog, who was bravely holding up the boy. The men took the boy in the boat and started for the shore, thinking that the dog was able to swim there himself; but the current was too much for him, and he was carried out to sea and has never been seen since. The boy reached land safely, and is very grateful to his faithful friend.

"A PLEASANT CORNER." BY HEYLIGER DE WINDT, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

MY GOOD-TIME DRESS.

BY ALLEINE LANGFORD (AGE 15).

SOME say I look best and am sweet as a rose,
Very dainty and nice from my head to my toes,
When all in my very best gown I am dressed.
But some people like my yellow one best;
It has queer little buttons all down the back,
And a ruffle of white and a plaiting of black,
And it 's 'most as good as my Sunday dress,
But you see mama got it for ten cents less.
And some people say—they don't all agree—
That my new blue muslin looks best on me;
It is tucked and ruffled and edged with pink,
And the minister likes it a lot, I think.
But the one I like is n't any of these;
It 's the one I can play in and do as I please,
And it 's just as common as common can be,
And nobody says it looks pretty on me:
But I 'd give all my best ones, and more, I guess,
If I could just live in my good-time dress.

A DOG HERO.

BY ANNETTE MACKAY (AGE 12).

ONE evening we were sitting round the fire, for it was a cold, rainy, ugly night, when we heard a little scratching and whining at the front door. I ran and opened it, and saw a poor, cowering, tiny Scotch terrier. I took him in and put him down by the fire, and ran to get some milk, which he lapped up eagerly. The next morning when I went to inquire about him I found that one of the gardeners had seen a farmer pass who picked him up and carried him off. We felt sorry to lose him. But that evening we heard another scratching. I ran to the door, and there was Midge, with a heavy rope eight feet long hanging behind him. His tongue was out and he was panting badly. I again took him in and petted him. The next morning a man appeared and demanded the dog, saying that he was his. We all felt so sorry about it that we decided to buy him.

He was a dear little dog and very clever. On one occasion when a man went into a store, leaving his horses and sleigh outside, Midge saw the horses start to trot away. He jumped and caught the reins. He was dragged several yards, but he stopped the horses.

Another time old True, a large dog who was very old and blind, was lying in the avenue leading up to the house, when a large carriage drove up. Midge saw it coming and ran forward. Catching True by the tail, he tried to drag him away, but sleepy True would n't move. The coachman, seeing Midge's kind intentions, turned out.

Midge was the most important little dog I ever saw. He always ushered the horses out of the stable with loud barking, jumping up and down before them, sometimes turning a somersault in his excitement. Then he always went with the carriage.

Once when he was out with my aunt he ran ahead and then came back barking hard and jumping up and down, trying in every way to make the horses stop. My aunt, who had great confidence in him, sent some one ahead to see what was the matter. They found a bridge was broken away, and if they had gone down there they would probably have been killed.

I think Midge was a hero and ought to be remembered, don't you?

"A DECORATION FOR JULY." BY JESSIE C. SHAW, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

A DOG HERO.

BY MILDRED STANLEY FLECK (AGE 9).

DUDE is a very affectionate and intelligent dog. I don't know of what breed he is, but he is some kind of big, fat, woolly poodle, tan-colored, with flapping black ears—not at all heroic-looking. Somebody even called him a sponge. Nevertheless Dude is a hero, sponge or no sponge, and every old miner in Cripple Creek knows that. About five or six years ago there was a bad cave-in at the Half Moon Mine, imprisoning five men, one of whom was Dude's former master. There was a small opening, enough to admit air, but not sufficiently large for a man to go through. It was believed that it would take several days to reach the imprisoned miners, and the question was how to get food to them. Dude's master shouted out, "Go get my dog. He will bring it to us." So Dude was brought, and for nearly a week he crawled back and forth through the narrow passage, carrying food

and drink, and never attempting to taste a morsel of it himself. At length the men were rescued and Dude was the hero of the hour. Dude is now living in the lap of luxury in Golden, feasting on custard-pie and grapes, and when he dies it will not be too much to carve for his epitaph, "Beloved by all who knew him."

A DOG HERO.

BY BERTHA H. FRASER (AGE 13).

MR. and Mrs. Lowell's three little girls were playing on the wharf of their summer home, which was situated on the Canadian side of Lake Ontario. The water was quite deep in that spot, but the mother and father were near at hand to see that no harm befell their darlings. The little ones played contentedly for some time, but finally Marjorie, the youngest, ventured too near the edge, and tumbled with a splash into the calm depths.

The parents sprang up and rushed to the wharf. But they were not quick enough. Waif, their beautiful Scotch collie dog, was before them. The noble animal jumped into the water, caught the neck of the child's dress in his mouth, and rescued her from a watery grave.

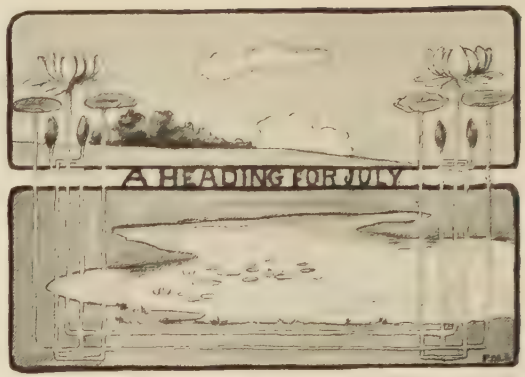
Of course the dog was petted and made much of. He

"A STUDY FROM STILL LIFE." BY MARGERY BRADSHAW, AGE 15.

loved candy, and a generous share was given to him, to his great delight. Marjorie was taken to the house, where she donned dry garments, and they thought that danger was over.

But more was destined to follow. The next day the children went, as usual, to the wharf, with Mr. Lowell accompanying them. For a time all went well. Suddenly, however, without a note of warning, Waif dashed into their midst and deliberately pushed one of the little girls over the edge. He immediately rescued her before the dazed gentleman could collect his scattered senses, and laid her at her father's feet. She was carried home at once, and the dog followed, crestfallen that his master did not pet him for his brave deed. He was given no candy that day, but received, instead, a severe scolding. This had the

"A PLEASANT CORNER." BY DONALD C. ARMOUR, AGE 11.



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY FRANCES LICHTEN, AGE 14.

desired effect, for Waif never again attempted to gain extra pettings and portions of sweetmeats by that ruse.

A DOG HERO.

BY FRIEDA H. TELLKAMPF (AGE 13).

A FEW houses away from ours there lived a family who kept a fox-terrier named Gippy. He was clever and watchful, and every night would guard the house faithfully. One night he was wandering around the house, as usual, seeing if all was well. When he reached the dining-room a cloud of smoke rushed out and nearly suffocated him. He ran to his master's room (fortunately the door was open), jumped on his bed, and barked furiously. Soon the whole family was aroused, but not a moment too soon, as the flames were fast eating their way to the bedrooms. He had saved them all, and as a reward he wears a little gold medal on his collar with the following words engraved on it:

"This dog, named Gippy, has saved a family from a sure death in the flames."

Don't you think this was a dog hero?

A DOG HERO.

BY ZENOBIA CAMPRUBÍ AYMAR (AGE 16).

IF you ever travel among the mountains of Corsica you may come upon the home of Fedele, a trusty dog who, by a curious coincidence, was named after that virtue which would later on render him famous and perhaps enable him to find a place in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS.

Fedele loved his master and the donkey Ferrajolo better than anything else. It was all through Ferrajolo that Fedele became a hero; for, you see, Fedele was not ambitious: he did this noble action only because he loved his master and his friend, which makes it all the more beautiful—at least, so it seems to me, but I am no judge. Let us continue.

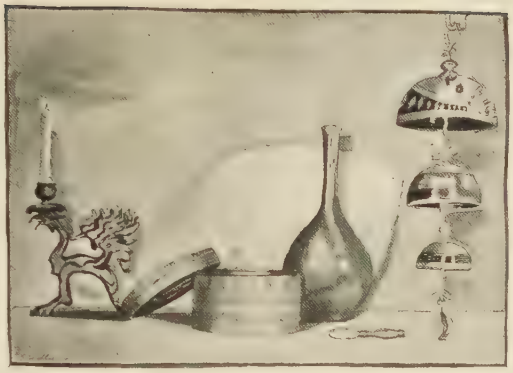
One day Fedele woke to find the house in great commotion. Ferrajolo, the donkey, had disappeared. The servants searched everywhere for him, but he could not be found. At the close of day matters stood the same as in the morning and the prospect was not encour-

aging; but it was less so when the next day dawned and Fedele was gone also. The search was finally given up as hopeless, and when three days were gone by nobody thought of Ferrajolo and Fedele but to mourn for them. But what do you think happened on the fourth day? Through the loggia came the dog, Fedele, and close on his heels trotted Ferrajolo, with a rope tied round his neck and hanging loose at his side.

When the rope was examined it was found that Fedele had gnawed it apart from another piece, which perhaps is still fastened to the place those thieves had selected as the most suitable for their purpose.

My mother can answer for the truthfulness of this story, as at the age of seven she became acquainted with both Fedele and Ferrajolo.

N. B. In Italian *Fedele* signifies faithful, *Ferrajolo* smith, *loggia* an open gallery.



"A STUDY FROM STILL LIFE." BY SHIRLEY WILLIS, AGE 15.

A DOG HERO.

BY MARION LOGAN KEAN (AGE 10).

In our family once there was a black shepherd dog named the Black Prince. He was very handsome and lively, but the nicest thing about him was that he was a very kind dog.

Whenever he heard a little child cry he would cry too, and would lick the child's hand. When visitors came to the house who had been kind to him, he would leap up with joy.

He would try to keep the cross dogs away, but welcomed the well-behaved dogs.

He lived on the campus of Central University in Kentucky.

One day he saw some of the college boys laughing together, and heard some distressed cries of one of his fellow-creatures. He ran to the rescue, and found the boys trying to tie a tin can to the stranger dog's tail.

Prince attracted so much attention by his sympathy for the poor victim that the college boys captured *him* instead, and tied the can on *his* tail, while his fellow-dog ran away without even saying "thank you."

A DOG HERO.

BY HENRY REGINALD CAREY (AGE 13).

In a pretty little village on Cape Cod there lived a parrot and a dog. The parrot, the pest of the neighborhood, was called Kakareeko, from the unknown word which he continually spoke. He was allowed to fly loose in the woods, one of his wings being cut, and often turned up in the most ridiculous places. The dog, who went by the name of Toby, was a white poodle, famous in the neighborhood for his swimming ability, sometimes following a small rowboat for hours.

"A PIGTAILPIECE FOR JULY." BY KATHERINE DULCEBELLA BARBOUR, AGE 11.

One day the parrot took it into his head to fly out to sea; but one of his wings being clipped, it was not very strong, and at last the poor bird sank into the water exhausted. The poodle, however, was near at hand, and, when he saw his friend Kakareeko drowning, he rushed to the rescue. When he reached him, the excited bird jumped upon his back, and during the whole journey homeward continued to screech his name with great vehemence. On nearing the shore, the two were seen, and were immediately rescued by a rowboat. Every one was delighted at the dog's bravery, but hardly so delighted at the result.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

BY EDNA MEAD (AGE 16).

In the year 1381, the peasants of England, little better than slaves, rose in rebellion against unjust taxation.

"A STUDY FROM STILL LIFE." BY WALTER E. HUNTLEY, AGE 16.

The tax they most wished to escape was that levied on the head of each person above a certified age. Many of them had barely enough for the necessities of life and must starve if they complied.

The collectors were brutal men, and one day one of them spoke insultingly to the daughter of one Wat Tyler, a blacksmith.

The father, enraged, struck the man a blow with his hammer, killing him instantly. This deed was the spark which kindled the smoldering flame of discontent, and from that moment the peasants revolted. Forming themselves into a band with Tyler at their head, they marched toward the capital.

London was not then what it is now. One was not of the "city" unless he dwelt within "Temple

Bar." Outside that line, what is to-day part of the great thoroughfare was then an expanse of fair meadows.

In one of these meadows, called Blackheath, the insurrectionists made their camp, and, after destroying much life and property, sent a message desiring to see the king, Richard II, who was then a lad of sixteen. Though only a boy, he had a brave heart, and, accompanied by a few attendants, he set forth from the Tower (where he had taken refuge) to meet the peasants.

When Richard arrived at Blackheath, Tyler stepped forward, grasped his bridle, and began to parley in such insolent terms that Walworth, Mayor of London, unable to contain his wrath, drew his sword and struck the rebel leader dead. The populace, seeing their leader fall, prepared to take revenge, when the king, bidding his retainers remain behind, rode forward alone into their midst.

There was a moment of silence while Richard, with fearless countenance, began to speak.

"Are ye angry at losing your leader, my good people?" he said. "I am your king: I will be your leader."

Overawed by his presence and gentle bearing, the mass wavered a moment, then lowered their weapons in submission. Richard asked their wish, and when they replied, "Freedom," granted it, and they dispersed in peace.

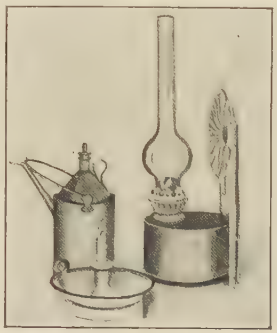
Poor Richard! His later life was sad enough! But whenever I think of that deed I forget the man and see only the young king turning away the wrath of his people with a gentle hand and ruling them with love.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

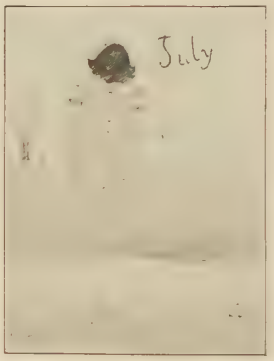
BY WILLIAM A. R. RUSSUM (AGE 13).

THERE are many daring incidents recorded in the annals of our native land at the time when the thirteen colonies, planted along the Atlantic, were struggling with might and main for liberty and independence. One that I especially admire, and which remains a fine example of American courage, is Israel Putnam's bold plunge down the rocky steep at Horse Neck. His men had been forced to retreat, the enemy were hard on his heels, and there seemed to be no hope of escape. As he was racing along on his noble steed he saw on one side of the road a steep and rocky slope. Ten to one it was instant death; yet, rather than yield to his pursuers, he turned his horse's head toward the slope. Without a moment's delay the daring animal left the road, bounded on to the rocks, and, as chance would have it, escaped with himself and his brave rider wholly uninjured, while the British soldiers, dumfounded, halted at the roadside and dared not follow.

"A STUDY FROM STILL LIFE." BY JESSIE CANDEE ARCHER, AGE 16.



"STILL LIFE." BY ETHEL MESSERVY, AGE 14.



"JULY." BY ANNIE COOD HUTCHINGS HUTCHINGS, AGE 9.

"JULY." BY ELSA CLARK, AGE 9. (FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)

LETTERS.

WINSTED, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have had our chapter, which is No. 622, one year now, and have taken in two new members, Mabel Girard of Winsted and Alice Cone of Hartford, Vt. At first we called our chapter "The Wild Rose Chapter," but we have now changed it to "The Rosa Natura Chapter," which is the Latin for wild rose.

On our anniversary night, which was January 27, we all met at our President's house, made candy and played games. We had a fine time.

We meet every two weeks at the different members' houses, and enjoy our meetings very much. We are reading "A Comedy in Wax" aloud at the meetings and are very much interested in it. We are wondering how it will end. We have a paper which we call "The Mystical Gazette." It is read at the first meeting of every month, and consists of poems, stories, advertisements, and local items. We all contribute something and greatly enjoy hearing it read. We do not sign our own names to our contributions, but have each taken a name.

We were going to give a private entertainment this month and had decided to act "Deaf Uncle Zed"; but one of our members has gone to Colorado, so we cannot carry out our plans, but we may find some other to act.

Yours truly,
GLADYS MANCHESTER, Secretary.

FORT SCOTT, KAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was visiting my aunt out in the Zuni Mountains, in New Mexico, about a year ago, and I am going to try to describe to you one of the most curious things I saw while I was there.

My aunt's home was in a little mining camp called Copperton, just at the foot of "Tip Top" Mountain. One day we went on a picnic, and we started in the afternoon. We had to take plenty of provisions, as we were going to be gone several days. Toward the end of our journey we came to a large hole in the ground. Off of that there opened a smaller hole shaped like a cave. We could hear the wind blowing, and an icy cold breeze came out of it. I put my hand in it, but I had to take it out again very quickly, as it was so cold it would have frozen. Outside it was very warm and we could see nothing but sand. Hoping my letter is not too long, I remain, your loving reader, MARGARET PENNIMAN (age 11).

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This summer I am going to Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, Canada, where I was last summer. It is directly opposite Fort Niagara, where my great-grandfather was stationed during the War of 1812. You can imagine how interesting it is to see the place where one of my relatives was stationed.

When you print the League Notes again, I would like to have a correspondent about my own age (16), who is interested in collecting postal cards. I have just started, and so far have just forty; some are used and others are not.

I hope I shall get a prize for either the picture or the story I sent in, as I have gotten on both Honor Rolls.

I have a friend who corresponds with Alleine Langford, who won a gold badge for verse in the April number.

I am your devoted reader,
EDITH M. ANDREWS.

"JULY." BY DOROTHY LONGSTRETH, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

"STILL LIFE." BY ELIZABETH OTIS, AGE 16.

SAWKILL, PA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The St. Nicholas League has proven to be just what thousands of bright boys and girls need in their homes. Of my own beautiful prizes, I can say that I value them far more when I think of the weary months of waiting before the glad news came at last that—I had won! In the future I may win "greater and higher achievements," but still the happy memories of other days will come thronging to me—memories of the pleasant hours spent in working for the St. Nicholas League. Oh, if you only knew what we think, how we feel, when disappointment comes month after month, and at last, when the goal of our struggles is reached, we know that patience and perseverance have taught us the well-known lesson, "It is worth while to keep on." I am very fond of poetry (my lovely badges and cash prize were awarded for that), and I think your poems are even better than your stories. I remember one of your verses that says,

"STILL LIFE." BY DOROTHY OCHTMAN, AGE 11.

"Though tangled hard
Life's knot may be,
And wearily we rue it,
The silent touch of Father Time
Some day will sure undo it."

Some days when it seems just as if everything goes wrong, I find that some lines just like those are what is needed to "straighten things out." But I must stop chattering and say good-by now. I am sending a little Easter booklet, wishing every League member, too, the happiest of Easters.

Your loving friend and appreciative reader,
MABEL C. STARK.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to extend toward you my sincere thanks for the pretty silver badge, received Saturday. I was most agreeably surprised, not expecting it anywhere near so soon. I also wish to thank you again for the gold badge received last June. Every one who has seen it declares that it is a most beautiful pin, and I need not tell you that I think exactly the same.

I think I can safely say that it is the St. Nicholas League to which I am indebted, as much as anything else, for any improvement in my pictures. The League's competitions brought me to understand that if I wished my work compared with others' I must make a great improvement in the character of it.

Wishing you long life and success, and hoping others may be thus benefited, I remain

Yours truly,
JOHN S. PERRY.

Other interesting and appreciative letters have been received from Mary E. Ross, Phœbe Wilkinson, Katharine Oliver, Berta Branch, Harriette Kyler Pease, Harold G. Breul, Marion Thomas, Anna Zucker, Frances Raymond, Katherine Lee, Dorothea M. Dexter, Louisa F. Spear, Charles M. Jackson, John V. S. Bloodgood, Alleine Langford, Laura Gardin, Hazel Dixon, Fannie Crawford Golding, Lucile Dolman, A. Brownie Samsell, and H. J. Simons.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose contributions would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Doris Francklyn
Mabel Fletcher
Robert L. Wolf
Florence Du Bois
Emily Rose Burt
Beulah H. Ridgeway
Gladys Edgerton
Edith J. Minaker
Elizabeth McCormick
Arthur Perring Howard

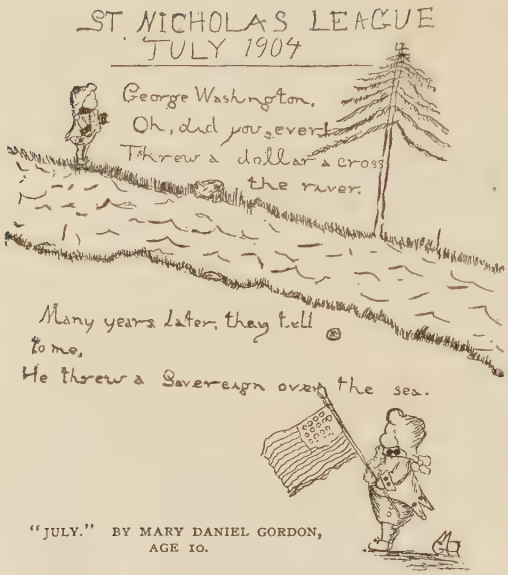
VERSE 2.

Emmeline Bradshaw
Ona Ringwood
Lydia Starr Ferguson
Gertrude I. Folts
Helen Spear
Marguerite Beatrice Child
Natalie D. Wurts
Robert E. Dundon
Amalia E. Lautz
Richard H. Phillips
Mary Travis Heward
Juliette Gates
Doris Neel
Jacob Schmucker
Clara P. Pond
Mildred Andrus
Emelyn Ten Eyck
Corolyn Bulley
Mary Van Wormer
Lucile D. Woodling
Marguerite Weed
Arthur K. Hulme
Nathalie Mary Hensel
Bernice Brown
Emmet Russell
Dorothy Carson
Delia Ellen Champlin
Leone Bashfield
Catharine H. Straker
Madeleine Fuller McDowell
Katherine Lee
Harold R. Norris
Gerald Jackson Pyle
Adelaide Nichols
Sophie Jacobson
Coit U. Fanning
Katharine Goetz
Marguerite W. Watson
Eugenie B. Baker
Elizabeth Chase Burt
Tracy M. Kugler

PROSE 1.

Cyril B. Harpster
Kenneth W. Payne
Elsie F. Weil
Helen W. Kennedy
Alice R. De Ford
Frances Lubbe Ross
Betty Millet
Frieda Hug
Ivy Varian Walshe
Altje Ahrens
Helen Mabry Boucher Ballard
Beatrice Lang
Emma L. Jones
Edward Graeme Allen
Janet E. Stevenson
Marion Phelps
Isabella McGhee Tyson
Isabel D. Weaver
Martha Olcott Willis
Frances Renshaw Latzke

"A PLEASANT CORNER." BY PERCIVAL WHITTLESEY, AGE 12.



"JULY." BY MARY DANIEL GORDON, AGE 10.

PROSE 2.

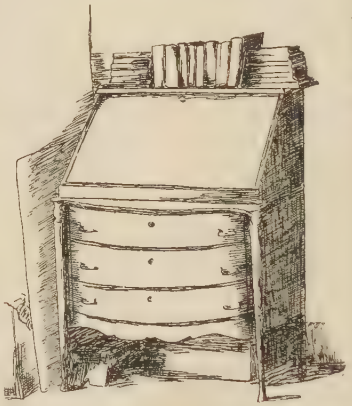
Ruth F. Eliot
Phyllis M. Clarke
Alice M. Perkins
Carrie M. Vehlen
Fern C. Patten
Lucile Doty
Eloise E. Garstin
Theodore Posner
Dorothy Stoddard
Helen J. Simpson
Daisy Errington Brettel
Kathleen Seagraves
Jeannie Read Sampson
Mary Nimmons
Bernard T. Ellis
Elizabeth Parker
Margeree W. Pitts
Ethel Dickson
Douglas L. Dunbar
Ruth McBride
Harriette E. Cushman
Katharine G. Thomas
Julia Ford Fiebeger
Jessie Robertson Maclaren
Dorothy Elizabeth True
Sarah Brown
Catherine Flint
Alice du Pont
Albert T. Case
George Warren Brett
Jean Ellerlie
Hilda M. Ryan
Annie Dunlap
Katrina Van Dyck
Dorothy Gardiner
Madeleine H. Webster
Hazel Rotholz
Emily N. Steuart
Evelyn Wilcox
Susan J. Appleton
Francis Leeming
Harding Wilcox
Frances Brookman
Charles Greenman
Agnes Lee Bryant
Lucile Dolman
Fannie J. Frank
Laura Portmann
George S. White
William Hays Ballard
Dorothy P. Phillips
Samuel Merrill Foster
Chester T. Swinnerton
William Barton Marsh

DRAWINGS 1.

James Rowland Joiner
Margaret A. Dobson
Nancy Huntly
Robert E. Andrews
J. H. Daugherty
John D. Butler
Josephine J. Cooke
Eleanor Mason
Ruth Jenkins
Isabella Holt
Lena Towsley
Harold Breul
Helen L. Wilson
M. McKeon
Herbert Martini
Miles S. Gates
Philip Little
Margaret Wrong
Katherine Maude Merriam
Alpha H. Furley
Melville C. Levey

DRAWINGS 2.

Elizabeth Bacon Hutchings
Ida Waters
Hugh Spencer
Meade Bolton
Cordner H. Smith
Mildred C. Jones
Maisie Smith
Gretchen Neuburger
Minnie Gwyn
Caroline Latzke
Doretta Oppenheim
Carl Lohse
Marjorie Verschoyle
Fannie Crawford Golding
Wesley R. De Lappe
Bessie Townley Griffith
Helen Stevens
Muriel Ivinney
Helena B. Pfeifer
Robert W. Foulke
Zena Parker
Marion K. Cott
Florence Webster
Constance Ellen Whitten
Fred Graham
Sidney Moise
Jacob Bacon



"STILL LIFE." BY MARJORIE NEWCOMB WILSON, AGE 12.

Bertha V. Emmerson
Charles J. Novey
Ruth Caldwell
Will Herrick
Carolyn Fisher
Genevieve A. Ledgerwood
Anna Skidmore
Margaret Spence Smith
Charlotte Waugh
Ethel Irwin
Edward Poppert
Sidney Edward Dickenson
Edith A. Jordan
Hermann Louis Schaffer
Lauren Ford
Bessie R. Wright
Felix Nicola Gayton
Louise Gleason
W. Earle Fisher
Stuart Crandall
Helen F. Jones
P. M. Shaw
Dorothy C. King
Clinton Brown
Esther Cooke Cowell
Walter C. Hoban
Margaret Winthrop Peck
Eunice McGilvra
Margaret Josenhans
Alison L. Strathy
Mildred Scott
Margaret S. Gamble
Warford E. Rowland
Grace F. Slack
Edith Wallace Palmer
Leland H. Lyon
Margaret Rhodes
Mary A. Woods
Marcia Gardner
Juliet Borden
Marguerite Rutlege
Hazel Elwell
Marion Decker
William C. Engle
Julian Tilton
Mary Cooper
Margaret B. Richardson
Jeannette Irvin
Ridgely Marshall
Marguerite Jervis
John Sinclair
Harold F. Elliott
Isobel H. Blackader
Donald W. Campbell
Henry Wickenden
Catherine Leland
Robert McGregor
Gladys Bigelow
Helen D. Huntington
Vernon M. Dodge
Alice Wangenheim
James Benedict
Eric Ferguson
Walter Burton Nourse
Vieva Marie Fisher
Benjamin Hasselman
Horatio Raymond
John R. Boyle
Dorothy Decker
Charlotte St. George Nourse
Dorothy Holt
H. Walter Blumenthal
Carolyn Hutchings
Laurence De Can
Irving L. Beach
Mildred Wheat
James Barrett
Elizabeth Fishblate
Queenabelle Smith
Marguerite McCormick
Louis Hastings
Winifred Jones
Julia E. Halleck
Charles Cohen
Elinor Colby
Paul M. Brunig
Herbert W. Landau
Alma Ellingson
Emily W. Browne
John A. Helwig
Evelyn Oliver Foster

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

C. L. Barnwell
F. Scholle
Louise Van Dyck
R. Dana Skinner
Mary W. Woodman
Adelaide Gillis
Ruth P. Brown
Elsa Hempl
Freda Phillips
Rosalie Day
Philip A. Burton
Frank W. Reynolds
John Gatch
Harold Madman
Roger S. Hoar
Donald Jackson
Dorothy Arnold

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

J. Arthur Richardson
Samuel D. Robbins
Charlotte Spence
Herbert H. Bell
Florence R. T. Smith
Drayton Burrill
Edith M. Andrews
Margaret Scott
Canema Bowers
Elizabeth Morrison
Helen Schmidt
Dorothy C. Saunders
H. J. Simons
Edith M. Gates
Floyd Godfrey
Alice Walton
Margaret Boyd Copeland
Karl M. Mann
Bonner Pennybacker
Morrison N. Stiles
Alec B. Morris
Frank Damrosch, Jr.
Harold K. Schoff
Florence Short
Helen Le Roy Miller
Henry B. Duncan, Jr.
Aubrey Huston
Kathleen Bertrand
Stella J. Underhill
Dan Heald
William D. Stroud
Marguerite Hunt
Alice Garland
Olive A. Granger
Donald F. Cranor
Elsie Wormser
Benjamin D. Hitz
H. Ernest Bell
Paul Wormser
Gertrude M. Howland
Margaret W. Colgate
Madeleine Harding
Vincent M. Ward
Josephine W. Pitman
Mildred Francis
Kenneth Tapscott
O. R. Turner
Mary Louise Russell
Gladys Summerhays
Abraham Weintraub
Charles S. Smith
Archibald S. Macdonald
Marjorie Martin Blatchford
Fred W. Bell

PUZZLES 1.

Samuel Loveman
Maurice Bejach
Oscar C. Lautz
Charles W. Hubbard, Jr.
Florence Doane
Nellie C. Dodd
Gretchen Neuburger
Janet Rankin
Elizabeth Berry
Hazel Dixon
Francis Bassett
E. Adelaide Hahn
Gerald Smith
Benjamin L. Miller
W. G. Curran
Sybil X. Basford
Elsie Kimall Wells

PUZZLES 2.

Alice Knowles
Donn W. Pittman
T. S. Barnes
Elizabeth Burrage
Rebecca Chilcott
Anna Michener
Carrie Gordon
Mary Ross
Kenneth Simpson

NOTICE.

Sometimes it happens that names are printed incorrectly on the Roll of Honor. Usually this comes from the names being badly written on the contribution. Every name should be written or printed very plainly.

"STILL LIFE." BY SOPHY DUPLESSIS BEYLARD, AGE 10.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 736. "R. W. B." Hattie Carmichael, President; Mary Foley, Secretary; six members. Address, Pembroke, Hants Co., N. S., Canada.

No. 737. "C. D. M." Harvey Deschere, Secretary; two members. Address, 334 West 58th St., New York City.

No. 738. "Jolly Six." Grace Braley, President; Alice Cone, Secretary; six members. Address, Hartford, Vt.

No. 739. Robert Burtt, President; Mercy Waterman, Secretary; fifteen members. Address, P. O. Box 6, North Paterson, N. J.

No. 740. "The Lyric." Walter Mulvihill, President; Walter Baur, Secretary; six members. Address, Clifton Springs, N. Y.

No. 741. "T. H. S." Leah Van Ryser, Secretary; six members. Address, 5523 Cabanne Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

No. 742. "Nature and Science." Gail Bridges, President; Agnes Peterson, Secretary; four members. Address, 1342 Roach St., N. Indianapolis, Ind.

No. 743. "St. Nicholas League Chapter." Charlotte Nimmons, President; Wanda Warrens, Secretary; fourteen members. Address, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

No. 744. Anthony C. Bennett, President; Charles A. Roth, Secretary; number of members not given. Address, 142 Bradhurst Ave., New York City.

No. 745. "Miskodeed." Irene Farnham, President; Mabel Hooper, Secretary; seven members. Address, Laurium, Mich.

No. 746. Josephine McMartin, President; Marion Decker, Secretary; three members. Address, Johnstown, N. Y.

No. 747. "St. Gabriel's Chapter." Florence Slocum, President; Doris Nee, Secretary; sixteen members. Address, St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y.

No. 748. "Little St. Nick Club." Alma Rothschild, Secretary; five members. Address, 69 East 84th St., New York City.

No. 749. "Etjo Lued Vazé." Edith Mansell, President; Ethel McDowell, Secretary; six members. Address, Mount Pleasant, Mich.

No. 750. "T. T. T." Marion O. Chapin, President; Eleanor R. Chapin, Secretary; five members. Address, 76 Porter Place, Montclair, N. J.

No. 751. Frances Rhoades, President; seven members. Address, 333 W. Eighth Ave, Columbus, Ohio.

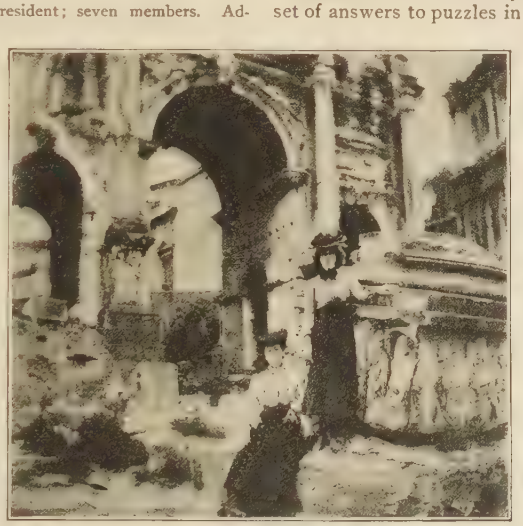
"A PLEASANT CORNER." BY FRANCES MAULE, AGE 16.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 58.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place.

Competition No. 58 will close **July 20** (for foreign members **July 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for October.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title: to contain the word "Return."



"A PLEASANT CORNER — ARCH OF TITUS." BY FULVIA VARVARO, AGE 16.

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words to relate "When Grandmother (or Grandfather) went to School."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Old House."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "A Landscape Study" and "A Heading or Tailpiece for October."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

"TAILPIECE." BY MARGARET REEVES, AGE 7.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address:

The St. Nicholas League,

Union Square, New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

A CORRESPONDENT'S QUESTION. A LADY who has shown especial interest in this department suggests this question: "If you were going to camp out for a while in the woods, and could take but one book for amusement, a book you had read before, which one would you select, and why?" Probably it is her idea that a book to be read under these circumstances would be one of excellent quality and one sure to be worth the trouble.

THE MEANING OF "VACATION." IT is easy to learn from the dictionary that our English word "vacation" comes from the Latin "vaco," to be empty; but when one tries to go farther back to find the origin of the word, he soon finds himself stopped by the simple statement, "root" unknown. It seems to belong to a family of words of which some members are familiar — the adjective "vague" and the noun "vagabond" may be relatives, the verb "wag" also. The general idea back of all of them seems to be, to wander, to leave the regular, straight path, and to make little excursions here and there without a constant object. If this is correct, a vacation should be given up to a change from your regular pursuits, even in reading, which may be taken as a hint to leave the well-trodden paths in Bookland, and seek for new regions in that ever-delightful country. Perhaps you and your friends have been on differing tours, and might exchange experiences to advantage.

SUMMER READING. BOOKS of travel, especially the stories of the great explorers, will be found to have an outdoor atmosphere especially suited to the vacation days. Livingstone's great missionary journeys, alone in Africa, are especially good; and Stanley's, while more adventurous, are likewise excellent reading. If the warm days incline you to the Arctic regions, you will be glad to know more of Dr. Kane, of Dr. Hall, of Tyson, of Peary, of Nansen, and of d'Abruzzi. No boy who likes stories of adventure, daring, and hardship can find better stories than these *true* stories told in the books by and about these men.

CHEAP BOOKS. IT would have to be an extraordinary book of which you would say, "I 'd give my eyes to read that book!" And yet in reading poor books, poorly printed on poor paper with blurred type, it is certainly true that you are paying with some of your eyesight for each page you read. This is a matter in which parents and teachers should be on their guard in the cases where young readers may be careless. But ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls ought to be wise in this matter for their own sake. Your eyes are too valuable to be blunted on dull books. Refuse to read poorly printed books, and publishers will bring out good ones. They must follow the taste of readers, and in books for young people they must follow the taste of young readers. So it is a matter you have under your own control.

BOOKS FOR GIRLS. EXCLUDING the books that every one knows about, who will send a list of the best books for girls of from eight to fourteen years of age? They need not necessarily be about girls, but should be such as will be attractive and helpful. We should be glad to have the help of our girl-readers in making up a list of the recent books best suited for their libraries. Tell what the books are, and why you recommend them.

DO YOUNG READERS ENJOY POETRY? WE should be glad to hear from our young readers whether they do or do not enjoy poetry. Do they make the work of poets part of their "reading for pleasure"? It is to be supposed that all of you know some favorite poems, or like occasionally to hear poems read aloud; but how many of you choose a volume of Longfellow or Lowell, Bryant or Whittier, when in quest of "something to read"?

Letters come to this department telling of books read, and containing lists of favorite volumes. Poems are mentioned, now and then: but it would be interesting to know your frank opinions as to whether you find poetry entertaining, or *always* prefer a good book in prose.

THE COST OF A COMMA. No doubt many of you have heard of that odd genius Sir Timothy Dexter — the one who made a fortune by sending a cargo of warming-pans to the West Indies. He was impatient about punctuation, and at the end of one of his books printed several pages full of punctuation-points, telling his readers they could "pepper and salt the books as they chose"! He would not have been a good lawmaker. A law was drawn up in this country admitting free of duty "all foreign fruit-plants," etc. The clerk who copied it changed the hyphen to a comma, thus, "all foreign fruit, plants," etc., and the original law was so written when passed by Congress. Until Congress met to change the law, foreign fruits came in free, and the Government lost some $2,000,000. The story is told in an article printed some time ago in the "Outlook." If the facts are correct, this is probably the most expensive comma in history.

A GUIDE-BOOK TO BOOKS. As soon as you think you are old enough, get for yourself some good handbook, manual, or primer of English literature, and make use of it to inform yourself about the books you read. This will help to place them in their true relations to one another. A good encyclopedia rightly used will serve nearly as well. Just as a guide-book is useful both to tell about places you see and also to suggest new trips, so in the manual of literature you will have glimpses of new fields of reading, possibly of such a nature as will please you better than those more familiar.

We shall be glad to hear from our readers what books of this sort they can recommend. For young readers the smaller books are probably the most suitable. There are many books that naturally belong together, and each helps the reader to appreciate the other; and the manuals help to find these.

THREE WAYS OF MAKING YOUR LIBRARY. As you go through life, you will get books now and then, and your library will be in constant growth if you take care of it. There are three ways in which you may guide the growth of your home collection of books: 1. You may collect everything — that is inclusiveness. 2. You may collect a little on each of many subjects — that is selection. 3. You may collect all you can find on some one subject — that is specialization. So says the president of a Massachusetts library society. But for young readers it will no doubt be wisest to be a follower of the second method, that of selection. When you are sure of your taste it will be time enough to specialize.

For a young reader almost the worst plan nowadays is the first. It is impossible to read everything that comes in your way; and it is a very fortunate thing this is so.

JEFFERSON'S TEN RULES. THOMAS JEFFERSON was the author of the well-known saying about counting ten before speaking in anger; it is one of ten rules he drew up for his own guidance. They are not often printed, and some of our readers may be glad to see them:

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. 2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself. 3. Never spend your money before you have it. 4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap; it will be dear to you. 5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold. 6. We never repent of having eaten too little. 7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly. 8. How much pain have cost us the evils which have never happened! 9. Take things always by the smooth handle. 10. When angry count ten before you speak; if very angry, a hundred.

"BRUNO," "CARLO," AND THE REST. WE should be glad to print in this department a very excellent though brief article of, say, 300 words about some of the favorite dogs told of in good books. There will be no prize offered for this article beyond the honor of having it printed. Send it in before the end of August, please. Many great authors have loved dogs and written delightfully about them. Let us know about the praise of dogs by great authors. By the way, did Shakspere say anything concerning dogs?

"TABLE OF CONTENTS" AND "INDEX." TELL us the difference between "Table of Contents" and "Index," and let us know what is the purpose of each. Some people use these interchangeably. Do they sometimes resemble one another? It is said that this is one of the topics explained in lectures to school-children, and we should be glad to have the views of ST. NICHOLAS readers upon it.

THE LETTER-BOX.

VACHERIE, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old. I live on a sugar plantation in Louisiana. I have just begun to take ST. NICHOLAS, and like it very much.

I am going to try for one of the League prizes next month, and I hope to get it. Your interested reader,

HELOISE PATOUT.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old. I have a dear little fox-terrier puppy. Her name is Peggy. She is brown and white, with a little black nose. She and my cat, named Betty, both eat out of the same saucer. We had an African parrot, but we sold him, and also two alligators; they died. We have another dog, named Happy. In the summer I live at the shore, and have plenty of box-turtles. I must close my letter now. Your devoted reader,

MARION REYNOLDS.

LANSDOWNE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps some of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS would be interested to hear about my black kitten. He is the prettiest kitten I have ever seen, but he is quite big now. He sleeps a good deal of the time, but he is very playful when awake. He comes into the parlor and plays with the curtain. Then he sits on a chair, and I pull the curtain up, and he bites at it. I am very fond of him, more than are the others in the family. I think he likes me best, too, for I pet him a good deal. I enjoy the ST. NICHOLAS, and am always glad when it comes. My cousin Willie borrows it, and he, too, is glad when it comes. I fear I am making my letter too long, and, hoping ST. NICHOLAS will never cease, I say good-by.

I am, your affectionate reader,

ESTHER H. ALDEN (age 10).

HUNTINGTON, L. I.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Though I have been one of your warmest friends for three years, I have never aspired before to the honor of seeing my letter printed in the Letter-box.

I have a little brother two years old; he always likes to get hold of you and tear your covers off.

I also have a large tiger-cat, who sleeps most of the time.

We have thirteen little chickens and fifteen hens.

You were a present to me by a dear aunt of mine. I like the "Comedy in Wax" very much.

I enjoy the letters in your dear old Letter-box very much.

Believe me, dear ST. NICHOLAS, one of your many Long Island friends,

DOROTHY CHASE.

CORONA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have not taken you quite a year yet, but just lately became a member. I enjoy you very much. I am so anxious for you each month! I like the stories that others write very much; so as I have not seen any from here, I thought I would tell you about my vacation.

Last year our school closed June 5, and in about three weeks we went to the great summer and winter resort, Coronado Beach. I had a nice time playing in the sand.

We visited different places of interest while there. One thing I enjoyed most was the Japanese Tea Garden. I had teased mama to let me ride the burros; so one day she consented, and we went to the stable and hired a couple. Mama's burro's name was Teddy Roosevelt, and mine was Aunt Jane. We had to go up a hill, and Teddy balked. About that time a street-car came along and frightened me, so we took our burros to the barn, to ride no more. They had such a nice swimming-pool for children that I did not go bathing in the ocean.

I will now tell you about my pets. I have a dear little kitten. Sometimes I dress it up in my doll clothes. It looks too cute! It is very playful. I call it Sixy, because it has six toes on each foot, instead of four. I have a pug dog. His name is Wrinkle. He knows a few tricks, and will perform for some candy.

Your loving reader,

IONE CASEY.

Interesting letters, which the lack of space prevents our printing, have also been received from Susan Talmage, Margaret Gaillard, Grace Horney, Virginia Howard Sothern, Doris Taylor, Howard Webster, Olive Burns.

HURRAH FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY!

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Horse, camel.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. I. 1. N. 2. Net. 3. Never. 4. Ten. 5. R. II. 1. R. 2. Pit. 3. River. 4. Tea. 5. R. III. 1. R. 2. Nut. 3. Rumor. 4. Top. 5. R. IV. 1. R. 2. Tot. 3. Roger. 4. Ted. 5. R. V. 1. R. 2. Pot. 3. Robin. 4. Tin. 5. N.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. Whittier, Channing. Cross-words: 1. Wavering. 2. Thinking. 3. Spinning. 4. Partners. 5. Counters. 6. Clannish. 7. Charades. 8. Cavalier.

AN ARAB SAYING. Man is four. The man who knows not and knows not he knows not, he is a fool — shun him. The man who knows not and knows he knows not, he is simple — teach him. The man who knows and knows not he knows, he is asleep — waken him. The man who knows and knows that he knows, he is wise — follow him.

CUBE AND INCLOSED SOLID SQUARE. From 1 to 2, Baltimore; 1 to 3, Bethlehem; 2 to 4, Euphrates; 3 to 4, moonbeams; 5 to 6, clearness; 5 to 7, Caribbean; 6 to 8, sagacious; 7 to 8, narcissus. Central words: 1. Clear. 2. Akkra. 3. Remit. 4. Issue. 5. Beams.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. St. Nicholas. 1. Fe-stoo-ny, soot. 2. Re-peat-er, tape. 3. Ro-tun-da, nut. 4. Pu-ni-sh, in. 5. Ci-rcul-ar, curl. 6. Xi-pho-id, hop. 7. So-loi-st, oil. 8. Po-lari-ze, liar. 9. Ca-ram-el, arm. 10. Tr-eas-on, sea.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 10, Washington; 11 to 20, St. Nicholas. Cross-words: 1. Warrants. 2. Manumits. 3. Designed. 4. Machines. 5. Grimaces. 6. Unearths. 7. Gratiano. 8. Stupidly. 9. Stoppage. 10. Mainsail.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Marian A. Smith — Grace Haren — "Chuck" — Nessie and Freddie — Joe Carlada — Doris, Jean, and Ernest — "Allil and Adi" — Jo and I — "St. Gabriel's Chapter."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from M. L. Stout, 1 — F. S. Rice, 1 — A. P. Keasbey, 1 — Maria and Mercedes, 1 — F. M. Webster, 1 — E. Moses, 1 — P. B. McCoy, 1 — M. J. Overbeck, Jr., 1 — M. Walker, 1 — G. B. West, 1 — Erma B. Mixson, 2 — E. B. Whittemore, 1 — E. Jordan, 1 — H. E. Elwell, 1 — M. Armatage, 1 — "Beany and Hans," 7 — A. Michener, 1 — M. Bunyan, 1 — H. B. Kell, 1 — A. and T. Elkinton, 1 — Bibicha Dalbey, 1 — V. S. Flad, 1 — Eleanor Wyman, 9 — H. Godwin, 1 — "Teddy and Muvver," 9 — A. B. T., Winston-Salem, 1 — G. Gerson, 1 — R. Garland, 1 — M. M. Thieriot, 1 — N. Denison, 1 — E. D. Fanning, 1 — "Rodum and Maddie," 6 — D. Clarke, 1 — C. E. Hodge, Jr., 1 — Harriet Bingaman, 7 — F. Barkan, 1 — A. Frieder, 1 — S. J. Lawellin, 1 — Robert Hammerslough, 4 — E. Roovaart, 1 — Helen and Evelyn Patch and Mother, 9 — B. F. Campbell, 1 — A. Michel, 1 — M. Alderson, 1 — Margaret C. Wilby, 8 — Louise Fitz, 8 — R. Alexander, 1 — Frederica R. and Lawrence M. Mead, 6 — Paul Deschere, 9 — Walter F. Cook, 3 — C. C. and F. H. Anthony, 9 — W. A. Lang, 1 — Bessie S. Gallup, 7 — M. S. Huntington, 1 — E. W. Palmer, 1 — G. H. Williams, Jr., 1 — P. Twitchell, 1 — L. M. Griswold, 1 — Edmund P. Shaw, 2 — Mary R. Adam, 9 — E. Taylor, 1.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

MY *firsts* are in flower, but not in tree;
My *seconds*, in soldier, but not in free;
My *thirds* are in sunrise, but not in day;
My *fourths*, in October, but not in May;
My *fifths* are in watchman, but not in gun;
My *sixths* are in earth, but not in sun;
My *sevenths*, in monastery, not in bell;
My *eighths*, in confess, but not in tell;
My *ninths* are in junk, but not in shop;
My *tenths* are in prude, but not in fop;
My *elevenths*, in library, but not in book;
My *twelfths* are in yeast, but not in cook;
My *wholes* both delight Young America.

MARIE B. TOWNSEND (age 7).

HISTORICAL ACROSTIC.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

THE following words (of unequal length) are the names of famous men. When rightly guessed and written one below another, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of the man who "laid the foundation of all that is noble and beautiful and useful in the history of the Middle Ages."

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A famous writer of the Elizabethan age. 2. The great prophet of the Arabs. 3. A famous Greek philosopher. 4. The reputed founder of the Russian monarchy. 5. A celebrated Roman general and dictator. 6. A celebrated English poet of the sixteenth century. 7. An ancient poet whose birthplace is claimed by seven cities. 8. An English naval hero of the sixteenth century. 9. The discoverer of the Philippine Islands. 10. A celebrated Florentine poet. 11. The son of Philip of Macedon. JENNIE MILLIKEN.

ZIGZAG.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When these have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower left-hand letter) will spell a famous holiday.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The act of igniting. 2. Rare. 3. To wave. 4. Saluting. 5. Received with favor. 6. A mishap. 7. Destitute of knowledge. 8. A fish resembling the herring. 9. A large wooden platter. 10. Uncertainty. 11. Stiffened in process of laundering. 12. Liberal. 13. Any substance administered in the treatment of disease. 14. An unmarried man. 15. Juvenile. ELEANOR MARVIN (League Member).

CHARADE.

MY *first* was noted for capacity,
And busy numbers fill my *last;*
My *whole* records, with due veracity,
The dusty annals of the past.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals spell the name of a great poet and my finals spell one of his plays.

Cross-words: 1. A reflection. 2. One of the books of the Bible. 3. Motion. 4. The rank below that of baronet. 5. Undivided. 6. More deliberate. 7. Parts of a flower. 8. To enroll. 9. A continent. 10. To take a reverse motion. 11. A continent.

DOLLIE CUNNINGHAM (League Member).

A MAGIC SQUARE.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

Start at a certain letter in the bottom line, proceed in any *diagonal* direction, and spell

1. The date of a great celebration.
2. What it commemorates.
3. The name of a great general connected with it.
4. The name of a man from Virginia who made the motion in Congress.

Begin at a certain letter in the top line, proceed in any diagonal direction, and spell

5. The name of the man from Massachusetts who seconded the motion.
6. The surname of the man who wrote a famous document.
7. The name of the man who first signed it.

Each letter is to be used but once. From E in the bottom line one could go to E or C, but not to W, A, or J.

JUNIATA FAIRFIELD.

TRANSFORMATIONS.

The middle letter changing here
Will make these transformations clear.

1. A lazy man becomes a fish;
2. A boat an emblem, if you wish.
3. Twelve dozen you will find ere long
   A meadow growth so fresh and strong.
4. And this salt-peter all can see
   Becomes a flowing river free.
5. The sandy shore will make a seat;
6. A leader's staff is changed to meat.
7. A germ becomes a steeple high;
8. A company, a little pie.
9. And next, in place of warmth or zeal,
   You 'll find metallic plates of steel.
10. A bet was made, or so 't is said;
    Now 't is a cake most thin instead.
11. A box for tea, of tin or wood,
    Is changed to something sweet and good.
12. And heavy breathing you will find
    Proves a sad thing to feathered kind.

MARY ELIZABETH STONE.

CHARADE.

My *first* is a letter small,
Though 't is very commonly used;
My *second*, a kind of animal;
(When you guess it you 'll be amused!)
My *third* you do when your tea 's too warm,
And you *should*, when you drink iced tea;
My *fourth* is an article, short in form;
One more hint and you 'll have the key:
My *fifth* is a verb we employ —
Some writers, instead, say "eschew."
My *whole* means — mark well, every boy! —
Liberty! Guess me, now do.

NAN REARDEN (League Member).

CONNECTED SQUARES.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

I. Upper Left-hand Square: 1. To confuse. 2. Salty. 3. Pointed. 4. To scoff. 5. A mythical monster.

II. Upper Right-hand Square: 1. A place of sacrifice. 2. Huge. 3. A narrow path. 4. Nimble. 5. To let again.

III. Central Square: 1. That which abates. 2. To scold. 3. Rightly. 4. A peculiar combination of pulleys. 5. A negro. 6. Taps again.

IV. Lower Left-hand Square: 1. Starwort. 2. Gave light. 3. Garments worn by ancient Romans. 4. To decree. 5. Reposes.

V. Lower Right-hand Square: 1. Auctions. 2. Lessen. 3. A machine for turning. 4. An anesthetic. 5. Prophets.

L. ARNOLD POST.

TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *firsts* are in fife, but not in drum;
My *seconds*, in onion, but not in plum;
My *thirds*, in absurd, but not in false;
My *fourths* are in lancers, but not in waltz;
My *fifths*, in participle, not in noun;
My *sixths* are in feathers, but not in down;
My *sevenths*, in Slavonic, but not in Flemish;
My *eighths*, in defect, but not in blemish;
My *ninths* are in jerk, but not in twitch;
My *tenths* are in opulent, not in rich;
My *elevenths*, in recollect, not in know;
My *twelfths* are in yeast, but not in dough;
My *wholes* are three things that belong to July:
I am sure you can guess them, if only you 'll try.

MARION THOMAS (Winner of a Gold Badge).

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

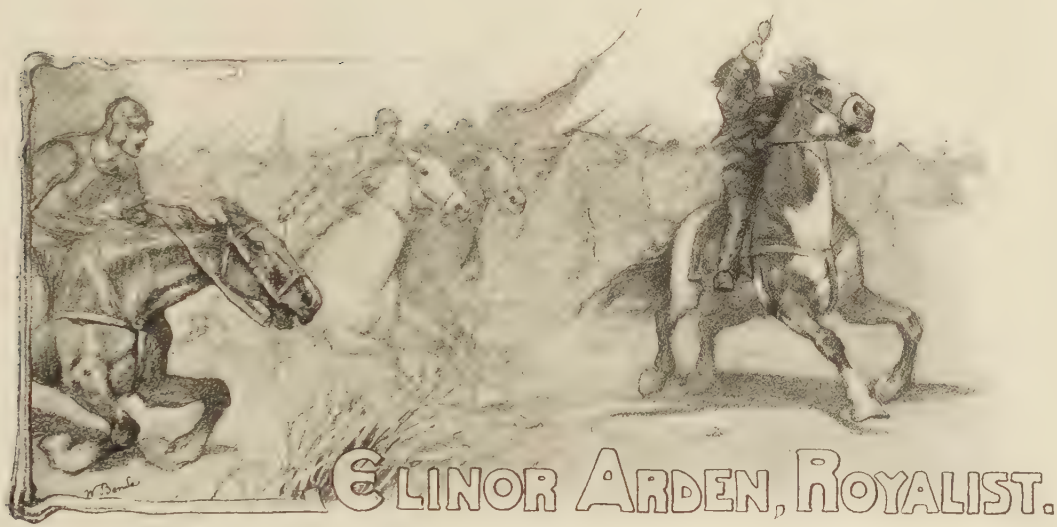
109.

"'SEE, HERE IS A KEEPSAKE FOR THEE! HOLD IT FAST, SWEETHEART, AND WHEN THOU LOOK'ST AT IT, THINK ALWAYS HOW I LOVE THEE.'"

("*Elinor Arden,*" *page 868.*)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXI. AUGUST, 1904. No. 10.



ELINOR ARDEN, ROYALIST.

BY MARY CONSTANCE DU BOIS.

CHAPTER I.

THE FORTUNES OF WAR.

"For God! for the cause! for the church! for the laws!
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!"

THESE words echo the battle-cry of the old Cavaliers, who proved their valor on every hotly contested field through the long strife between king and Parliament.

When, in the summer of 1642, the royal standard was raised at Nottingham, nobles of the court and gallant gentlemen, the very flower of English chivalry, obeyed the call to arms. It was the time of the rebellion, and men were forced to choose between loyalty to the king and loyalty to the people. On the one hand, these brave Cavaliers, in their velvet and lace, with their plumed hats and flowing love-locks, sided with King Charles. On the other, the Puritans, or Roundheads, — so their enemies called them, — with their close-cut hair and their sober dress, stood boldly for liberty of conscience and the rights of a free nation. "Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the Bible." Fighting nobly for the cause they loved, they won at last the victory.

In those days there lived in Kent, not many miles from Canterbury, a little girl who had found her share of trouble in the fortunes of war. Elinor Arden had come to a Puritan home, but she herself was a Royalist maiden. When she was still very young, poor Elinor was

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left motherless; and as she had neither brothers nor sisters, she was the only pet and darling of her father. In fact, she was the darling of every one, the household servants, the tenants, and the children of the village near by; all loved this tiny lady of the manor, so that she was like a little queen among her faithful subjects.

In the first month of the war, Geoffrey Arden bade farewell to his nine-year-old daughter, and rode away to join the army of the Cavaliers. As time went on, danger began to threaten that part of the country where Elinor lived. The manor-house was no longer considered a safe home, so she was put under the protection of her father's friends, Lord and Lady Lyndhurst, who gladly welcomed the child to the shelter of their castle. In after days Elinor often thought of Lyndhurst Castle as if it had been a fairy palace. There she was treated as a pet. She had but few lessons, and a great deal of time in which to amuse herself in whatever way she chose.

One day her father, at the head of a band of horsemen, came to the castle on purpose to see his little daughter. She never forgot that visit. In the evening they had a long talk together, and he told her stories of his adventures in the war. She listened, perched on his knee, all the time holding his wide-brimmed felt hat, with its long plume and shining buckle. The child loved beautiful things, and from the first this buckle had caught her fancy. It was a wreath of gold, encircling a cluster of precious stones, and she never grew weary of watching the bright gems flash and glow in the firelight.

Early the next morning Elinor came down to the castle hall to say good-by, for these few happy hours were all that the Cavalier could spare from his duty at the front.

"Poor little one!" he said, as she clung to him, "thou hast naught to remember thy father by when he is gone." Then suddenly he unclasped the buckle from his hat. "See, here is a keepsake for thee!" putting it in her hand. "Hold it fast, sweetheart, and when thou look'st at it, think always how I love thee."

He held her close in his arms, and kissed her tenderly. It was the last time. One day came the news of a great battle, and Elinor learned that her brave father would never return. Poor, lonely child! she kept the precious jewel and loved it with all her heart.

Meanwhile the war-clouds rolled nearer and nearer, until at last they broke over the castle itself. Lord Lyndhurst was with the king's army, too far away to save his home, and soon its courts were filled with soldiers of the Parliament, stern and terrible in their coats of mail. The garrison had surrendered, and Lady Lyndhurst was ordered to prepare to leave her castle. Homeless and poor as she now would be, still she promised, wherever she might go, to keep Elinor with her; and in the days that followed of preparation for the journey, when the enemy were quartered upon the castle, the little girl never once dreamed of a separation from her guardian. On the morning set for the departure, however, the rebel soldiers were joined by a troop of cavalry. Elinor wondered what fresh trouble was in store, when soon afterward Lady Lyndhurst summoned her, and, with a pale, anxious face, led her to the courtyard. Awaiting them there stood a tall officer in the dress of the Parliament army. As he stepped forward Elinor looked up at him in terror; but when he spoke his voice was kind.

"Never fear, my child," he said; "no harm shall come to thee. Listen. I am thy uncle, — thy mother was my own sister, — and now shalt thou go home with me and be one of my little maids."

Too timid to answer, Elinor only looked with tearful pleading at Lady Lyndhurst, who begged to keep the child. But Colonel Bradford was resolute, claiming his niece as his rightful ward.

Mounted on a pillion behind the colonel, Elinor rode on the big war-horse to the new home that awaited her. It was well that a broad scarf, passed round her waist, bound her fast to her protector, for when they reached Bradford Grange her curly head rested against her uncle's shoulder, and the worn-out child was fast asleep.

The next day Elinor began to lead the life of a Puritan girl. Poor little homesick Royalist — how new and strange it all seemed! Lady Lyndhurst had sadly spoiled her, and she had a woeful time of it in that sternly disciplined household, where Dame Hester Bradford ruled supreme. Seeing her in these days one would

have thought her the most demure little soul in the world. She wore a plain gray frock, with a white kerchief neatly folded across her breast; while the bright, brown curls, that used to blow about her rosy face in the breeze, and gleam with gold in the sun, were now all hidden away under her round white Puritan cap. Except for the roguish twinkle in her eyes and the merry dimples in her cheeks, one would hardly have known her for the same little girl.

Aunt Hester was a notable housewife, and her favorite maxim was that not one minute in the day ought to be wasted. She thought that Elinor had wasted a great many minutes, and must now do her best to make up for lost time. The Bradford household had felt the hardships of the war, and Aunt Hester was never tired of lamenting over the day when Prince Rupert's Cavaliers had raided their lands and "the hosts of the ungodly" had despoiled their flocks and herds. She found it hard to have another to clothe and feed; and her niece, having come, must be made as useful as possible. From morning to night it seemed to the pleasure-loving girl that there was always some work to be done. The Bradford children were all younger than Elinor, who was expected to set them the example of a good, industrious elder sister.

"MOUNTED ON A PILLION BEHIND THE COLONEL, ELINOR RODE ON THE BIG WAR-HORSE TO THE NEW HOME THAT AWAITED HER."

Every day, when lessons were over, she would place her spinning-wheel beside that of her aunt, and help her spin the flax into thread. How her poor little foot did ache as it beat up and down upon the treadle, and how tired she grew of that whir! whir! whir! always droning in her ears. Her eyes would wander out to the sunny garden, and she would fall to humming — *very* softly — some old Cavalier song. A creak! a jerk! and the wheel would stop.

"Oh, fie, Elinor, fie!" Aunt Hester would exclaim. "See what a tangle thou hast made! Alack, what a waste of my good flax! For shame, child! Thou 'lt grow up an idle, thriftless woman if thou dost not mend thy ways."

Now, whenever Elinor failed in her lessons, or spoiled her spinning task, or was found dozing during the long sermon on a Sunday morning, there always followed a sharp scolding, with a psalm to be learned and recited perfectly before she could be forgiven.

The happiest days that she knew were the occasions when Uncle Richard came back for a visit. From the first he had taken her into his great, warm heart, and she loved him best of all those in her new home. Aunt Hester would have put the jeweled buckle under lock and key, lest her niece should be tempted to adorn her frock with it. Elinor was heartbroken at the thought of losing her treasure, but Uncle Richard took her part.

"Nay, good wife," he said; "her father's last gift ere he died! 'T is her own to cherish, her life long. Only bid her not to wear it, but let her keep it, and look on 't when she will."

Aunt Hester with some misgiving yielded, and the happy little girl still kept her jewel,

and never missed a chance of taking it out to see it sparkle in the sun.

Chapter II.

SOLDIER GUESTS.

So the time passed, each day in its round of duties varying but little from the one before it. The scene of conflict was far away, and only the rumor of distant battles disturbed the peace of the quiet Puritan home. Yet still the war raged fiercely, and again and again there was rejoicing at Bradford Grange, and only Elinor had an aching heart, as news came of a victory for the Parliament, and the messengers told how another fortress had been lost to the crown, or how the Cavaliers had once more been put to flight.

"EVERY DAY, WHEN LESSONS WERE OVER, SHE WOULD PLACE HER SPINNING-WHEEL BESIDE THAT OF HER AUNT."

In the summer of 1646 the king's cause had already become desperate. One by one the Royalist strongholds were surrendering, and King Charles himself was a prisoner in all but name. The queen had fled to France, and Elinor often thought how hard must be the lot of the young princes and princesses, left without father or mother to meet the dangers of war. She wished that she could see them, and tell them that she, too, knew what it meant to be lonely and sad and frightened in these troubled times.

In this same summer of 1646 a day came which never faded from the memory of the Cavalier's little daughter. One morning late in July, the clatter of horses' hoofs and the flash of steel warned the household of advancing cavalry. As they gathered in excitement and alarm, a band of troopers turned at the gates of the Grange, and, riding up the broad, oak-shaded pathway, halted before the doors of the Bradford home. The fear caused by the sound of their approach was dispelled as the soldiers came into view. Familiar faces were now recognized among the horsemen, who proved to be a detachment from Colonel Bradford's own regiment.

Of the two officers who headed the troopers, the first to dismount was a strongly built, broad-shouldered man, his face deeply bronzed from long seasons of exposure. He made himself known to Dame Hester as Lieutenant Gresham. His companion, a tall young officer in a captain's uniform, roused the pity and interest of every one; for his right arm rested in a sling, and his face, handsome as it was, looked pale and worn with suffering. On learning his name Mistress Bradford gladly welcomed her guest, having heard of the brave young Captain Lawrence, who was a special favorite with her husband.

The soldiers came upon a two-fold errand. Five prisoners, Lieutenant Gresham announced,

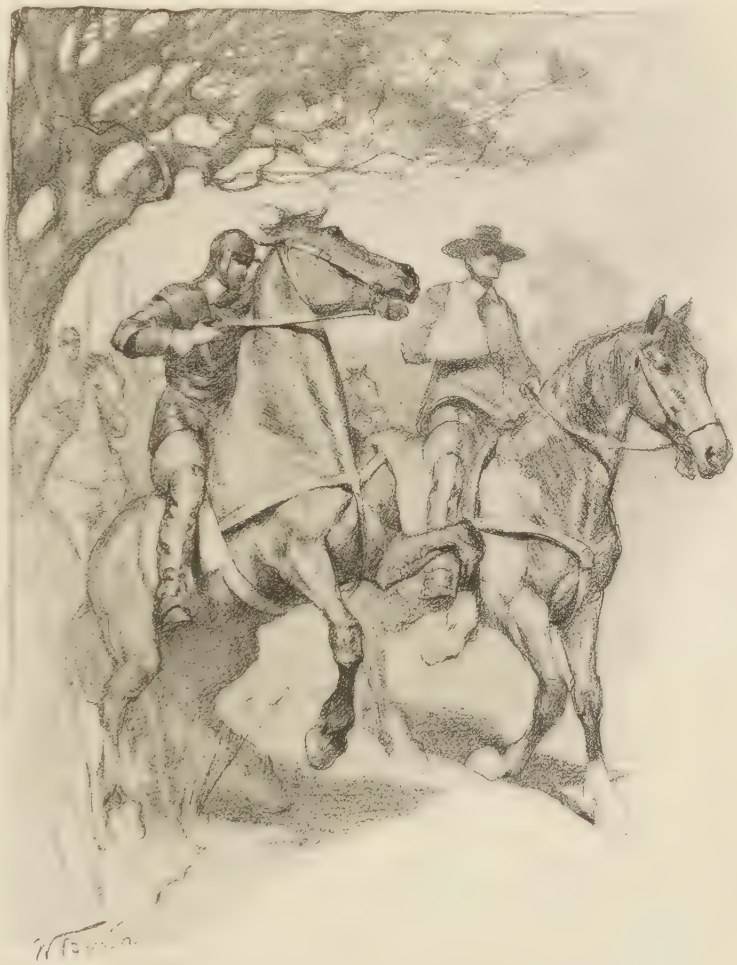
"Papists, and most dangerous fellows," had lately escaped, and had fled southward toward Dover. A small band, under the lieutenant himself, had immediately been sent in pursuit. Three of the fugitives had been captured, and, secured in the prison of a neighboring town, awaited the return of their captors. And now the troopers must on to Dover in hot haste, lest the remaining two should escape them and embark for France.

A letter from the colonel to Mistress Bradford explained the second part of the errand. Captain Lawrence had been suffering from a low fever, in spite of which he had kept the field, until a wound in the arm made him unfit for active service. "And forasmuch as the lad hath neither mother nor sister to tend him," the letter went on to say, "I do commend him to your care, most skilled of nurses. Lieutenant Gresham and his command do even now depart for Kent; wherefore I have ordered Captain Lawrence, under their escort, to visit you, assuring him of a right hearty welcome."

Having delivered their message, the troopers rode away, leaving the wounded officer to be fairly overpowered by the kindness of his hostess. Elinor thought Captain Lawrence very brave, for, although faint and exhausted from his journey, he protested that he was almost well, and would do his best to give no one any trouble. When she brought him a bowl of Dame Hester's good broth, he smiled gratefully and said, "Thanks, little lady," as gallantly, she thought, as any Cavalier.

Late in the afternoon Lieutenant Gresham and his band came riding back from a vain pursuit of the runaways, and, to rest their tired horses, halted for the night at the village inn. A strict watch was to be kept, lest they had, after all, outmarched the men whom they sought, and the fugitives should still attempt to pass that way.

As Mistress Bradford wished her husband's own brave followers to enjoy her hospitality, the troopers were cordially invited by their amiable hostess to sup at the Grange.



"HIS RIGHT ARM RESTED IN A SLING, AND HIS FACE, HANDSOME AS IT WAS, LOOKED PALE AND WORN WITH SUFFERING."

While the soldiers were being entertained in the dining-hall, the children were sent out to eat their evening meal under the shade of an oak-tree on the lawn before the house. In the center of the group sat Elinor, crumbling bread into a big brown bowl of milk. Beside her on the bench were Rachel and Elizabeth, eating their supper with long-handled pewter spoons. Five-year-old Richard, his full-moon face peeping over her shoulder, watched his cousin eagerly, now and then snatching a crumb from the huge slice of bread to put into his own mouth.

"WHEN SHE BROUGHT HIM A BOWL OF DAME HESTER'S GOOD BROTH, HE SMILED GRATEFULLY."

"Nellie, Nellie, do huwwy! I 'm *tho* hung'y!"

"Oh, Dick, what a greedy boy you are! No, no! not that piece, too — that is Nell's bread. Would you leave poor Nell no supper? There! 't is ready at last. Come, sit down here on the grass. So! Fall to, now, and eat like a little soldier."

She spoke from experience that day, for the hungry troopers were enjoying to the full the feast laid out on Mistress Bradford's table. Cold roast beef and hot pasty were not for the party under the tree, but oh, how good they would have tasted, thought Elinor, who had been busier than ever that afternoon, helping to do honor to Aunt Hester's guests.

Rachel looked up from her bowl with a sigh. "Mother promised me some cake with berries in it, if I had not one bad stitch in my seam. She said I might have it for my supper. Think you the soldiers have *that*, too?"

"I doubt not; they have *everything*," replied the older girl.

"Miriam spilt the cream this morning," announced Elizabeth. "I saw her; and she said if I held my tongue I should have a sip of cherry wine. But I fear me she has forgot."

"I heard Aunt Hester call for the cherry wine just now. There 'll not be a drop left," said Elinor. "Never mind, Bess; I 'll tell you and Rachel a story, and that will make our supper taste better." And between bites of bread she began: "Once on a time there lived a maid, and she was as fair as could be. Her name was — let me see — it was —"

"Susan," suggested Rachel.

"Susan! Oh, Rachel! the milkmaid's name! No, indeed! it was Gloriana."

Rachel pouted a little. "I never heard such a name," she muttered.

"No, I dare say *you* did not. I had it from her ladyship. She told me it was the name of the fairy queen. Well, Gloriana lived in a little cottage hard by a wood, all alone with an old woman who was really a fearsome witch and gave her naught but a single stale crust a day. One day there came riding through the wood a prince, dressed in purple velvet trimmed with gold, and mounted on a white charger —"

"Elinor, Elinor," a voice called through the open window.

"Coming, Aunt Hester, coming," cried Elinor. "Alack!" she added, "just as I came to the prince!"

At that moment Dick was discovered tilting his bowl above his head to let the contents pour into his open mouth. The result was a bath of bread and milk all over his small person.

"Oh, you naughty boy! For shame! Oh, what a mess!" exclaimed his cousin, in dismay, mopping him with her clean white apron.

Unfortunately the accident occurred at a time when Miriam was putting Baby Philip to bed, and Elinor was left to preside over the children's supper. It was some minutes before she could obey her aunt's call.

"Nay, Lieutenant Gresham, 't is no child of mine. I trow mine own do not thus dally when I summon them. She is my husband's niece, and an orphan. Her father, Geoffrey Arden, was slain in the ranks of the wicked at Marston Moor."

"Ha, Geoffrey Arden! I remember! In all Pharaoh's host there was none hotter than

"WHILE THE SOLDIERS WERE BEING ENTERTAINED IN THE DINING-HALL, THE CHILDREN WERE SENT OUT TO EAT THEIR EVENING MEAL UNDER THE SHADE OF AN OAK-TREE."

he against the cause of righteousness. 'T is pity that iniquity should enroll such men."

That was what Elinor heard when, reaching the hall where the company were gathered, she paused in the doorway, too shy to enter. The hot blood rushed to her cheeks, and her heart beat fast with indignation.

"Elinor!" Mistress Bradford had caught sight of her niece.

For a moment the child stood quivering; then, suddenly dashing past Aunt Hester and her guests to the staircase at the farther end of the hall, she flew like a frightened bird to her own little nest above.

"Oh, they are cruel — cruel! Aunt Hester loves me not! She 's always vexed — and I do try *so* hard!" Her voice broke in a sob. "Bad, hateful man — to call my own dear father —" She would not repeat the words. "Oh, these Roundheads! I hate them, I do! Only not dear uncle. If *he* would but 'come home!"

Her kind, noble father in the army of King Charles a "son of iniquity" in "Pharaoh's host"! The soldier's harsh voice still echoed in her ears, and the indignant tears fell fast, as she sobbed out all her troubles, poor little lonely, loyal girl!

Even when Elinor was most unhappy there was one thing which always helped to comfort her, and to this her thoughts presently turned. Stowed away on the cupboard shelf, safe out of her cousins' reach, was her treasure-box, and now she took it from its hiding-place, carried it to the window, and opened it. There, clasped on a bow of crimson ribbon, lay the precious buckle, her father's keepsake. She held up the jewel to catch the slanting rays of sunlight, and a wonderful play of rainbow colors flashed before her. That was because her eyes were dim with tears.

There was a quick step outside, and she heard the door open. As it was too late to put back her treasure, she hastily slipped it beneath the folds of her kerchief, and then turned to meet her aunt.

"So this is thine obedience!" Aunt Hester's voice was shrill with exasperation. "Dawdle when I call thee, and then run away before them all! A fine showing for thee, truly!"

"He called my father hateful names! 'T was all a wicked lie — and I 'll not bear it!"

"Hush, Elinor!" But Aunt Hester's stern tone changed as she looked at the tear-stained face. A motherly pity came over her for this orphan girl of thirteen, and she pictured one of her own little daughters left to defend a father's name among the Cavaliers.

"Nay, child; the lieutenant has a good heart.

"'HUSH, ELINOR!' BUT AUNT HESTER'S STERN TONE CHANGED AS SHE LOOKED AT THE TEAR-STAINED FACE."

He meant not to distress thee," she said kindly, laying her hand on Elinor's shoulder. "There, — be a good girl and leave off crying. And now harken. There 's Goody Rose fallen sick again, and the comforts I promised her have in all this bustle never been taken. Poor soul, to think of her being clean forgot! Take this basket, and leave it with Martha at the door. Hasten, and linger not, for 't is growing late."

Elinor was only too glad to escape, and, promising to be back again as soon as possible, hurried away on her errand. Her spirits rose once more as a light breeze fanned her face and the scent of sweet clover and new-mown hay was borne to her from pasture and meadow. Fox, the bright-eyed, sharp-nosed terrier, roused from his nap on the door-step, followed her down the road, every now and then making playful springs and snaps at the basket as she swung it teasingly in the air.

"No, no, Fox! No races downhill with this basket, or a sad mess there 'd be of Goody Rose's physic."

Yet Elinor could not help a little skip of happiness in her freedom. Thump, thump! Something beat against her breast. The buckle! In horror at her own carelessness, she drew it out from her kerchief.

"Oh, my precious, precious keepsake! I might have lost thee," she cried. "What would I have done then?"

Stopping a moment, she untied the bow of ribbon, and, making of it a long loop, hung it round her neck. With the jewel thus secured, and hidden once more beneath her kerchief, she went on her way to the cottage. Martha Rose, the sick woman's daughter, met her at the door with eager questions about the coming of the soldiers.

"And who knows where the wicked king's men may be lurking!" she cried, glancing fearfully around her as if expecting them to appear at the cottage gate or rise up from the tiny garden. "Now an I were Mistress Bradford — begging her pardon for saying it — I 'd keep my children well indoors till the town be quit o' the wretches. Stay ye here, my pretty, till Zachary comes in from the field, and he 'll take ye safe home, never fear."

"Thanks, Martha, but I was bidden make haste, and I 'd rather meet a king's man on the way than a scolding at home," laughed Elinor, as she turned to go. "Fox will take care of me. Wilt thou not, old doggy? Come, Fox, we 'll have a frolic in the hop-field, now I 'm rid of the basket."

Away went the two playfellows, over the stile, and into the field, where the long lines of poles covered with green hop-vines rose high above Elinor's head. They chased one another down the narrow paths, and played hide-and-seek among the leafy columns. Then, crossing a bit of meadow now pink with the sleeping daisies, they passed on into the grove. Through this grove lay Elinor's favorite walk. The path wound along beside the merriest little brook that ever rippled, under the shade of the oaks and yews and chestnuts, all in the cool, sweet air of the late summer afternoon. Insects hummed drowsily, birds twittered good night to one another among the leaves, and Elinor tossed out her arms, drawing deep breaths of delight, and longed to lead a gipsy life, forever careless and free.

No one could check her now, and her voice rang out in a brave old war-song of the Cavaliers. "God save King Charles!" The last words thrilled with a triumphant note in the stillness of the wood. She had reached a spot where the path seemed lost in a tangle of underbrush. Before her, low-hanging branches interlaced. She parted the dense green curtain, and then drew back as a figure rose up from the shadows and stepped out into the light. A woman! Was she witch or gipsy?

(To be continued.)

VACATION IGNORANCE.

I. *HIS* NOTION.

By E. J. Platt.

A boy once thought he would like to go
To the land where the seals and icebergs grow;
To climb the great North Pole, you know,
Was his ambitious notion.

"I know 't will be easy to find," said he,
"For it 's just as plain as plain can be:
The Pole sticks up like a poplar-tree
From the midst of the Arctic Ocean!"

II. *HER* NOTION.

By Mary Sigsbee Ker.

The Out Curve

By Leslie W. Quirk.

The minute the game was ended, Kenton, the captain of the varsity crew, rushed out on the diamond and grasped the hand of Elton, the big pitcher.

"You pitched a perfect game, Baby," he cried, with his face flushed and his eyes bright. "Now there 's only one victory between us and the championship. We must win it!"

"We will," said Elton. He hesitated just an instant. "At least, I hope so."

The home nine was trotting off the field after winning the game.

"Oh, Kenton," called Elton, as the man was turning away, "I want to have a little talk with you. Will you be in your room to-night?"

"Office hours from seven to ten," declared Kenton, good-naturedly. "Come when you like, and stay as long as you please." He noticed that Elton did not smile; even the honor of winning a critical game seemed to have left the pitcher in low spirits.

Elton called early, and was ill at ease. He found Kenton sitting on the lounge playing the mandolin. After a time the conversation turned to baseball, and Kenton grew enthusiastic over the probability of winning the pennant. Elton's fingers clenched about the arm of his chair.

"It 's that game," he said, with a little catch in his voice, "that I wanted to talk to you about."

Kenton looked up quickly. "Yes," he said encouragingly.

"Well, it is n't till Saturday, and I know Landebin will put me in the box again. My arm is pretty strong, and will be as good as ever by that time. But—" he stopped and looked out the window—"but I 'm afraid."

"Oh, it will be a game worth seeing," said Kenton, "but I don't think we need worry."

"It is n't that," said Elton. "It 's simply that I 'm afraid. I lack steadiness. Do you suppose I did n't know how things were, even back in the early spring, when we were practising in the cage? Do you suppose I did n't understand when Landebin used to watch me throw at that parallelogram on the canvas, and used to say, 'Good!' and 'Neat!' every time the ball curved in between the black lines, and then used to tell me to go easy and take my time? He knew I was apt to 'go to pieces,' and I did it, lots of times, up there in the cage. Sometimes the lines on the handball-court used to bother me and I 'd throw wide. And sometimes that mocking parallelogram looked twice as high as a man's shoulders and twice as wide as a home plate.

"Other times it seemed to shrink down to nothing, and I could n't hit it at all. I used to throw and throw till the sharp pains caught my arm, and then I 'd get so angry that there was n't one chance in a million of putting the ball where I wanted it. I 'm afraid I 'll 'go to pieces' in Saturday's game, that 's all. I could n't tell this to anybody but you, Kenton."

The big oarsman looked at Elton thoughtfully.

"Yes, Baby," he said encouragingly, "I understand. I 've been watching you all season, perhaps a little closer than you imagined. I talked with Coach Landebin about this same thing once, when *he* was afraid you would fail us. I told him that you would not; that there was too much in you for anything of the kind; that you would hold yourself in check by sheer will power."

He stopped and looked at the boy. Elton was breathing quickly.

"Once you came to me with this same confession in your heart. I pretended not to see

it there, and we sat and talked of other subjects. I told you of other fellows whose courage had been doubted, and who stood firm and true at the last. I took up my mandolin and strummed a few chords of 'Varsity! Varsity!' Your lips closed, Baby, and your mouth grew firmer; and the next day—do you remember that Michigan game?—you went into the box and pitched as no man ever pitched on our diamond before."

Elton laughed in an embarrassed manner, and rose to go. At the door he turned around to his big comforter and said:

"Yes, I remember it very well. I played that game as if my life depended upon it. Then, when it was over, and you held my hand a minute and said, 'You 're true blue, kid!' I felt like sitting down and crying. I did n't understand, but I knew you had done a very great deal for me."

"I had done nothing," declared Kenton, "except to show you that you must not fail us, and that you need not. I was perfectly confident that day, and I am just as confident about you in Saturday's game. Dobbins and Peters and Edgren and the rest of the heavy batters may get the glory, but the winning or losing will be in your hands. I am not in the least afraid of your failing us. Good night, Baby."

Saturday dawned clear and warm. Early in the morning, before the sun was hot, Coach Landebin took his squad of players out to the athletic field, and for an hour they batted and fielded. Elton was put to work tossing a few balls to Peters, the big catcher. The boy's arm felt strong, and his curves were good.

"'YES, BABY,' HE SAID ENCOURAGINGLY, 'I UNDERSTAND. I 'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU ALL SEASON, PERHAPS A LITTLE CLOSER THAN YOU IMAGINED.'"

He had thrown perhaps a dozen balls when Peters called for an out-curve. Elton shifted the ball in his hands, and his fingers gripped it firmly. Then he stepped forward and threw. The ball went wide.

Again they tried it, and again the ball was a foot from the plate. Peters frowned just a little, and changed the signal. Presently he tried the out-curve once more. This time the throw was hopelessly wide, and Peters, who understood, gave up the attempt. He would call for as few outs as possible during the game.

By three o'clock the grand stand was full, and the "rooters" were piling into the "bleachers."

Up in its place in the grand stand, the university band was playing rollicking airs. Both nines were on the field.

Elton was standing near the players' bench, looking up into the sea of faces in the grand stand. His foot was keeping time with the music, and there was a bright flush on his cheeks.

"I would n't do that, Baby," said Coach Landebin's voice. Elton turned quickly, and found the man eying the foot with which he had been beating time.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I did n't know I was doing it."

Landebin laughed. "Oh, there 's no harm in it," he said, "only it is apt to make you look as if you were nervous. We want a cool pitcher to-day, Baby. By the way, you and Peters had better get to work warming up. We bat first, but our half of the inning won't last long."

It did not. Two of the batters fanned, and the other one knocked a ball straight into the hands of the short-stop.

Elton walked out to the pitcher's box with his heart thumping rapidly. Peters slipped on his mask and protector, and held out his hands. A sudden desire to show his catcher that he could put the out-curve over the plate made Elton send in the ball without warning. He threw it with the snap of his wrist that meant speed, and it curved neatly over the center of the plate. Peters grinned.

"Play ball!" ordered the umpire.

The first batter was a short, wiry fellow. He smiled pleasantly at the pitcher, and Elton tried to smile back. But the attempt was a pitiful failure, for the fear which he had been fighting gripped his heart. Then Peters opened the clumsy catcher's mit, and signaled for an out-curve.

Elton put his fingers carefully about the ball and hesitated. The batter seemed hundreds of feet away, and the home plate looked like a white dot in the distance. Peters waited impatiently.

Then Elton threw. The ball started straight for the plate, but after going a few feet curved slowly away from the batter.

"One ball!" said the umpire.

Peters signaled for another out-curve.

"Two balls!" said the umpire.

It was to be an in-curve this time. Elton's heart felt like a throbbing engine, and he seemed to see the batter through a haze.

"Three balls!" called the umpire, and there came a groan from the bleachers.

"He will expect another ball," Elton told himself, "and won't try to hit it. I must throw a strike. Peters must understand—"

The big catcher did understand. He called for a straight ball, and Elton threw one.

An instant later there was a sudden sharp report. The rooters of the other nine yelled and cheered frantically. Horns tooted. Megaphones bellowed. The noise was frightful.

It was a home run; even Elton knew that. The batter had caught the ball just right, and sent it far over the head of the left-fielder. It meant a run in the first inning, and runs are precious things in a critical game.

Peters was unmoved by the home run. He smiled a little and slipped on his mask again. Then he stepped into position, and called for the next ball. It came, whistling shrilly and cutting the plate in two. Another, with the same curve, fooled the batter; and after the third ball the umpire said, "Batter out!" and Peters and Elton grinned at each other like two children.

It was a wonderful game. The innings passed without a score. Elton pitched faultless ball, but Peters dared not call for the out-curve.

In the first half of the ninth, Edgren unexpectedly lined out a three-base hit, and scored on a single which Peters dropped into right field. A minute later Peters stole second. It was the first stolen base of the game, and the crowd cheered frantically. Ganley, who played first, was up. He gripped the bat firmly, and stepped up to the plate. Two strikes were called on him as he stood waiting for the ball he wanted. At last it came, waist-high and swift, and he met it squarely with his bat. Peters was off for third at the crack of the stick. Elton was coaching, and as he saw the right-fielder fail to handle the ball neatly he yelled for Peters to go home.

The player had the ball almost before Peters left third. Elton raced toward home with the big catcher, keeping just outside the line, and urging him on wildly. It was nip and tuck

between Peters and the ball. Elton yelled to him to slide, and the big catcher put out his hands and dived for the plate. A cloud of dust arose, and almost hid the play. But out of it came the even voice of the umpire:

"Safe!"

It was Elton himself who struck wildly at the first three balls pitched to him, and who retired the side without another run. Pitchers are notoriously poor batters, and Elton was no exception. He stood up to the plate with a great desire down in his heart. He wanted a safe hit; he wanted a two-base one. Little Ranton, who played short, had been given his base on balls. Ganley was on second. There was no need to tell the boy that he might make victory certain with a double-bagger: he knew it; and when he struck out, a lump came up in his throat. He threw down the bat with a queer look on his face that made Peters wince.

"Peters," he said, with the little egotistical note in his voice that the big catcher liked, "we are one run ahead, and it 's the last half of the ninth. I am going to throw that out-curve now, and I shall put it over."

So Peters called for the out-curve. It came, straight over this time; but the batter caught it and singled to left field. Elton gave the next man his base on balls, and was safely hit again. The bases were full, and nobody was out.

"It has come," said the boy to himself, drearily. "I went 'up in the air' just when I should have been steady. I knew it."

Landebin called to him. Elton nodded. "I am to be put on the bench, I suppose, and Farley is to finish the game. I deserve it, but—" He walked slowly over to the coach.

"Baby," said Landebin, with a smile, "you have pitched the best game of your life up to now. Just keep it up. You 're in a bit of a tight place, but you will pull out. That 's all. Go back and win."

Elton's shoulders squared. "I will, Mr. Landebin," he said.

He went back into the box and picked up the ball. He hoped Peters would call for the out-curve, but the catcher did not dare. He noticed that the sun was not as hot now, and that a little breeze had sprung up.

"Play ball!" ordered the umpire.

The next player waited, impatient for the honor of winning the game. Elton grinned at him, and Peters, behind the bat, saw the boy's face and grinned too. Then Elton twisted his fingers about the ball, swung his arm in a half-circle, and threw. Three times he did it, and three times the batter swung without touching the ball. The crowd was down on the grounds now, piled fifty deep just outside the picket fence.

Elton threw two balls to the next batter, then two strikes, another ball, and the third strike. Two men were out.

The next batter was one who had not secured a safe hit during the game. He stood close to the plate, and Elton was afraid he would hit him. So the first three pitched balls went wide.

The crowd groaned. The situation was very critical. The bases were full, and the man at bat had three balls and no strikes.

"I must do it," said Elton, half aloud; "I must do it!"

Peters took a minute to adjust his mask, and the boy knew it was to give him time to cool down. Somebody over at the fence yelled, "All right, Baby!" and Elton recognized Kenton's calm voice. He shot the ball straight into Peters's waiting hands.

"One strike!" said the umpire.

Elton's heart was thumping again, and his cheeks burned. He was holding himself down by saying over and over, "I must do it; I must do it!" He drew back his arm and threw the ball.

"Two strikes!" said the umpire.

A perfect bedlam of noise broke forth from the crowd. The minute Elton had the ball again, the sudden stillness was terrible.

The batter looked at his coach; then he stepped a little closer to the plate. Even from the box Elton could see an unnatural strained look in his face. His forehead was drawn into deep wrinkles. Elton thought he looked as if he were about to be shot. Then he understood.

The bases were full. Four balls would force in a run, but the other coach had given up expecting anything but a third strike. The batter's chances of getting a safe hit were hopelessly small. There was only one alterna-

"IT WAS ONE CHANCE IN A HUNDRED, AND ELTON KNEW IT."

tive. The batter must allow himself to be hit by the next pitched ball and thus force in a run.

Elton took the ball in his right hand, and Peters called for an in-curve. He shook his head at Peters. The catcher's brow was puckered, but he signaled for an up-shoot, then for a down. Still Elton shook his head. Then Peters, who believed in the boy as nobody else on the team did, called for the out-curve.

It was one chance in a hundred, and Elton knew it. Even when he was calmer he had failed to put the ball where he wanted it. But he was no longer afraid. Something of the confidence of the coach, and of good old Peters, and of Kenton, inspired him. He drew back his arm in the semicircle to which the players had grown accustomed, and threw an out-curve, with all the speed and all the rotary motion he could put into the ball.

It started straight as a bullet for the batter. The fellow saw it coming, and though a perceptible quiver ran over him, he stood his ground like a Trojan. The ball would hit him. There was no need to step forward. So he braced himself as best he could, and closed his eyes.

The ball curved gracefully out from the batter, and sailed straight over the center of the plate.

"Three strikes and out!" called the umpire. The side was retired, and the game won.

Landebin was the first to reach the boy. "Thank you, old man!" was all he said, but Elton knew he understood.

Peters grasped his hand with a vise-like grip. "I knew you 'd do it," he grinned.

By this time Kenton was over the fence. "You did n't fail us, Baby," he said huskily. Then he repeated it, "You did n't fail us."

AN AUGUST DAY IN THE FIELDS.

A GRAMMATICAL DISPUTE.

By John Bennett.

A brook and a little tree once went to school
To a bullfrog that lived in a puddle;
They tried to learn all of the grammar by rule,
Which left both of their heads in a muddle.
Of nouns and of pronouns they soon had enough;
Prepositions they found most unbearable stuff;
While auxiliary verbs, they declared, were too tough
To be taught by a toad in a puddle.

"I may, can, or must, might — I could, would, or should,"
Cried the brook — "what nonsensical twaddle!"
"Quite right," said the tree; "and I can't see the good
Of one's stuffing such things in one's noddle!"

"And I vow," cried the brook, "I shall not learn a thing!"
"You mean *will* not, my dear," said the tree, with a swing.
"I said *shall* not," retorted the brook, with a fling;
"Surely *you* do not pose as a model?"

"But *will* is correct," cried the tree, with a look.
"So is *shall*," said the brook, with another.
"It is *will*," said the tree. "It is *shall*," said the brook,
As they both turned their backs on each other.
Thus a quarrel arose 'twixt the brook and the tree,
For neither one knew enough grammar to see
That perhaps right or wrong both or either might be
In the usage of one or the other.

And the tree to the breeze still declares to this day:
"It is will, oh—'t is will, oh—'t is will, oh!".
While the brook to the sands where the little fish play
"Murmurs: "Shall, oh—'t is shall, oh—'t is shall, oh!"

For that tree is a willow wherever it grows,
And that brook is a shallow wherever it flows;
While beneath each green willow, as everyone knows,
Runs a little brook whispering shallow.

CENTRAL PARK TOM.

MANY New York girls and boys, as well as out-of-town young visitors to the city, will recall Tom, the big performing elephant who furnished daily amusement for his young audiences with tricks and other marvelous performances in the Central Park menagerie. That is to say, his performances seemed marvelous for a heavy elephant whose natural position was on all fours, and who did not speak English, even though it almost seemed as if he *understood* it. Old Tom finally became so dangerous that about two years ago he had to be quietly put away by a dose of poison.

OLD TOM PERFORMING ON A MOUTH-ORGAN.

Perhaps the most remarkable of Tom's tricks was one of which his trainer was very proud, not only because it was difficult, but because it was novel as well. Tom would stand upon his hind legs on a strong box, take from his keeper's hand a boy's mouth-organ, gracefully curl his trunk back until it rested on his forehead, and then alternately blow and draw his breath through the musical reeds of the toy.

Bears have been trained to beat a drum and to wrestle, seals have been taught to play ball, and ponies to play see-saw, but Tom's proud keeper thought his pet overtopped all other performing large animals in this novel, though scarcely musical, solo.

A CAT TAIL.

"Oh, see, grandpa. Oh, just look there!
Meow! meow! What can it be?"
Said grandpapa: "I do declare,
That 's our ancestral tree!"

"Kibun Daizin"
(Wealthiest Man)

"KIBUN DAIZIN"
OR
FROM SHARK-BOY TO MERCHANT PRINCE.

(Begun in the July number.)

By Gensai Murai.

"Wanizame-Kozo"
(Shark-Boy)

Chapter III.

A BOAT CAPSIZED — A HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE.

The master of the Daikokuya, who had been much struck by the wisdom and courage of Bunkichi, lost no time in going to an apothecary to get plenty of the poisonous stuff for the *wanizame*, while he ordered some of his men to prepare the straw dummy.

In course of time the two lads, Bunkichi and Sadakichi, came back from Sumiyoshi bluff. The master welcomed them into his own room, and said:

"How now, Bunkichi? Did you see the shark?"

"Yes, sir, I saw it," was the reply.

"And now that you have seen the monster are you less disposed to go out to sea?"

"No; on the contrary," replied the lad, "I am the more ready to go."

"Is n't that obstinacy on your part?"

"Not in the least, sir," the lad said, as he drew himself up; "the greater the opponent, the greater the interest and strength that are called forth; and I am about to do this at the risk of my life. I well observed the spot where the shark comes up, and noticed a large pine-tree which projects over the sea from the precipice. If some one will let fall a stout rope from one of its branches, I will row over to it, and there I shall entice the shark to swallow the straw dummy; then if it, in plunging about, should upset my boat, I shall take hold of the rope and climb or be hauled up to the precipice."

The master, who was once more struck by words which showed so much sagacity as well as courage, said:

"That 's a very good idea of yours. Then this is what we shall decide to do, is it? I shall send out some of my young men to the Sumiyoshi bluff to fix a rope to the pine branch from the precipice, and you will tie the rope to your waist before you go out on your venture. I and others will stand upon the cliff and watch you, and should you be in danger of being swallowed by the monster, we shall lose no time in hauling you up. Is that to be our plan of action?"

"Yes, that 's the plan," was the boy's reply.

"Well, then, I have bought the poison, and can soon have ready as many as three dummies. When do you think of setting out?"

"Now, at once," answered Bunkichi.

"That is rushing it too quickly, my lad. Would n't it be better for you to wait till to-morrow?" remonstrated the master.

"Unless things of this kind are done quickly and made easy work of, some obstacles may arise and frustrate our plans, so I will just do it with as little concern as you snap your fingers," said the lad.

"You can't do things so lightly as you say," was the master's reply. And his wife, who had been listening, and who regretted having given her consent to the boy's rash project, added:

"Bunkichi, do stay at home to-day and spend it in preparation and do the work to-morrow." And the little girl also said:

"I don't care for your going to sea."

But Bunkichi, having once made up his mind in the matter, was not to be moved by any one's entreaties.

"Then, by your leave, sir," he said, "I will take that little boat at the jetty." And without more delay he rose up to go. His master knew not how to stop him, but said:

"No, no; that small boat is dangerous; and, if you must go, you had better go out in the *temmabune*.*

"No, sir," said the lad; "the *temmabune* is too big for me to row alone, so I prefer the small one."

"But I am in great concern about your personal safety if you go alone," said the master. "I will give ten *rio* to any one who will go with you."

Though he quickly made known this offer to the members of his household as well as among his neighbors, no one ventured to offer himself on account of the people's repeated and terrible experiences. Bunkichi soothed his master, saying that he was much freer if left to act by himself than he would be if there were others with him. Quickly putting the three dummies into the small boat outside the garden gate, with marvelous coolness, as if he were going out for pleasure, he said, "Good-by, everybody; I will go now, and be back again soon."

The master, who was first to stir, led out to the jetty some of his young men as well as some strong coolies. Three or four big ropes having been made ready, he said:

"Now, Bunkichi, tie one of these to your waist."

"It 's no use, sir, till I get near the mountain," replied the lad, but the master said:

"But just think, if on your way out the shark should turn up! We shall pull you along the coast while you will row as near as you can to the land."

Bunkichi, who could n't resist the master's persuasion, let him tie the rope round his waist, and the master himself took hold of the end of it and together with others went along the shore toward Sumiyoshi bluff.

Bunkichi, having been brought up at the seaside, was an excellent rower, but as they pulled along the rope he rowed but slightly. Suddenly he took out a dagger which had been handed down from his ancestor and unsheathed it, smiling as he noted the temper of the steel.

Who spread the news no one knew, yet the people in the town came out in a crowd, and every one was surprised to see a boy alone in a boat, sallying forth to kill the monster.

"Is n't he a wonderfully courageous boy?"

"He is no common boy. Perhaps he may yet be as famous as our great hero Kato Kiyomasa."†

"Is n't he cool!"

"Has n't he wonderful presence of mind!"

Such expressions as these escaped from everybody's lips. Thus praising him as they went along, the crowd followed the master. From among the crowd an old woman stepped out with a rosary in one hand, and said to the master:

"Sir, please let me hold the rope, *Namu-Ami-Dabutsu*." ‡

The young men turned to her and said, "Ill omen! Don't say such a thing as *Namu-Ami-Dabutsu*. This is not the rope for you to pull."

In spite of the taunt she still muttered the sacred charm of the Buddha sect, saying:

"But do let me hold it. I am the leader in pulling timbers for the repairing of the Hongwanzi§ temple. Yet I must have my share, because I am sure that the lad is a hero sent by Buddha himself, to save us from our troubles, *Namu-Ami-Dabutsu*," repeated the woman.

Just then a maid-servant carrying a little girl on her back came along the shore after the woman. The latter turned to the little girl and said:

"Ah, you are the daughter of the Daikokuya. Do you want to pull this rope, too? *Namu-Ami-Da* —"

The girl would n't listen to her words, but, looking intently at the boat in the distance, called out aloud, "Bunkichi!"

The other bystanders, who heard the name for the first time, said: "Ah, his name is Bunkichi, is it?" and at once shouted, "Bunkichi Daimiozin," which is a title they give to the gods.

The lad, taking little notice of the stir on the shore, soon came to the foot of the bluff. The master and others went up the hillside along the edge of the precipice, while the lad began to prepare for his task.

The long summer day was already declining and a cool breeze from the far ocean blew about his broad sleeves, and the voice of the crowd

* Pronounced Tem-mah-boon'nay. A larger boat.

† The conqueror of Korea in 594 A.D.

‡ An expression used in one of the Buddhistic prayers. Among a certain class of Japanese it was believed that by repeating this phrase frequently their chances of going to heaven were increased.

§ The headquarters of the Buddhist religion in Kioto.

grew fainter and fainter as, hidden by the pine-trees, they wound their way up to the top of the hill. Yet now and then Bunkichi heard his master's voice faintly calling to him, to which he made reply to assure him of his safety. Looking out toward the ocean, there was no sail or boat to be seen, probably owing to the people's fear of meeting the shark. A checkered bank of white and dark clouds was massed on the sky above the horizon, while the waves chased one another below.

Any ordinary man would have quailed at such a scene as this; but Bunkichi, with no sign of nervousness, put the straw figures in the bow of the boat and proceeded toward the place where the shark generally made its appearance. He could now see the master and others above the precipice as they began attaching the rope to a strong limb of the sturdy pine which projected seaward. Thus all the preparations were made for hauling him up at the given signal, while the lad was also preparing himself for the encounter and reconnoitering the scene in his boat.

At last the iron-like fin of the monster was seen to cleave the water. Apparently rejoiced at the sight of a man, as Bunkichi's figure must have been now and then reflected on the water, the shark in quest of prey raised its head above the water and made for the boat.

"Come on, you villain," muttered the lad, who stood up in the bow with the doll in his hand.

The terror-stricken young men on the precipice above no sooner saw the monster than they were on the point of pulling up the rope; but the master stayed them, saying: "Steady, men, steady! Wait till he gives us a signal."

The master anxiously watched the lad's action, while the crowd hardly breathed as they stood still with hands clenched.

With a splash, Bunkichi threw the figure in the way of the *wanizame;* the shark turned over, the white portion of its body gleamed, and it snapped the stuffed figure, drawing it under the water. Up it came again, and the lad threw out the second dummy; but the monster did not take any notice of it, but made straight for the lad. Above, on the precipice, the master awaited Bunkichi's signal with breathless interest, but no signal was given yet. With his dagger drawn in one hand and raising the third straw figure in the other, Bunkichi threw it at the enemy's head. Whether it was that the poison was already taking effect or that the charm of the noted sword frightened the monster, it turned back on a sudden and retreated a few yards. Before the anxious crowd could divine the next movements of the shark, it began to plunge about, in and out of the water on the farther side of the boat. Then, seemingly in agony, it swam about with almost lightning speed, now toward the shore and now toward the ocean, and the sea became like a boiling whirlpool in which the little boat seemed every moment in danger of being overwhelmed.

Bunkichi, who saw his plan had succeeded, at once began to row back. At this juncture, as fate would have it, the monster made a sudden dash at the boat, which was at once overturned. The signal had hardly been given when, after a moment of awful anxiety, the lad was in the air, suspended by the rope. The monster again made a mad rush, only to bruise its head against a rock, and with weakened strength returned toward the deep, riding on the retreating tide.

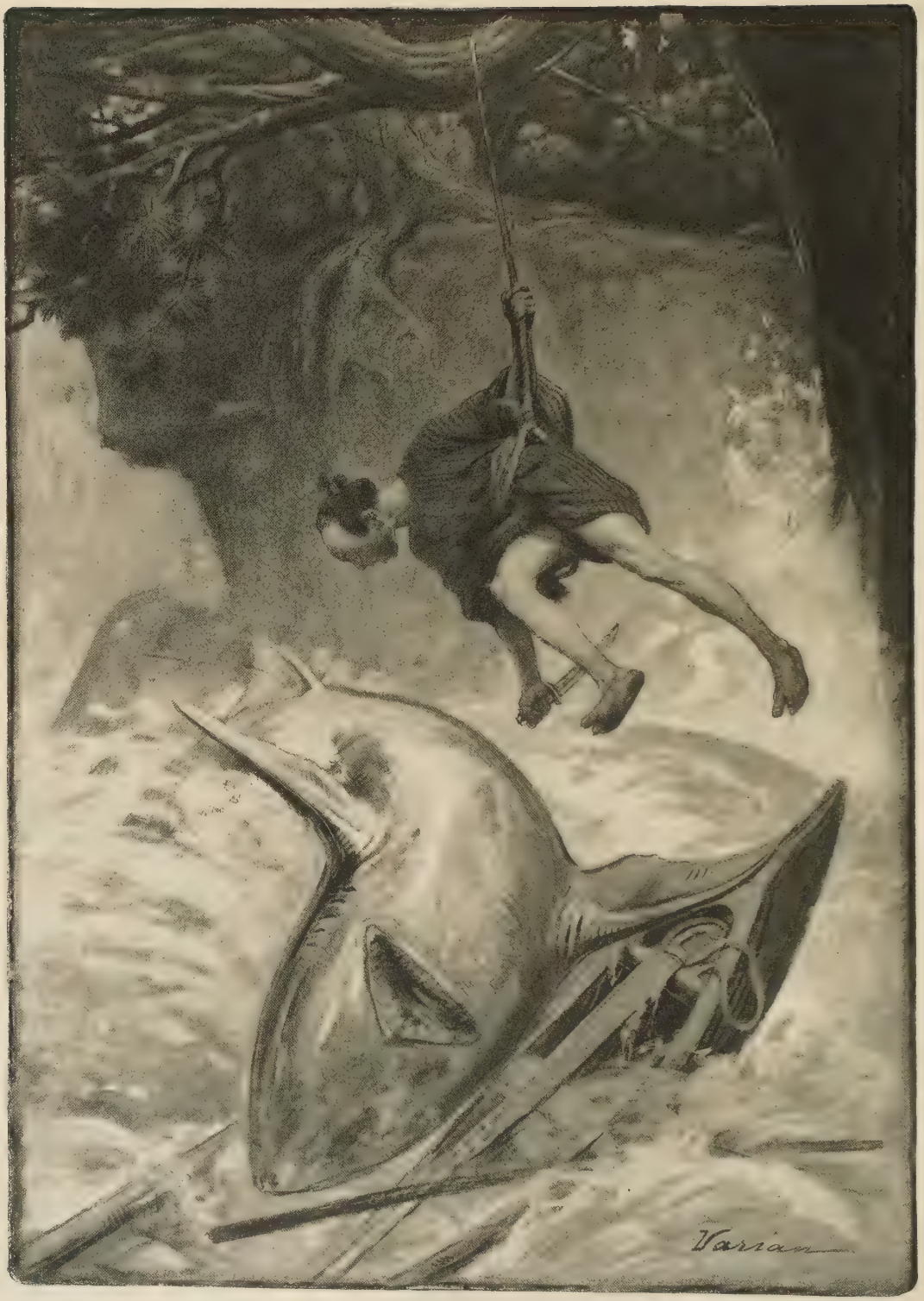
As for Bunkichi, the rope was drawn up steadily and with care, and he soon found himself safely perched on the stout branch of the pine.

The master of the Daikokuya, when he saw Bunkichi once again on solid ground, never uttered a word, but took his hand and put it on his forehead in token of his unutterable gratitude, while tears of joy flowed from his eyes. The others knew not how to do otherwise on the sudden alternation from dread to joy.

After a while Bunkichi left the crowd and went to the most commanding position of the precipice and gazed down upon the sea, and saw the shark on its back floating to and fro, the sport of the waves. His joy knew no bounds, and he said:

"I thank you all; I have been saved by your help. The shark now seems to be dead."

These words he uttered with his customary coolness, showing that he had not been at all frightened by the terrible experience he had passed through, while the others could hardly yet shake off the dread they had felt.



"THE LAD WAS IN THE AIR, SUSPENDED BY THE ROPE."

Addressed thus by the lad, the master now recovered his speech and said:

"No; it is n't *you* who have been saved by *us*, but *we* who have all been saved by *you*. The shark dies and the people live, or the shark lives and the people must die. I have no words to express my gratitude to you. And now we must get back as soon as possible and let the people know the joyous news."

While the master thus hurried the others to go back, Bunkichi stopped him and said: "Sir, if we leave the shark as it is, it may revive. It is a pity to leave it now that it is as good as killed. Let us haul it up by the aid of the rope. It seems that the boat, which was upset, has drifted to the base of the bluff. Let some of us get down and bail the water out of it, and I will, by the help of you all, try to secure the shark."

The master agreed to the proposal and called for volunteers, but in vain. Some young fellows pretended to be ill, and others suspected the shark might yet be alive and swallow them if they went near it.

At last, however, the master prevailed on a few of them to go down with the lad to help him.

Chapter IV.

THE TABLES TURNED.

Bunkichi, with the help of a few others, set the boat up, and, bailing the water out, got in and went out again to sea. Putting a rope round the body of the shark, which was being tossed about by the waves, they drew it close to the foot of the bluff. While Bunkichi by himself rowed back home, the young men dragged the dead monster along the coast toward the Daikokuya. The crowd on the bank applied themselves as one man to the task, and got hold of the rope, and the shark was finally landed. Amusing it was to see that old woman pull hard along with the rest.

After this heroic deed the reputation of Bunkichi spread through the length and breadth of Kumano town, and he was nicknamed as the *Wanizame-Kozo* or Shark-Boy; but who started the name no one can tell. His exploit, however, was soon carried to the ear of *Odaikan*,* and this great person himself came down to the shore and made a thorough inspection of the monster. Ten pieces of silver were awarded by the lord of the province to Bunkichi in recognition of his noble services in putting a stop to the scourge of the town. The master was proud of Bunkichi, and the town people rejoiced at his good fortune.

The size of the shark which the lad killed was more than three *ken*, or some eighteen feet in length, and its skin was so hard that the sharpest sword could not pierce it. The dealers in swords vied with one another in the offers they made the master for the skin, for they knew it would make an excellent binding for sword-hilts. Bunkichi asked his master to sell it, and the transaction was soon made, and the master handed over the whole of the price to Bunkichi as the fruit of his brave deed. The lad would not even touch it. He had heard, he said, that the fishermen in the neighborhood, from not being able to go out as hitherto on account of the shark, were in great straits even for their daily food, and therefore he wished to distribute the money among them. The proposal was at once accepted, and the money was divided either among the people who had suffered on account of the shark, or among the bereaved families whose members had fallen victims to its voracity.

That Bunkichi was possessed of courage his actions had abundantly proved; the people were now profoundly struck by his moral virtue since they had received his alms. The name of Wanizame-Kozo soon got its suffix *Sama*, or its equivalent in English of "Mr.," and whenever he appeared in the streets everybody, whether he was personally known to him or not, seemed to thank him by making him the most courteous obeisances.

In course of time, as the people in remote country places came to hear of Bunkichi's exploit, they pressed in large numbers to the shop of the Daikokuya, not so much to buy clothing as for the purpose of seeing the little hero's face. From that day the master doubled the amount of his daily receipts as trade prospered. Because of the prosperity brought to the house by the lad, the household of the Daikokuya accorded him special treatment, quite dif-

* The name given to the local magistrate in olden days.

ferent from that accorded to the other boys in the shop; in fact, he was treated as if he were the son of the family. But Bunkichi, on his part, served his master better than the other boys were able or willing to.

In spite of his master's forbidding him, he was first on the scene in the morning to sweep the street in front of the shop and to put the shop in order and to sell goods to customers however early they might come. Then, having carefully settled accounts at the close of the day, he would devote his evenings to the mastery of the abacus and to writing Chinese characters. His praiseworthy behavior impressed everybody who saw or heard of him.

Two or three months passed in this way, and the lad's fame became ever greater, and further prosperity was brought to the house. Then the master took counsel of his wife:

"As we have n't any boys, Chocho being the only child we have, sooner or later we shall have to adopt a son. I don't care to have any one of whose intentions and character I know nothing. Rather it would please me to have Bunkichi as our foster-son. What do you think about this?"

His wife seemed pleased at this and said gladly:

"I agree with you, my husband; he would be just the one to whom to leave the conduct of the business, and if we could make him our adopted son, what a pleasure it would be! You had better do it quickly."

The master pondered awhile and said:

"But, you see, he hopes to become the leading merchant in Japan, and thereby to raise the name of his ancestors; therefore he would not like to be adopted into another family. This would be the first hitch in the arrangement, I fancy."

"No, my dear; our intention, of course, is to give him the whole of this our property — and that certainly should be sufficient inducement to any one."

"No, I think not," said the other, as he put his head on one side in contemplation; "he is not the boy who will prize such a small property as ours. I don't care to run the risk of humbling myself by speaking to him rashly. What I want is to ascertain his intention at some opportune moment."

"PUTTING A ROPE ROUND THE BODY OF THE SHARK, THEY DREW IT CLOSE TO THE BLUFF."

Sadakichi, who had been playing in company with the little girl on the veranda outside the *shoji*, first heard this conversation, and one

day told Bunkichi about it. The latter said to himself:

"My intention has been to win fame and thereby to raise our ancestors' name, so it would never do for me to be adopted into another family. Trouble will come if I stay here longer, and I shall be put in such a strait that I shall feel obliged to fall in with this proposal." So he thought he would do best to leave the house quickly and try his hand independently at some trade.

One evening he sought his master and said:

"Sir, it is rather an abrupt request to make of you, but I have conceived a plan by which I can earn money, so please let me trade by myself. As capital to start with, it will be sufficient for me to employ those silver coins which I received for reward and which you have kept for me."

The master, without knowing the lad's secret intention, said, "If you wish to trade on your own account, I will lend you capital or give you any help you want; but what is the plan you have in mind?"

"It's simply this, sir. Since the disappearance of the *wanizame* the people nowadays get an abundant catch of fish, and in consequence I hear there is a scarcity of fishing-tackle, nets, and their belongings. So I wish to go up to Osaka and get a supply."

The master made one clap with his hands in token of his approval, and said:

"Well thought of, my lad! If you get a supply from Osaka now, you are sure to reap a good profit. Besides, all the fishermen round about here received your alms and regard you as one of the gods. If they hear of your selling fishing-tackle, they will gladly come to purchase of you. But you cannot transact the business by yourself alone, so I will send some one to assist you, and also I will lend you as much capital as you wish. Therefore go and make whatever investment you think necessary."

Bunkichi did not wish to receive this favor, as he intended trading without the help of any one.

"Sir, let me trade with my own capital alone without any other help in this instance," he replied. "Only, when the cargo comes, will you please give it store-room for me?"

As the master knew he could not be induced to accept others' advice when he had definitely made up his mind, he said:

"Very well, then; you may try to manage for yourself. No other boy of your age could transact the business, but probably you may succeed." Thus saying, he went himself and brought a packet of money.

"This is the money I have been keeping for you." And then he produced another packet which contained fifty pieces of silver, saying:

"This is only a trifling recognition of your services in the shop, by which we have enjoyed much prosperity, if you will accept it."

Bunkichi again and again refused to accept this additional gift, but in vain, for the master almost forced him to receive it, and said:

"When you come back from Osaka, you will stay again with us, won't you?"

Bunkichi hesitated and stammered out: "Yes, sir; I might trouble you again, though I intend to continue in some trade of my own."

"Of course you may go in for whatever trade you like, and if you can conveniently carry on your trade while you stay at my house, please make yourself at home in it, and do not think that you need help in my shop on that account."

As Bunkichi had no other home, he accepted this kind offer for his future protection after his return, and the next day, when he had prepared himself for the journey, he left the Daikokuya for Osaka.

Though he was a boy in appearance, his mind was equal to that of a full-grown man. At the time of his leave-taking, the master was insisting on getting him a through *kago*, or Japanese palanquin, to Osaka, which he had refused as unnecessary. In his courageous onward march he came to a lonely part of the road; he was, however, well used to traveling, owing to those early days of wandering when he sold the dragon-flies for the support of his family, and by the experience of his lonely journey to Kumano. But in this present journey, as he carried with him a great sum of money in his pocket, he felt somewhat encumbered and could not walk as lightly as he wished.

On the afternoon of the day when he came to the mountainous region, he was well-nigh

tired out, and he hired a *kago* to carry him. The coolies no sooner put him into the palanquin than they started off at almost a running pace, and after a short time they turned off from the highway into a bypath. The lad called out in suspicion:

"Are n't you taking a rather strange road?"

Both coolies answered in one voice:

"This is a short cut, lad."

As they went on they got more and more into the wilds of the mountains, and Bunkichi thought to himself that they might belong to that class of rascals who prey on the traveler's pockets. Nevertheless it was too late to do anything against them, so he kept himself in perfect peace by determining not to show that he suspected them.

When the coolies were come to a trackless thicket, they put the *kago* down, and, thinking to pull out the boy, looked in and found him fast asleep.

They stared at each other in astonishment and said: "Why, he is sleeping! The fellow takes life easy, eh? Come, my boy, get up! get up!" and one of them poked him on the shoulder, and the other, taking hold of his foot, pulled him out.

Bunkichi rubbed his eyes and yawned twice or thrice.

"Well, Mr. Coolie,—I mean you two,—what 's the matter?"

The coolies said somewhat fiercely: "Look here; you 've got some money with you, have n't you?"

He answered in perfect coolness, as if nothing had happened, "Yes, I have."

They thought more and more the lad was a pretty easy simpleton to deal with, and said: "We knew you had some fifty or sixty *rio*, and that is why we brought you here. Come, now, hand out all you 've got, for if you refuse you 'll suffer for it."

The lad burst out into laughter, saying: "If you want the money you shall have it"; and he took out the wrapped package of money and threw it down in front of them.

The coolies, seeing the perfect composure of the lad, wondered who this boy could be, and they began to grow nervous, and one of them said in a whisper to the other: "May he not be a fox?"

"We don't know but what this money may turn to tree-leaves," was the answer, and both looked into the boy's face.

The boy said as he smiled: "You cowardly thieves, are you afraid?"

He stepped out a pace before them, while they stepped back a little and said, "We are not afraid," visibly suppressing their fear.

The lad peered into their faces. "If you are n't afraid, why do you tremble so?"

"We 're cold; that is why."

"You cowards! Take the money and be gone!"

The coolies looked at each other, and would n't take the money up into their hands, while the lad stood firmly grasping the hilt of the dagger of Kiku-ichimonji within his pocket, ready to fight it out in case they might treat him roughly.

They were thoroughly outwitted by the audacity of the lad, and said: "Where have you come from?"

"Kumano is my home."

One of them turned pale, and said to the other: "Why, maybe he is the Shark-Boy!"

"Yes, I am that very boy," retorted the lad.

No sooner did the coolies hear this than they cried with one voice: "Let us up and be gone!" As they were about to turn on their heels, Bunkichi said, as he drew his dagger:

"If you run off I will cut you in two."

As though they were stricken by thunder at the boy's words, down they tumbled on the ground, and could not rise in spite of themselves. "Only spare our lives, if you please!"

As they begged for mercy, the lad coldly smiled, saying: "What is it you fear?"

"Please spare us! We cannot bear the thought that you will finish us off as you did the *wanizame*," they gasped in a trembling voice.

These coolies had heard of his brave deed in killing the shark, and they thought that he had killed it by a feat of swordsmanship, and that he was a warrior general like him of Ushiwakamaru* of old. He at once perceived what was the cause of their fear, and said:

"Are you weaker than the *wani?*"

* A boy hero who learned fencing from a mountain elf in the wilderness of Atago.

"No, sir; we sha'n't be beaten by the *wani*," though they still trembled.

Bunkichi resheathed his short sword as he said: "Then take me to where we agreed."

With a prompt "Yes, sir," they rose up, while the lad got into the palanquin. They took up the money and nervously brought it to the lad, who said as he glanced at it:

"Put it on the top of the *kago*."

"We 're afraid it may drop down unnoticed," was their ready answer.

"AS THOUGH THEY WERE STRICKEN BY THUNDER AT THE BOY'S WORDS, DOWN THEY TUMBLED ON THE GROUND."

"It 's too heavy for me to carry; tie it somewhere where it will be safe."

Then the coolies tightly tied the package to the pole by which the *kago* was carried. He did not take the money with him again, for fear that they might harm him in case their avaricious temper got the upper hand and they should make off with it.

The coolies, however, had no courage left to renew their attempt; but they went on most solemnly and steadily, as though they were carrying the *tengu*.* Bunkichi, finding the situation rather too quiet and tame, addressed them: "I verily believe that you often play the part of villains."

"No, sir. It was the first time, sir. We were tempted to the wickedness when we saw you were carrying a lot of money; we knew it by your manner of walking, sir."

"I don't believe you. I suspect you have committed villainous acts a good many times, but henceforth there must be an end of them."

"Yes, sir; we have had a lesson and sha'n't try that game again!"

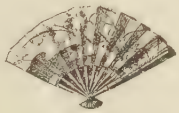
The lad laughed and said: "That 's interesting!" This was a peculiar exclamation he used often to make.

Meanwhile Bunkichi came to a certain station where he got out of the *kago*. He gave the coolies something extra to their fare, while warning them against the continuance of their evil practices.

No sooner had they got their money than they slunk away as quickly as they could.

(To be continued.)

* A mountain elf.



THE little red cart and the shovel and Ann
Are out of doors playing as hard as they can.

By the roadside they gather the sand, hot and
white.
It is heaped in the cart and is patted down tight.

Then gaily the little cart creaks up the road,
And proudly the shovel sticks up in the load.

When nursie calls in little Ann from her play,
The cart and the shovel are both laid away.

And Ann says the happiest folk in the land
Must be those who are carting and shoveling
sand.

Down beneath the rolling ocean,
At the bottom of the sea,
Lived a Shrimp who had a notion
That a perfect shrimp was he.
He was bright and he was pretty,
Clever, too, and rather witty;
He was jimp, distinctly jimp,
Was this pleasing little Shrimp;
So, of course, as you may see,
He *was* all a shrimp should be,
He was *all* a shrimp should be.

As the Shrimp one day was flitting
Here and there and all around,
He beheld a Cockle sitting
On a little sandy mound,
And he said, "O Cockle deary,
You look rather sad and weary;
I will sing to you a song,
Not too short and not too long;
And I 'm sure you will agree
It *is* all a song should be,
It is *all* a song should be."

Then the Shrimp, with smiles of pleasure,
Took his banjo on his knee,
And he played a merry measure
Like a Carol or a Glee;
And he sang a catch so jolly,
All of frolic, fun, and folly,
All of merriment and play,
All of mirth and laughter gay;
And I 'm sure you 'll all agree
That *is* all a catch should be,
That is *all* a catch should be.

FEEDING THE BIRDS.

(*From a paper cutting by Charles Dana Gibson, made when a boy.*)

GUESSING SONG.

By Henry Johnson.

A captive in a cage, through my prison-bars I blink;
Now I wave my plumes on high, now I let them softly sink.
A slave at your command, I can lead you to and fro;
Where there 's neither sun nor moon, I can guide you where to go.
Yet be careful what you do when you free me from my cage,
Or your humble slave may turn to a tyrant in a rage:
For I 'm sometimes meek and tame, and I 'm sometimes fierce and wild,
Now a terror to a man, now a comfort to a child.
But if you watch me well you will find in me a friend
Ever ready to oblige and a helping hand to lend:
I will make your kettle boil under skies of August blue,
Or on frosty nights at home I will warm your toes for you.

A CHEAP TOUR AROUND THE WORLD.

By Thomas Tapper.

'Most every evening, after tea,
I travel far as far can be;
I grasp the wheel with both my hands,
And soon I 'm off for foreign lands.

I see all countries that I can:
Alaska, China, and Japan,
Then round by Italy and Spain,
And very soon I 'm home again.

Then up about the Polar Sea,
Where bears and walrus stare at me.
At other times I take my way
To distant Burma and Malay.

In every land, down to the sea,
The people rush to look at me.
"Good luck to you," I hear them say;
I wave my hand and speed away.

Our dining-room is everywhere;
My ship is just a rocking-chair:
I cruise about the world, at sea,
'Most every evening after tea.

THE PROUD OLD DANDELIONS.

"They shook their trembling heads and gray
With pride and noiseless laughter;
When, well-a-day! they blew away,
And ne'er were heard of after!"

STORIES OF MY PETS.

By Helen Harcourt.

1. Don the Bullfinch.

DID you ever see a bullfinch? He is not so well known as he ought to be. Those who do know him love him. He deserves it, too, as you will see when you have read the story of Don. He was a bullfinch, and every word of his story is true. But first you should know something of bullfinches in general; then we will turn to Don in particular — and very particular he was, too, about many things.

The native home of the bullfinch is in Europe. In his wild state he is very shy. He shuns people and houses. He is very timid when first caught; but after the first fright is over he is easily tamed.

He is a very loving bird. He takes strong dislikes to some people, but he loves others just as much. Sometimes he cares little for or dislikes people who are kind to him. Again he likes others who do not care for him. He never gives any reason for such queer conduct, either.

Did you ever hear a bullfinch whistle a tune? The Germans make a regular business of teaching bullfinches. These cunning birds are taught to imitate the music of a flageolet while it is being played to them. By and by they get the notes perfectly, and then they are ready for sale and bring high prices. "Piping bullfinches," they are called. Some have only one tune, some two or three.

The bullfinch wears a handsome suit of clothes. The base of the neck and the back are a slate-gray, sometimes tinged with rose. The top of the head and most of the wing-feathers are black and glossy. The tips of the wings are white, making a contrast with the bold white bar across them. The sides of the head, the throat, and the breast are light chestnut-red. The bill is black, and curved like a parrot's.

Altogether the bullfinch is a very plump, comfortable-looking bird. He is a comical fellow, too. But no one who is careless, or gets tired of pets, should own a bullfinch. Why? Because that dear little bird has strong feelings. He has a heart, a true, faithful heart. If he loves you, and you neglect him, he will droop and grieve.

I first saw little Don in a bird-store. I was looking at a long row of bullfinches that had just arrived. All at once one of the little pipers jumped off his perch and came to his door. There he puffed out his feathers in the queer

way bullfinches have when they are pleased. It made him look like a ball of feathers with a beak and a tail. The feathery ball bobbed up and down in a very funny way. When spoken to, he went wild with delight. He puffed, bowed, danced around his cage, and rubbed his breast against the bars. Next he began a pretty tune.

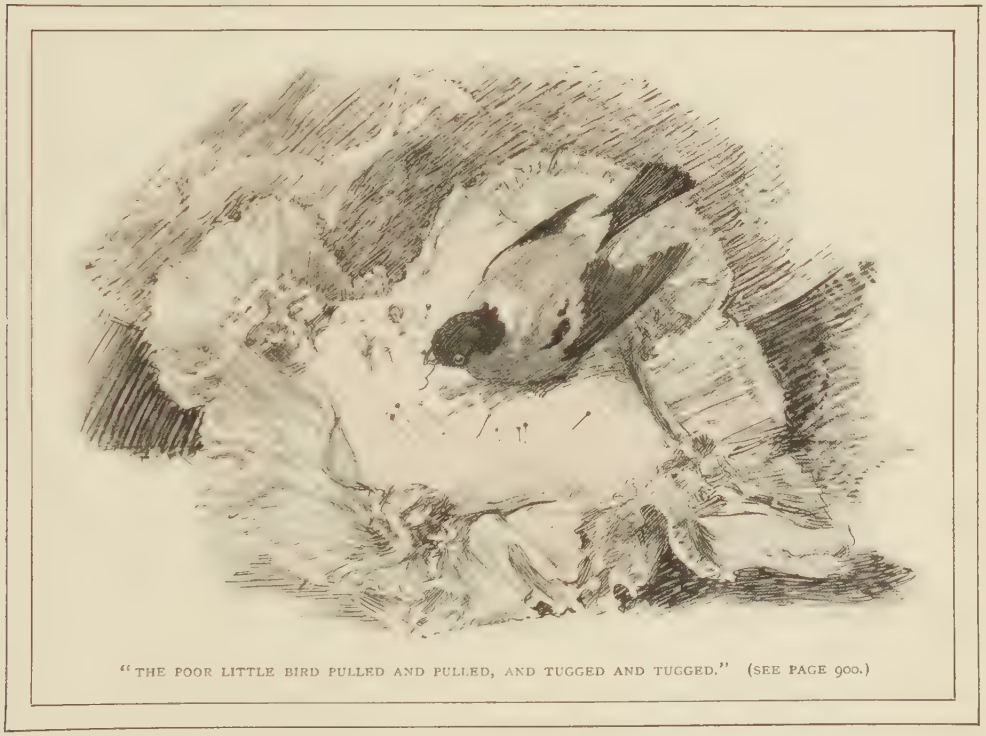
You can guess what came of all this, can you not? The happy little bird won a good home and a loving mistress.

But he was shy with every one else. He turned his back on them with quiet scorn. He was so proud and dignified that he was named Don, after the proud Spanish nobles or dons of the olden time.

Every one who has owned a bullfinch knows his strange call of "Come he-ere, come he-ere, come he-ere!" It is a call never uttered except to summon the one he loves.

Don was very unhappy when I was out of sight. His cage was hung at first in a glass conservatory, where he had sunshine, flowers, and two canary-birds for company. But he did not care for them. He wanted something else. He was silent and moping. So the loving little bird was made happy by being placed in my room upstairs.

It was wonderful how soon he learned to distinguish my step. Often his clear, sweet tune could be heard pouring from his dainty throat. Or perhaps he was silent. It was all the same. The instant my step sounded in the hall below or on the stairs, the whistle ceased, or the silence was broken. "Come he-ere, come he-ere, come he-ere!" was the eager cry. Of course I always did "come he-ere." And then the delight of the dear little fellow was touching. Down he jumped to the door of his cage post-haste. Then, puffing out like a ball, he bowed right and left, dancing to and fro as if wound up to run for hours. And such a sweet piping as there was, too!



"THE POOR LITTLE BIRD PULLED AND PULLED, AND TUGGED AND TUGGED." (SEE PAGE 900.)

But he never played about the room when I was away. He was too sorrowful for that. His favorite haunt, next to my head or shoulders, was my bureau. He loved to hop all over it; but he loved best of all to mount the

big, fat pincushion. It was such fine fun to pull out the pins and drop them on the bureau scarf. Sometimes he carried them to the edge of the bureau and dropped them on the floor.

One day I bent the point of a large pin and twisted it well into the cushion. It was rather naughty, to be sure, but I wished to see what Don would do about it. The other pins came out and were dropped as usual. Then came the "tug of war." The poor little bird pulled and pulled, and tugged and tugged. The big pin moved but did not come out. He put his head on one side and eyed it severely. He was not one of the "give up" sort. He had made up his mind to conquer that pin. He worked very hard for at least ten minutes. Then the plaintive "Come he-ere, come he-ere!" rang out.

I waited to see what he would do next. And what do you think? He thought a little, then mounted the cushion again, and whistled and danced to that obstinate pin. But it stayed right where it was. Then he seized it once more, and tugged so hard that his tiny feet slipped and he sat right down. Next he got up and stared at it, then hopped to the edge of the bureau and called again, "Come he-ere, come he-ere!"

I could not tease him any longer and went to the rescue. The moment that pin was loose, Don seized it with a happy chuckle. Hopping to the back part of the bureau, he dropped the pin down between it and the wall. It was in disgrace, you know.

One day the dear little fellow had been very busy indeed. The cushion had been freshly filled with pins. That gave him a great deal of work to do, of course. The pins had all to be carried to the edge of the bureau and dropped overboard. That task finished, he went into his house to get his dinner.

I went to work to pick up the pins, telling Don that he was a naughty bird to make me so much trouble. It seemed as if he understood every word. At once he stopped eating his seeds, came out, and peeped at me over the edge of the bureau. Then down he came, making steps of my head, shoulder, and arm until he reached the floor. And there the dear little bird hurried around with all his might, picking up the pins. He flew up to the cushion, laid them down, and came back for more, until they were all gathered up. Then he sat on my chair, whistled his tune, and finally went to sleep.

The mirror was another source of great interest. Don never tired of talking and bowing to the other bird. It would never talk back, though, and that fact seemed to puzzle him very much.

One day Don had a present. A tiny bell was fastened to the roof of his cage. A string hung from it between the upper perches, so that he could easily reach it. Like most other birds, he was very fond of hemp-seeds. But no bird should have too many of them. They are too rich and fattening. They are liable to give our little birds indigestion or gout. Don got one only now and then, taking them from the hands of his friends.

I now began to teach him to ring the bell for the seeds. I held one out to him. When he tried to reach it, I held it back and rang the bell. Then at once I gave him the seed. It needed only a few such lessons to lead him to put these two things together. So it was not long before he caught the string in his beak and gave the bell a royal ringing whenever he saw a hemp-seed. He was so delighted with the success of his scheme that he kept on tugging the string for some time before he came for his reward, and he was quite unconscious that I was just as delighted with my success in training him.

Don soon became an expert bell-ringer. It was not only seeds that he rang for. He had got the idea that ringing the bell meant getting whatever he wanted. He always wanted me more than anything else; so his bell was rung for me whenever I was out of sight: not just once in a while, but nearly all the time, that tinkle, tinkle, could be heard. At the sound of my step or voice he would set the bell ringing violently. The tiny tinkle of it, and the coaxing "Come he-ere, come he-ere!" soon became familiar in our home.

Dear, dear little Don! He passed out of human sight long ago; but his cunning ways, his loving heart, will never pass out of the memory of his friends.

II. Dick.

DICK was a cat, such a great big cat that some people were afraid of him. He was striped and spotted like a tiger-cat, and was almost as big.

Dick and his little friends had fine times together. They played hide-and-seek and other games, and Dick liked the fun as well as the children, even when they played jokes on him.

Did you ever put paper boots on your cat? That is what Dick's playmates did to him. I was one of them, and it was great fun even for Dick himself. His feet were tied up in smooth paper and then he was set down on the floor. Then a spool tied to a string was put before him. Dick loved to play with spools, and was quick to catch them. He liked to play ball with them or make believe they were mice to be tossed or worried. But when Dick tried to catch the spool with his paper boots on it was a funny sight. His legs went wherever they chose. They did not care what he wanted at all. Each foot went skating by itself, and left poor Dick flat on the floor. He kicked, rolled over and over, and was the most puzzled cat you ever saw. He looked at that lively spool, winked at it, snatched at it, but could never catch it. He thought that it was the queerest spool he had ever seen, and that his feet were the queerest things he had ever owned.

But Dick was a smart cat and soon got the better of his teasing playmates. He found that when his paper boots were on his feet he might just as well lie down and go to sleep. He would not even try to catch a nice piece of cheese. So the boots were given up and did not bother Dick any more.

The children liked best to play in the sitting-room, which was upstairs, and Dick liked best to stay downstairs. So the door that led to the front stairs was kept shut when Dick was wanted in the sitting-room, and also the door at the foot of the stairs that led into the kitchen. When these were shut Dick's young friends thought they had him safe enough. But, in spite of all their care, that smart cat would slip away, and be found sitting and purring before the kitchen fire. He was fond of the kitchen, there were so many nice scraps there. No one knew how he had passed those closed doors, until one day the cook told on him.

She had seen him open the door of the kitchen stairs. It was all clear enough after that. The door opened with a thumb-latch. Dick had seen his little friends press their thumbs on the latch many a time to open the door, and he thought he could do so too. By standing on his hind legs he found that he could raise the latch easily.

This was only one of many wise things that Dick did. Every one who knew Dick said that he was the smartest cat that ever was seen. Of course that was not quite true, but it was true that he was smarter than most cats. Do you know the reason? It was because he was treated as though he could think and feel, and not as though he were a stick or stone that could not be hurt by unkind words or acts. This was the reason that Dick was so good and gentle.

This was the reason that he could think about what he saw, as he did about the latch of the door.

But of course he could not think as well as you can. He was only a cat, with a cat's brains. That was why, one day, he tried the thumb-latch trick on a round door-knob. When the door did not open for him he sat down and looked his wonder, and a more sad and sheepish-looking cat never was seen. His little playmates laughed at him, and then he crept under a sofa and would not come out for a long time.

One of the many tricks that Dick's friends played on him was for three or four of them to sit as far apart as possible. Then one would begin to whistle. At the first sound Dick's ears stood at "attention." At the second his legs stood at "make ready," and at the third whistle it was "go!" Full in the lap of the whistler he landed, and if a laugh did not stop the whistle Dick rubbed his head over his friend's mouth. If that did not answer, his velvet paw was quick to give a slap that always brought a laugh.

Then a second and third and fourth would start up a whistle, and poor Dick was kept rushing from one to another, until he gave up the game and sat on the floor, purring with all his might, as if he did not care a bit how long we kept on whistling. We never felt sure whether Dick liked or disliked the whistling, because, while he seemed trying to stop it, he was purring and rubbing against us all the while.

Dick was a full-grown cat when he came into our family, and for fourteen years he was the household pet. When at last old age ended his stay with us, he was mourned by old and young, and though many years have passed since then, his memory still is green.

III. Lady.

IT was because she was so handsome and so dainty that we named her Lady. She had been brought up in the country, and had never seen a city in her life until she came to us in the great city of Philadelphia.

Now, you know how it is with country children when they come to town. They see many things and hear many sounds that startle them because they do not know what they mean. It was the same way with poor Lady, only worse, because children can reason about things and think out their meaning. Horses can only feel afraid, without knowing that there is no need to be frightened at all.

It so chanced that Lady had never been near one of those great, roaring iron horses that we call "locomotives." One day when I was training her to pull a light carriage (for she had never been in the shafts before), a locomotive came rushing across the road in front of us.

Poor Lady was full of terror at the sight and the sound of it. She reared and jumped, and then, as my voice soothed her, stood trembling like a leaf. I was very careful after that. I saw that she must be taught that it would not hurt her, or else we might have a broken carriage and some broken bones.

Lady was a fine saddle-horse, and I often rode her out into the country. She liked the fun of a scamper along the green lanes as well as I did, but she did not like the city sights and sounds that met her nearer home. But I had made up my mind that Lady must learn not to fear them. So, first of all, I won her love and trust by being always gentle and kind to her. I never shouted at her or struck her. I knew that that would only frighten her more than ever. After that, whenever we came to anything that worried her and made her dance, I first soothed her by voice and touch; then I faced her toward the object she feared. When she had had a good look at it, I made her go a little closer to it, and then stop and take another look. Then, patting and talking to her all the time, I urged her still closer until she touched it and saw for herself that it would neither jump at nor bite her. In this way I taught her to pass quietly by piles of brick, stone, mortar,

boxes, lime-kilns, and all the other queer things that she had never met before.

Well, when she had learned that there was no harm in those queer-looking things that met her on the streets, I was ready to teach her the hardest lesson of all. This was, not to fear those awful trains of whistling, roaring cars, with the great, black, smoke-breathing iron horse at their head.

So one day Lady and I rode out to a place where there was a wide street with a railroad track on one side of it. I knew we must have plenty of room to jump and waltz around in.

We waited there till a train came along, and then Lady thought it was high time to go home. I did not, and I told her so. Poor Lady, she was in a dreadful fright. She backed and danced, and stood on her hind legs. When she came down on all four legs again, she danced and waltzed all over the street to the music of the big iron horse. It was dreadful enough just to look at. It was worse when it began to blow off steam. It was still worse when it gave two wild shrieks, and then went puffing off down the street.

I felt sorry for Lady, she was so frightened. But all the time I spoke softly to her and stroked her neck, and kept her facing that awful locomotive until it had puffed out of sight.

Day after day Lady and I rode out to see those locomotives. Day after day we went closer to them. We paid them many visits before Lady felt quite sure that the moving, hissing giant that breathed smoke and steam, and shrieked and roared, meant her no harm.

But she learned the lesson at last. She learned it so well that she felt only scorn and contempt for her one-time terror. Then I had to hold her back from crossing the track when a train was coming. Sometimes when it had stopped across the road she would have tried to climb over it, if I had let her. It was funny to see how she despised her old foe.

Lady soon learned the meaning of the word "back." In a short time it was only needful to give the word and she obeyed at once without any pulling on the reins. If I wished her to back when I was standing on the ground at her side, she had only to be touched on the breast, and back she went until told to stop. Some persons pull so hard on the bit when they wish their horses to back that the poor horses open their mouths in pain. This is cruel and not needful at all.

Lady soon came to think that she belonged to her teacher, or that her teacher belonged to her. She seemed a little doubtful as to which way it was; but, at all events, she made up her mind that she did not wish to obey any one else.

We took a ride nearly every day, Lady and I, and every ride was a lesson. They were learned, too, chiefly in a beautiful park that was often crowded with carriages and persons on horseback. Yet it was not long before the reins could be dropped on her neck, in the certainty that by voice alone she could be guided in and out among them all.

"Lady," a quiet voice would say. Then her ears pricked up, and she listened for the order she knew was coming. "Left," and at once she turned off to the left. "Right," and away she went to the right. If the word was repeated she kept on turning until she faced around the other way.

If she heard the order "Trot," "Canter," "Walk," she obeyed on the instant. It was funny to see how quickly she dropped from a quick canter into a walk, even at a whispered order. Sometimes, when trotting or cantering, a low-spoken, "Faster, faster," sent her tearing along as if there were a big race to run and she had set out to win it.

Nor was this all that Lady was taught. Even the voice was not needed to guide her. She soon learned to obey a set of whip signals as well as the orders by voice. A light touch on the flank started her into a trot. A touch on the right shoulder meant to canter. Between the ears meant to come down to a walk.

Pressing the whip against the right side of her neck was the signal to turn to the left. Pressing the whip on the left side meant to turn to the right. If the whip kept on pressing against her neck Lady turned and turned until she had completed a circle. Rubbing the whip on her back behind the saddle was the order to go faster.

All these orders by voice and touch Lady obeyed whether in harness or under the saddle.

Lady's stable was in a big lumber-yard. The lumber was piled up in neat rows, the fronts all even, and the piles sometimes as high as a two-story house. These piles of lumber stood in long rows, with a space between that was called a gangway.

It was in one of these gangways that Lady learned to play "jump the rope," only her rope was a light strip of wood. Two of the workmen stood about midway of the length of the gangway, one on either side. The light strip of wood rested on their palms. Then Lady and I came toward them at a canter. The men held the strip low at first, and if Lady's hoofs struck it in the leap, it fell to the ground. That was why the men held it so lightly. If it had been tight or fastened it might have thrown Lady down if she had struck it.

Lady soon caught the idea of a jump. Then it was a wonder to see how quick she was to learn. Higher and higher she jumped, until at last she went over that strip of wood as lightly as a bird, though it was at the height of an ordinary fence.

"AT LAST SHE WENT OVER THAT STRIP OF WOOD AS LIGHTLY AS A BIRD, THOUGH IT WAS AT THE HEIGHT OF AN ORDINARY FENCE."

After that there were no more lessons to teach Lady. Her education was complete. But she had some ideas of her own, and learned something for herself, as you will see.

We had traveled along together like good comrades for a number of years when Lady had the misfortune to fall into the hands of an ignorant country blacksmith. He put shoes on her that were too small, and so gave her a corn on one foot.

Of course that corn made Lady lame once in a while. Several times, after being harnessed to the carriage, she had to be put back in the stable. It was the same, too, several times under the saddle. So, by and by, our smart Lady began to put the two things together, being lame and having a lazy time in her stall. Not that she was at all a lazy horse; indeed, most people thought her one fault was wishing

to travel too fast. She was only spoiled, like the rest of us when we are sick and are humored too much by those who love us.

Once Lady was kept at ease for two weeks because of her lame foot. Then the man who took care of her said that she was all right again. She had been turned loose in the lumber-yard all day Sunday, when of course the gates were shut, and had trotted and galloped about without limping at all. So I took her out under the saddle. We had one nice canter, and then poor Lady began to go lame. I felt worried and sorry for her, and at once took her back to her stable.

A few days later we had another ride, as Lady's groom said that she had got over her lameness. But it was the same thing again, and so we turned around and went home once more.

Another week passed, and as her groom declared that Lady was not lame, we started out for a ride again. Away we went on a nice, smooth road. It was all right at first, but soon Lady began to limp again. By this time I had begun to have my doubts, and instead of taking Lady home I made her keep on. Her lameness grew worse and worse, and it seemed as if it must be real. So we faced about, and as soon as Lady felt sure that she was really on the way home she set off at a lively trot! There was not a bit of lameness left.

Suddenly she found herself facing away from home. In a moment that queer lameness came back, and it kept getting worse and worse. But instead of feeling sorry this time I laughed so hard that I nearly fell out of the saddle. Again that naughty Lady was faced toward home. At once she pricked up her ears in the most cheerful way and set off at a swift canter. Again she was faced the other way, and though her lameness came back we kept straight on. She looked around at me in reproach, only to be told that she was a sad rogue, and to hear a lecture on the wicked trick she had played on her friend.

We took a long ride of ten miles that day, and Lady reached home a wiser and sadder horse. She never played that trick on me again, though she tried it once on another rider.

Our family always spent the summer at the same place. It was a beautiful spot on the banks of the Delaware River. Of course Lady was one of our party, and a very popular one. She was allowed to roam over the grounds and enjoy the sweet, crisp grass and the shady trees. She could go wherever she chose, and where do you think she did go sometimes?

Outside the kitchen was a big open shed where the servants had their table in the summer-time. It was not long before Lady learned the meaning of the bell that rang for meals. She came up to the house when she heard it, and waited until she saw the servants sit down at their table. Then she walked into the shed and, reaching over their shoulders, helped herself to a big mouthful of bread or cake and walked off to eat it at her leisure. This frightened the servants at first, but they soon laughed at it, and even set "Lady's plate" convenient for her.

One day when Lady came walking along she found a little girl under the shed. She was sitting on a bench, husking corn for dinner. Lady loved corn and she began to sniff at it. The little girl threw herself full length on the bench so as to cover up the corn. Lady pricked up her ears and looked at the little girl in scorn. Then she stretched out her neck, put her nose against the brave defender of the corn, and quietly rolled her off on the ground.

Then she nodded her proud head and winked at the little girl as much as to say, "Well, who 's the smartest?" The next moment she had two ears of that nice sugar corn in her mouth and walked off to enjoy them under a tree. The little girl picked herself up and looked after Lady. She was not sure whether she ought to laugh or cry, but she was wise enough to choose to laugh.

We all loved Lady, and when, after years of faithful service, she left us, as all our pets must do, we mourned her loss. She was like one of the family. It did not seem right at all to speak of her as "a horse." She seemed just like one of ourselves.

What Lady was to us you can make your own horse by treating it kindly and as a friend.

WHEN THE BIRDS WERE OUR GUESTS.

(A True Story of My Childhood.)

By F. E. Hawson.

THAT was a dry year in Australia. All through the winter months, except for a few light showers which barely laid the dust, there had been no rain, and when summer came, the fierce sun blazed down upon a bare red earth from which the parched herbage had long since been swept away by the strong north wind, leaving nothing but the dry stumps of the tufted grass. The sheep died in hundreds, and the cattle found scant nourishment by feeding upon the acrid leaves of the bush shrubs.

In the middle of January a day came which was the climax of that awful summer. After a stifling, breathless night, the sun rose like a great red ball, growing hotter and fiercer as he ascended in the heavens, until at noon the air scorched the flesh like the blast from a furnace. Even the leaves of the hardy gum-trees rustled and crackled and withered with the intense heat, while the sandalwood-trees, the wattle and cassia bushes, with each smaller tree and shrub, drooped, their leaves hanging limp and lifeless.

The wild birds, open-mouthed and gasping, met in the giant gum-tree, which in former years had afforded them grateful shade; but now it gave no shelter, for its leaves stood on edge and the burning sun-rays filtered through. Even the eagle-hawk was subdued. With parted beak and outspread wings, he balanced his body on a stout bough and glanced uncaring at his feathered prey, for well he knew the hot blood of birds would not ease this raging thirst.

Following the eagle-hawk's eye, the crow looked down with a sinister smile upon the birds panting on every branch. All were there: Laughing Jack in his brown coat, his boisterous merriment stilled. The magpie, his black-and-white dress, usually so spick and span, now dingy and ruffled, for what bird could care how he looked in such weather? At dawn he had tried a note or two of his glorious morning song, but soon quavered off into silence. Perched on a twig in his pretty garment of soft, eucalyptus green, was little Silvereye, the daring bird who persistently refused to be scared away when a gun was fired, but kept his place in the branches, trusting to his coat concealing him among the leaves which he resembled so closely; instead, he would turn a merry, silver-rimmed eye toward the hunter as though inviting another shot.

Seated near their brown cousins of the plains were the pretty blue wrens, their lovely dress, brilliant azure on the male, more somber on the female, making a bright spot of color. The "cooloody," a smaller and less aggressive copy of Laughing Jack, was perched beside the dull-coated but musical thrush. The black-and-white flycatcher was there, the friend of the cows, on whose backs he often perches when hunting for his food and their torment, the flies. The whole parrot family was represented, from the great red-and-yellow-crested cockatoos, the screaming pink-and-gray galas, the large, gorgeously plumaged parrots, down to the tiny soft green parrakeets. Besides these there were the ground lark and his silver-voiced brother of the sky, the bronze-wing pigeon, the tiny crested dove, and many other birds of the bush too numerous to mention severally.

All the birds were suffering terribly from thirst, and there seemed no hope of any alleviation of their agony unless rain should come. All the water-holes were dried up. Even the supply of water in the wells appeared to be getting low, and the day before my father had ordered the troughs where the animals watered to be covered, to prevent evaporation, and to keep the dingos from drinking there. He hoped that this frightful weather, if it did no other good, would kill off these enemies of the sheep. Previous to the covering of the troughs, the birds had been accustomed to drink and bathe there in the early morning and in the evening.

For me and my brothers and sisters this terrible day had been a trying one also. We were not allowed to go out of doors for fear of sunstroke, and, restless and tortured by the heat, we had wandered from room to room, unable to lie still as we were bidden, and with no heart for our usual indoor amusements. The only thing which made us forget our discomfort for even one moment was the sight of our friends the wild birds collected in the big gum-tree in front of the house. We knew that their sufferings were greater than our own, and we grieved that we could not help them.

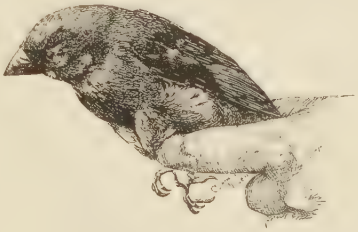
About four o'clock we were all together at

"WHEN THEIR THIRST WAS QUENCHED THEY PERCHED IN VARIOUS ATTITUDES ABOUT THE ROOM."

the window, looking out, when we noticed a commotion among the dispirited and gasping birds. They seemed simultaneously to have agreed upon some plan, for they all dropped to the ground, and slowly, with outspread wings and open mouths, painfully crossed the hot earth between the tree and the house, and presently we saw the marvelous sight of the whole troop, headed by little Silvereye, trailing up to the veranda. In amazement and delight, we called to our mother:

"Oh mama, mama! The birds — the birds!"

"Open wide the windows," she instantly ordered; "perhaps they will come in. See, children, the poor things are perishing with thirst!"



"THE BIRDS DID NOT MOVE AWAY, BUT ALLOWED US TO TOUCH THEM."

We obeyed at once, and the birds came panting in, their wings drooping, their beaks apart. Oh, the wonder and the joy of it! Our hearts swelled and almost burst with delight at the thought that the birds — our dear wild birds whom we loved so much — of their own accord had come to us for aid in their extremity.

The heat was forgotten in the great happiness of ministering to the needs of our guests. We ran to the kitchen for all the shallow dishes we could find. These we filled with water and placed on the parlor floor. The birds were not slow to understand. They crowded around the pans, and drank and drank, dipping in their beaks again and again, and lifting their heads to allow the cool fluid to trickle refreshingly down their parched throats. When their thirst was quenched they made no attempt to get out, but perched in various attitudes about the room.

The crow flew to the mantelpiece, stood on the corner of the shelf, uttered a weak *caw*, and looked around with an air of great dignity. The eagle-hawk perched upon the arm of the sofa, while the magpie chose a shelf in the corner as a resting-place. Most of the small birds found perches on the fresh boughs father had cut in the early morning, and which mama had arranged in the big open fireplace so as to give the room an appearance of coolness. Laughing Jack looked comical seated silently and gravely on the back of a chair. The prettiest picture was made by a number of parra-

keets who sat in a row on the fender. The pigeons, larks, and most of the ground birds crept under the furniture, remained on the floor, or perched on the rungs of chairs.

For a long time we children could do little but gaze in rapture at the birds. That our wild feathered friends should have come to visit us seemed like a bit out of fairyland, and every few minutes we would rub our eyes and look again to see if it were really true.

If we went near, the birds did not move away, but allowed us to touch them, and Silvereye even hopped on to Arthur's finger and sat there contentedly for quite a while. It was a rare pleasure to take a little unresisting parrakeet, honey-bird, crested dove, or blue wren in our hands, hold it up to our ears and listen to the quick beating of the tiny heart, or stroke the soft feathers with our smooth cheeks. But mama said we must not handle the tender creatures much lest we make them ill. So we satisfied ourselves by watching them, and by going every few minutes to bring fresh water, also bread, which we crumbled on the floor, hoping that our guests might be tempted to eat. But the birds did not care for food. Water and shade were all they craved.

All too short was that happy afternoon. The night closed in hot and stifling, and the birds made no move to go. We were allowed to stay up later than usual, but at ten o'clock were sent to bed. After tossing restlessly for an hour or more, I sank into a troubled sleep, from which I was awakened by flashes of distant lightning and the rumbling of a coming storm. Each moment the flashes were brighter and the thunder-claps louder. My brothers and sisters were also awake, and in the intervals of stillness I called to them across the hall. The storm was traveling at a rapid pace, and it was not long before it burst in all its fury over the house. The wind howled around the corners, the thunder roared, blinding flashes of lightning illuminated our rooms, and the rain and hail beat upon the roof. It lasted longer than most summer storms, but at length passed, leaving quietness behind it, and in the hush of the dawn we heard a stir in the parlor.

We did not wait to put on even our shoes, but in bare feet and nightgowns ran down, to find our parents already dressed, and the birds, awake, alive, fully recovered from the suffering of the previous day, collected at the windows, eager to get out.

"Oh mama, can't we keep them?" we asked eagerly.

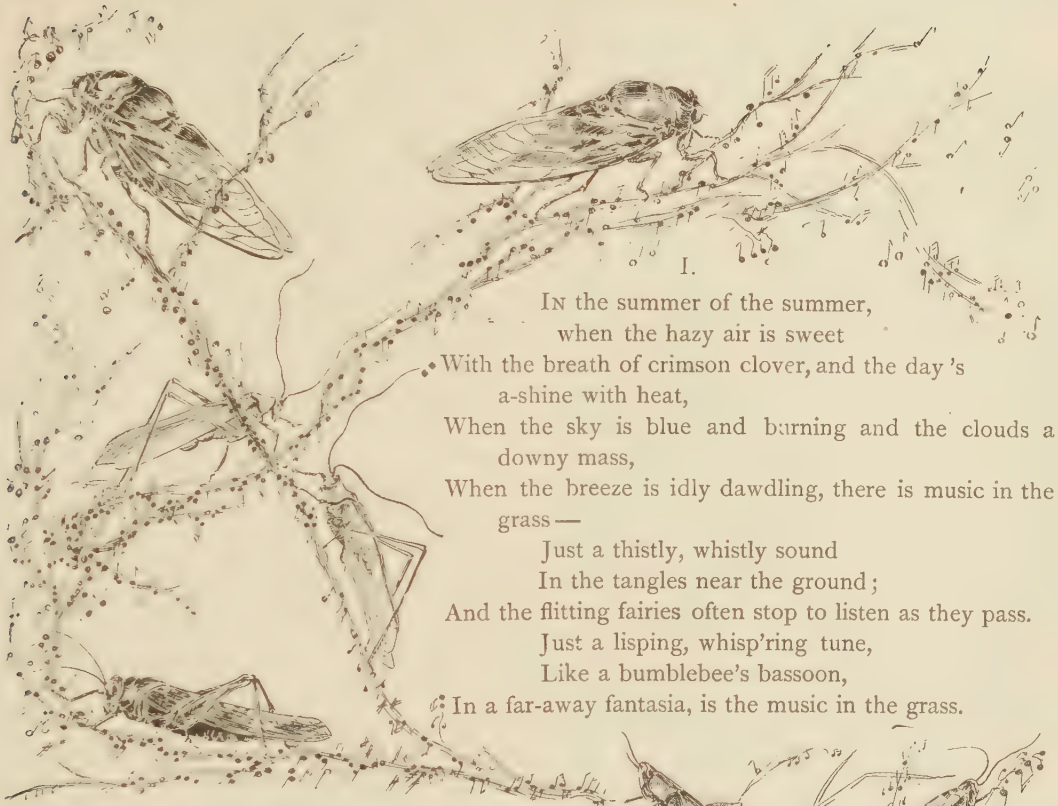
"No."

"Not even one?"

But our dear mother was firm. She had the strongest sense of the rights of animals, and she knew that no matter how kind we might be to these birds, they would never be so happy in captivity as in the wild freedom of the bush. So half reluctantly we opened wide the windows, and so with *coos* and *caws*, and various notes of ecstasy they flew joyfully forth into the sweet-smelling, rain-freshened world. We, too, felt glad with them, and rejoiced that they were free.

Though ever after on each hot summer day we hoped they might, the birds never again visited us; but I think they recognized our greater friendliness, and after that day were more tame, especially as father gave orders that no bird was to be shot near our house. Among all the sweet memories of my childhood, the day when the birds were our guests stands out as the most exquisite of all.

MUSIC IN THE GRASS.

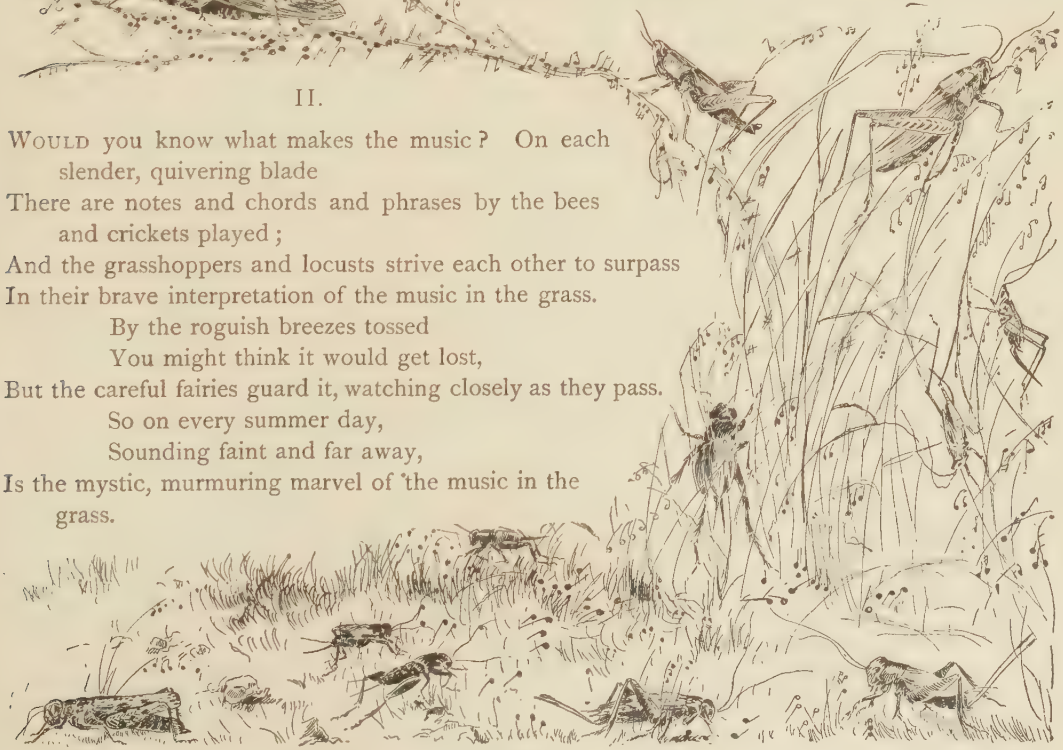


I.

In the summer of the summer,
when the hazy air is sweet
With the breath of crimson clover, and the day's
a-shine with heat,
When the sky is blue and burning and the clouds a
downy mass,
When the breeze is idly dawdling, there is music in the
grass —
Just a thistly, whistly sound
In the tangles near the ground;
And the flitting fairies often stop to listen as they pass.
Just a lisping, whisp'ring tune,
Like a bumblebee's bassoon,
In a far-away fantasia, is the music in the grass.

II.

Would you know what makes the music? On each
slender, quivering blade
There are notes and chords and phrases by the bees
and crickets played;
And the grasshoppers and locusts strive each other to surpass
In their brave interpretation of the music in the grass.
By the roguish breezes tossed
You might think it would get lost,
But the careful fairies guard it, watching closely as they pass.
So on every summer day,
Sounding faint and far away,
Is the mystic, murmuring marvel of the music in the
grass.



A COMEDY IN WAX.

(Begun in the November number.)

By B. L. Farjeon.

Chapter XXVII.

SOME MATTERS OF BUSINESS.

"Your Majesty," said Mme. Tussaud, addressing Richard Cœur de Lion, "expressed the hope that the fair damsel who is oppressed is not our dear Mlle. Lucy. Sire, it is not that sweet child, but she suffers as deeply as if it were indeed herself who is under the oppressor's thumb. The damsel whom we seek to release, and whose happiness we have journeyed hither to insure, is Lucy's sister, Mlle. Lydia."

"Ha! The fair Lydia," said Henry VIII. "One of England's sweetest flowers. And is it this varlet who would bar the way to her heart's desire?"

"You shall hear, your Majesty and the royal court of England here assembled. I charge this man, Lorimer Grimweed, with using a base power he holds over the damsel's father to force her into marriage with him — with him whom she detests. For her love is bestowed upon a worthier gentleman, one who has provided excellent entertainment for my celebrities this day and night."

"We have observed what passed between this pair of lovers," said Henry VIII. "It is Harry of the Bower."

"The same, your Majesty."

"A proper man, and a fit mate for the fair Lydia."

"The father of these dear girls," said Mme. Tussaud, "has lived all his life in this pleasant retreat, which," she added, "you may one day revisit —"

"It likes us well," said Queen Elizabeth. "The happiness of the fair Lydia and Harry of the Bower is near to our hearts, and we should be glad to witness it."

All the celebrities, with the exception of Richard III and the Headsman (who, being for the time inanimate, of course could n't), rubbed their hands.

"He indeed has a great affection for Marybud Lodge, and has spent much money in beautifying it," continued Mme. Tussaud. "It is hallowed with his tenderest memories. His sweet daughters were born here, and it would sorely grieve them to be compelled to leave it."

"Who compels them, madame?" inquired Richard Cœur de Lion.

"This man, Lorimer Grimweed, to whom the land belongs. He boasted to me that he has old Mr. Scarlett under his thumb, and refuses to renew the lease which I have in my pocket" — she produced it — "unless our dear Lucy's sister Lydia consents to marry him."

"Nay, by St. Jude, but that shall not be," said Henry VIII, and turned to the celebrities. "What punishment shall we devise for the knave who thus conspires to destroy the happiness of England's fairest daughters?"

"Death!" they cried; and Lorimer Grimweed's knees shook, and every vestige of color left his face.

"Oh, grimes!" he gasped. "But this is awfuller than ever!"

"No, not death, your Majesties," said Mme. Tussaud, "but something perhaps even worse. Attend to me, Lorimer Grimweed. You have witnessed the power I possess — the power which all here acknowledge."

"We do," said the celebrities.

"And who dare dispute the word of England's Majesty?" said Mme. Tussaud. "Miserable man, look at the figures of my executioner and Richard III. Look well at them."

Lorimer Grimweed gazed at the statuesque forms, and his terror became so great that he could scarcely stand.

"They will remain as you behold them," said Mme. Tussaud, "motionless, immovable, without feeling, without power to speak, until I

release them. They will remain like that, at my will and pleasure, for as long a time as I choose to keep them so. If I so decide they will remain like that forever — yes, *forever!* And as they are so shall you be unless you relinquish your pretensions to the hand of Miss Lydia, and unless you sign the new lease of Marybud Lodge. Do you consent?"

She raised her magic cane.

"No, no!" he screamed, falling on his knees. "Don't — please don't! Oh, spare me — spare me!"

"Do you consent?"

"Yes — yes! Oh, grimes, oh, grimes!"

"You will no longer persecute Miss Lydia with your attentions? You relinquish your base design?"

"I do — I do!"

"You will sign the lease?"

"I will — I will!"

"This do you promise," said Queen Elizabeth, in a tone of stern command, "'so grace and mercy at your most need help you!'"

"I do — I do! I 'll do anything you want. Only put down that cane, Mme. Tussaud. There 's no occasion for it; there is n't, indeed! You 've no idea of the effect it has upon me. It gives a fellow the twitches to that extent that he feels as if he were falling to pieces!"

"And remember always," said Mme. Tussaud, "that should you break your promise, by spoken or written word, or should you give Lucy or Lydia or their papa the least annoyance, I will exercise my power over you, and there will be an end of you forever."

"I will bear it in mind — I will never, never forget it. You may take my word; indeed you may. I was never more earnest in all my life; never, never!"

Mme. Tussaud turned to her celebrities. "Have I your consent, my celebrities, to ratify this agreement?"

"You have," they replied.

"Then we will have the lease signed at once, and some of you shall witness it. Harry Bower, do you know where Mr. Scarlett sleeps?"

"Yes, madam."

"Go and awake him if he be asleep, and ask him to have the kindness to step here for a few minutes. We will not detain him long."

Mr. Scarlett was only half asleep, and his brain was teeming with extraordinary fancies, when Harry entered his bedroom; and greatly astonished was he at the message. Hastily scrambling into his clothes, he accompanied the young man in a confused state of mind to the drawing-room.

"It is n't all a dream, is it, Harry?" he asked, before they reached the room.

"No, sir," replied Harry; "it is a very happy reality."

"And my dear Lydia and you are to be married?"

"I hope so, sir."

"I hope so, too; for she would be happy with no one but you, Harry. You shall have the nicest wedding! But the way it has been brought about, the way I have been made to see my error — so strange, so singular, so beautiful! Ah, Harry, it is never too late to learn."

"Mr. Scarlett," said Mme. Tussaud, when he and Harry appeared, "I regret that you should have been disturbed, but no doubt you will be pleased when you learn why we require your presence. I am happy to inform you that Mr. Lorimer Grimweed has withdrawn his suit for your daughter Lydia's hand." She paused and looked at Lorimer Grimweed for confirmation of her statement.

"Yes, I withdraw, I withdraw," said the trembling man.

"In favor of Harry Bower," continued Mme. Tussaud, "to whom Lydia has given her heart." Again she looked at Lorimer Grimweed.

"Of course, of course," he stammered. "In favor of Harry Bower."

"You will be pleased also to learn that Mr. Grimweed has agreed to sign the new lease which he brought with him to-day. I think I may say that, under the circumstances," — she fixed her eyes upon Lorimer Grimweed and repeated, — "under the circumstances, he is anxious to retain you as his tenant. That is so, is it not, Mr. Grimweed?"

"Most anxious — *most* anxious."

"You have found Mr. Scarlett a good tenant, I hope, Mr. Grimweed?"

"Certainly, most certainly. No landlord could desire a better one."

"Pays his rent regularly, I trust?"

"Regular as clockwork. Never behind."

"The lease, I see, is for seven years, renewable at your option, Mr. Scarlett, at the end of that term for another seven, and after that for another seven. But I should like to ask you one question. In such a delightful locality as this, property would naturally increase in value. Has Marybud Lodge increased in value?"

"I think it has," said Mr. Scarlett.

"Then there should be an increase in the rent."

"I am willing to pay it."

"Say an increase of fifty pounds a year."

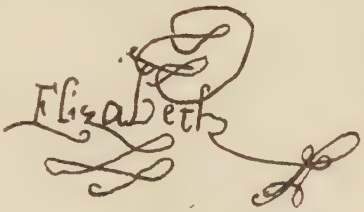
"Willingly, willingly," said Mr. Scarlett.

"You see, Mr. Grimweed," said Mme. Tussaud, "that Mr. Scarlett is desirous to deal fairly by you. Harry Bower, bring pen and ink. Alter the figures, Mr. Grimweed, and put another fifty pounds a year into your pocket."

"Doth the varlet deserve it, Mme. la Tussaud?" said Henry VIII.

"In man's dealing with man, your Majesty," she replied, "justice should be the principal aim. Mr. Grimweed will perhaps learn the lesson that honesty is the best policy. In human life, justice, mercy, and kindness are three of its brightest jewels. Have you made the alteration, Mr. Grimweed? Yes, I see you have. Now please sign. This is your hand and deed? Good. Will your Majesty be kind enough to witness the signature?"

She handed the pen to Queen Elizabeth, who wrote her name thus:



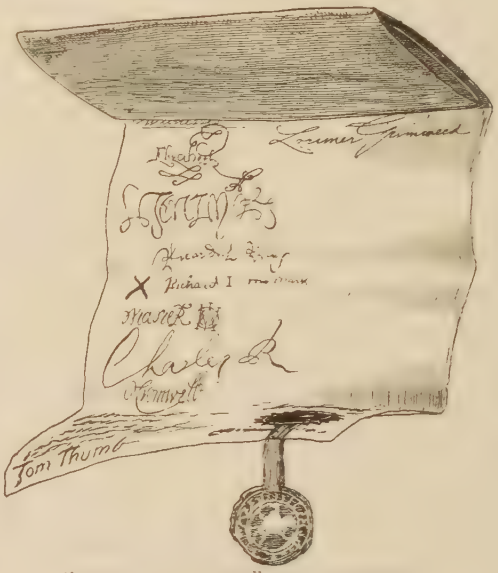
"Now your signature, Henry," said Mme. Tussaud, passing the pen to Henry VIII.

After these signatures came those of Richard Cœur de Lion, Mary Queen of Scots, Charles II, Oliver Cromwell, and, last of all, Tom Thumb, who had to be lifted up to the table to write his name.

"Genuine autographs," said Mme. Tussaud, handing the precious lease to Mr. Scarlett, "for which collectors would give untold gold. Take great care of it, Mr. Scarlett, for it is a unique document." She accompanied him to the door, after he had bowed to the celebrities and had received a gracious acknowledgment from them. "Do you know whom you have to thank for this, Mr. Scarlett?"

"You, madam," he answered.

"No," she said. "It is your dear, brave little Lucy you have to thank for it. Good night, Lucy's papa. Sleep well."



"GENUINE AUTOGRAPHS"—THE WITNESSES TO GRIMWEED'S SIGNATURE.

Then she went back to her celebrities, and touched Richard III and the Headsman with her magic cane. To Lorimer Grimweed's alarm, they instantly came to life. He held up his hands to ward them off.

"They will not harm you, Mr. Grimweed," said Mme. Tussaud. "You may now retire. But you will not leave the house. You will remain within these walls until daylight, when you will be free to depart."

Half an hour afterward Mme. Tussaud stood in Lydia's bedroom. On this night the sisters slept together. The celebrities were assembled in the grounds, close to the back entrance of the Lodge, and Harry Bower was with them. They were about to leave the fortress, with victory inscribed upon their banner.

Lucy and Lydia were in dreamland.

Mme. Tussaud, gazing pensively upon the sisters, thought she had never seen a sweeter pic-

ture. Lucy's arm was round Lydia's neck, and one little hand was on the counterpane. Peace and joy were typified in the sleeping forms. Their soft breathing was like a zephyr's flowing kiss, and there was perfect happiness on their faces.

"Good night, darling Lucy," murmured Mme. Tussaud; "good night, dear Lydia. You remind me of my Princes in the Tower, but a vastly happier fate awaits you. Good night, good night. Joy be with you!"

Chapter XXVIII.

Farewell to Marybud Lodge.

When she rejoined her celebrities in the grounds Mme. Tussaud made them a little speech, in which she cordially thanked them for their assistance.

"We have accomplished the task we set out to perform," she said, "and have made our dear Lucy happy, and through her — never forget that, Harry Bower — you and your pretty Lydia. Love her and cherish her, and you will have a full measure of the best that life can give. Love is the most precious gift that Heaven has bestowed upon mankind. Yes, my celebrities, the curtain is falling upon our comedy. Meanness is defeated, love is triumphant. You have behaved admirably, all of you — especially you, Tom Thumb, and you, Queen Elizabeth, and you, Henry VIII — but I will not make invidious comparisons. You all have done well. I promised you entertainment, Henry. Have I kept my word?"

"By my troth!" he answered, "'t is nigh upon four hundred years since we spent so happy a day."

"We return now to our beloved show," continued Mme. Tussaud, "where we will stand, as we have stood for many generations in the past, and will for many generations in the future, for the instruction and entertainment of old and young. And if perchance this adventure of ours comes to their knowledge — though of course that is almost too much to hope for — but if it should, our visitors will gaze upon us with renewed interest, and old people who visited us when they were young will come again to renew the joys of those early days. Harry Bower will accompany us on our homeward journey, and I beg of you to be very, very careful, and very, very obedient. This is not the last of our adventures. I promise you many happy days in the future, when I trust Richard III will endeavor to be more agreeable than he has been to-day."

THE CELEBRITIES WITNESSING GRIMWEED'S SIGNATURE.

"It hath been a merry day, Tom of the Thumb," said Queen Elizabeth, looking down kindly upon her Lilliputian cavalier.

"A bully day, Queen E," Tom replied.

"Even in my free and enlightened country we could hardly get up such a good picnic as this."

"And see, Tom, the moon!" said Elizabeth.

The floating clouds revealed its radiance, and the garden of Marybud Lodge was flooded with fairy light. With a languishing glance at the queen, the little man said:

"'Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear, that tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—'"

"'O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,'" Elizabeth murmured coyly.

There was a look of sadness on their faces as Harry Bower unlocked the gate leading to the old stables in which stood the van and horses which had conveyed them to Marybud Lodge, and were now to convey them back to Marylebone Road.

Queen Elizabeth paused before she passed out, and, with a wave of her royal hand to her companions, said:

> "'Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
> As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
> Are melted into air, into thin air:'"

"No, no, your Majesty," interposed Mme. Tussaud, "not quite that."

"I am speaking the words of our sweet Will," said Queen Elizabeth, "and there is some application in them to our state.

> 'Are melted into air, into thin air:
> And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
> The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on; and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.'"

Chapter XXIX.

BACK TO THEIR PLACES.

By the same arts which she had employed at the commencement of the adventure Mme. Tussaud brought it to a successful termination. The return, it is true, was more difficult than the setting out had been, for the exhibition was jealously guarded. Additional night-watchmen had been put on, and, late as it was, there were still a few persons outside, gazing at the walls, with a vague notion that something like the wonders related in the story of Aladdin might take place before their eyes. But the tact and cleverness of the mistress of the show were equal to the occasion. She glided about like a spirit. Every human being in the vicinity of the exhibition was transfixed by a touch of her magic cane. Those who occupied the places of the missing celebrities were carried out swiftly and dexterously by Loushkin, Oliver Cromwell, and Harry Bower, and the celebrities themselves stepped into their old positions and were there transfixed. Some of them were inclined to argue the matter, but their mistress succeeded in convincing them that it would be much the best for them to yield gracefully. When this was done, Mme. Tussaud went back to the street and set all the human beings in motion again. It was as simple as a-b-c. The horses in the post-office van trotted off, with the driver on the box; the revivified persons walked on as though nothing had occurred; and everything was as it had been twenty-four hours before. Then Mme. Tussaud wished Harry Bower good night, bidding him be sure to give her

THE CELEBRITIES PASSING OUT OF

fond love to Lucy and Lydia; next she set her firemen and night-watchmen going again, and finally she stepped into her old place, at the head of Mme. Sainte Amaranthe.

You may be sure she first took great pains to put her magic cane where no one but herself could find it; and she was quite right to be so careful, for if it happened to fall into other hands there is no telling what might occur.

As for what the public journals said on the following day, the consultations held, the investigations and speculations of the learned doctors, the scientific theories started, the letters written to the newspapers by the most eminent men in the kingdom, the fresh wave of excitement that paralyzed business, the second visits of the Lord Mayor and the sheriffs and aldermen in their state robes and carriages, and of the Prince and Princess of Wales and the whole of the royal family, including their Most Gracious Majesties the King and Queen, the frantic rush of the fashionable classes and of every member of society to get into the exhibition — if you should succeed in obtaining a copy of the book of which mention is made in a previous chapter, you will find the whole of these particulars recorded therein.

THE GATE OF MARYBUD LODGE.

Chapter XXX.

ORANGE-BLOSSOMS AND WEDDING-CAKE.

When the lavender-fields were sending forth their delicious perfume — every one knows what time of the year that is by the cry, "A penny a bunch, sweet lavender!" in all the streets — there was a wedding. Nothing very wonderful in that, you say. No; but this was a very special wedding, and if you are clever (which of course you are, or you would not be reading this comedy) you may be able to guess the names of the bride and bridegroom. All you have to do is to take the initials L. S. and H. B., and entwine them in a true lover's knot. Perhaps that will assist you.

To describe the happiness of this young couple is simply an impossibility. Any attempt of ours to depict it would be nothing less than a downright failure, so let us be content with saying that they were very, very, very happy.

Will you be surprised to hear that there was some one happier even than the bride and bridegroom? A little girl — Lucy.

Yes; though her white kid gloves *did* burst when she was putting them on, and she had n't another pair, there was not in all his Majesty's dominions (Edward VII's, not Henry VIII's) a happier human being than Lucy on this glorious wedding-day — nor a prettier.

Fresh from his ocean bath rose the sun at the earliest possible moment in the morning, and continued to shine until quite late; which perhaps was the reason why Lucy's and Lydia's eyes were so luminous. All the birds in Marybud were awake long before their regular time, and the moment the sky began to blush (it was a blushing day, you know) they began to sing, and did not leave off singing for hours and hours.

At four o'clock in the afternoon a smart open carriage stopped at the gates of a certain exhibition in Marylebone Road. The horses had

wedding rosettes at their ears, there was a wedding favor on the whip, and the coachman wore a huge bouquet. And out of the carriage who should step but Lucy and Lydia and Harry Bower and old Mr. Scarlett! Lucy had a little parcel in her hand, neatly tied up with white ribbon, of which she was taking the greatest care. Lydia and Harry and Mr. Scarlett had a number of smaller parcels in their pockets.

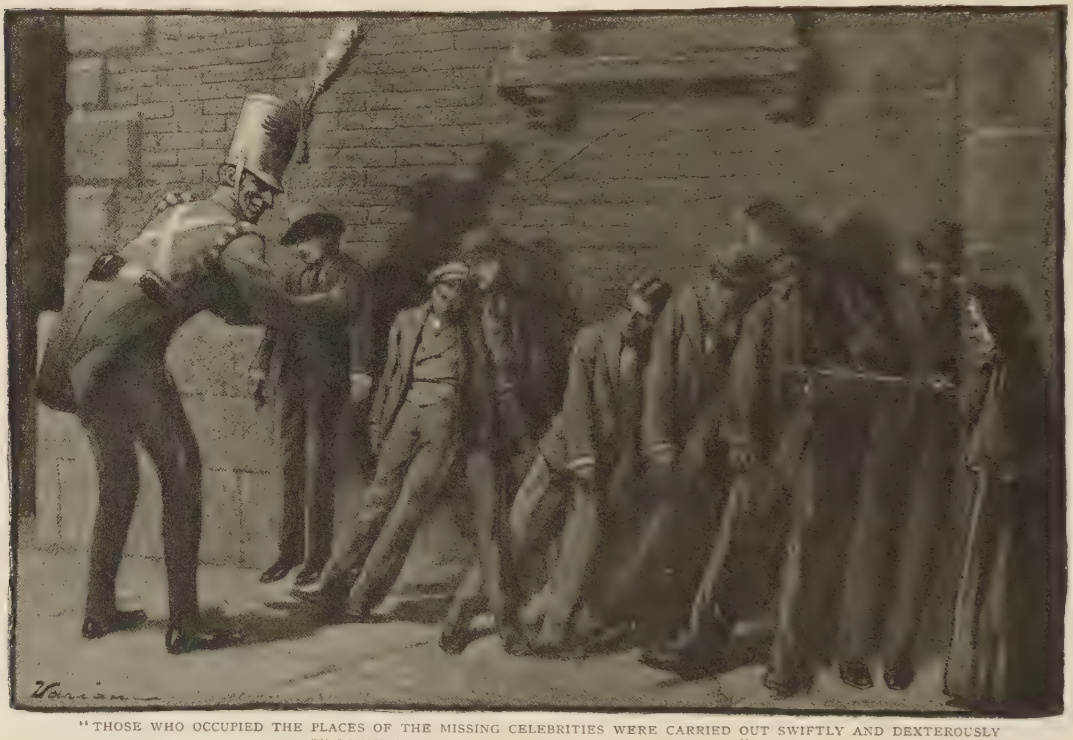
They had been several times to the exhibition lately, as had all the other persons who lived in Marybud Lodge, and Lorimer Grimweed as well, and more than once Mr. Scarlett had said:

"Oh, yes, I dessay! You may make believe to be wax, but Belinda knows. Oh, you 'Enery the Heighth — you *are* a funny one!"

And she caused further astonishment, when she stood before Loushkin the Russian giant, by looking up at him and informing him that it was her day out next Monday.

Miss Pennyback, on her visit, would have liked to box Mme. Tussaud's ears, but fear of consequences restrained her. "Where *is* that mysterious cane?" she thought. She peered in every direction, without catching sight of it.

As for Lorimer Grimweed, he hardly knew



"THOSE WHO OCCUPIED THE PLACES OF THE MISSING CELEBRITIES WERE CARRIED OUT SWIFTLY AND DEXTEROUSLY BY LOUSHKIN, OLIVER CROMWELL, AND HARRY BOWER."

"I suppose it *did* all happen, Lucy?"

"Oh, papa!" answered Lucy. "Such a question!"

But the same thought had occurred to others — to Miss Pennyback, for instance, and the Marchioness of Barnet, and Sir Rowley, and Flip of the Odd. Not to Belinda. *She* never had a doubt on the subject. Indeed, when she visited the exhibition with the order which Mme. Tussaud had given her, she astonished persons standing near her by saying in quite a loud voice:

what to think. He had read in the newspapers the astonishing accounts of the human beings who had been transfixed in Mme. Tussaud's exhibition, and of their wonderful coming to life again, and although when he thought of the last day and night he had spent in Marybud Lodge he sometimes shook his head, he had too wholesome a fear of the power of the magic cane ever to dispute the lease, or ever to trouble the Scarlett family more.

And now here were Lucy and her papa, and

the bride and bridegroom, walking through the exhibition, while the carriage waited for them at the gates. They stopped at every one of their old friends, and to her special favorites Lucy said softly:

"How do you do? This is dear Lydia's wedding-day, and she could n't go honeymooning without coming to tell you."

The figures stared straight before them and said nothing.

"Of course you must n't move or speak," whispered Lucy, confidentially, "because people are about. We quite understand that, so please don't disturb yourselves. But we know you wish her joy. Don't you think she is a beautiful bride? Every one in the church said she was the most lovely bride that ever was seen. And she is."

The small parcels with which the pockets of the bridal party were filled contained chocolate creams, and wherever they moved they looked for places in which to secrete them, where the visitors would not be likely to see them. It was more difficult to get rid of the larger parcel which Lucy carried, but presently, when they were close to Shakspere's platform, Lydia said:

"Now, Lucy, quick! No one 's looking."

Like lightning Lucy glided behind the platform and dropped her parcel there. No one except themselves saw her do it, or knew she had done anything at all.

They remained a long time by Mme. Tussaud's side.

"Dear, dear Mme. Tussaud!" whispered Lucy. "We could n't let the day pass without coming to see you. We all are so happy — oh, so happy! Lydia is Mrs. Harry Bower now. Does n't it sound grand? Mrs. — Harry — Bower! And all through you! Oh, how grateful we are to you! We have put posies of Marybud flowers under the seats, and some orange-blossoms, too, and bags of chocolate creams everywhere. And listen, please. I have just dropped behind Shakspere's platform a paper parcel with — what do you think in it? Fourteen — pieces — of — wedding — cake — tied — up — with — white — ribbon. With our love — with our dear love. The large piece is for you, the others for the celebrities. Give them all our love, please. Good-by. We shall come again — often. Good-by — good-by. We can't stop any longer now, for fear Lydia and Harry should miss the train. They are going to Honeymoon Land."

THE END.

REVERSED PERPETUAL MOTION.

By Norman D. Gray.

"I wondah," said Sambo, "whah I 'd go
Ef I turned back-somasets on de flo'
Jes' on an' on an' out ob de do',
An' nebah, nebah stopped no mo'.
I 'specs I 'd git inter yiste'day sho'—
An' mebbe inter de day befo'."

Baby's Sand-Pile

BY F.C.M.

In a great big wooden box,
Nice and smooth, to save her frocks,
Is the baby's sand-pile, where all day she plays;
And the things she thinks she makes,
From a house and barn to cakes,
Would keep, I think, her family all their days.

Once she said she 'd make a pie,—
Or, at least, she 'd like to try,—
So up she straightway rolled each tiny sleeve;
For her plums she used some stones,
Made a fire of cedar cones—
Not a real fire, you know, but make-believe.

Next she baked some buns and bread,
"For my dollies," so she said,
"'Cause, you see, they like my cooking best of all";
Though her flour was only sand,
Dolls, she knew, would understand,
And excuse her if her batch of dough should fall.

Sometimes cook will miss a pan,
Or a bowl, or spoon, or can;
But I think she 's very sure where they 'll be found;
For she knows it 's just such things
Baby uses when she brings
All her dollies to her sand-pile on the ground.

THREE SONGS OF A STROLLING PLAYER.

By G. G. King.

I

THE WIND'S WILL.

I follow beauty, over earth
And under sea;
The fairies gave her at my birth
For bride to me.

The fairies gave me at my birth
A wandering will,
A restless heart, that all the girth
O' the world can't fill.

The fairies gave me, to set me free
From change and time,
The heart to feel, the eye to see,
The lips of rhyme.

II.

HEY, NONNY, NONNY!

A rare bright flower beneath the trees,
Hey, nonny, nonny!
Dipped and danced to the wayward breeze,
Scarlet and gold and full of honey,
Glad to the eye and sweet for the bees.
Hey, nonny, nonny!

A wanderer, caught in a soft spring shower,
Hey, nonny, nonny!
Stayed at the tree and stooped to the flower.
He plucked for his bosom the blossom bonny,
But the flower was dead within the hour.
Hey, nonny, nonny!

III.

OVER THE HILLS.

My father was the piper's son—
He played o' his pipe till day was done;
His heart was as wild as the winds that say,
"Come over the hills and far away!"
Over the hills and a great way on,
The wind blows out of the gates of the sun.

The birds that wing their way through the blue
Direct my feet to the strange and new,
And the open road runs straight and free;
It calls and calls till it tortures me,
Over the hills where the sunset lies,
Till the stars grow pale and the night wind dies.

A NAVAL BOAT DRILL.

By W. J. Henderson.

Almost every one has seen some kind of military drill. It would be difficult to find a boy who had never heard the orders "Right, face" or "Forward, march." Then, too, it is easy for people to visit places where regular military companies are quartered. At such places as Governor's Island and Fort Hamilton in New York Bay one may readily see a drill or dress-parade.

But very few persons know anything whatever about naval drills. Our men-of-war are not to be seen in every town and village. Even in our great seaports comparatively few persons know anything about the coming and going of war-ships except what they read in the papers. The number of those who have been aboard war-ships is very small compared with those who have visited military posts or encampments, while the number of those who have been present at drills is still smaller. People who do see men-of-war in the course of their evolutions usually view them from the shore or from other ships. I remember on one occasion sitting in the stern-sheets of the *Concord's* second cutter during a drill in the North River, and noticing the thousands of people on the shore. I said to myself: "How little those people see of this drill, after all! They see the boats moving up toward the flag-ship, and falling into their positions, and that is certainly a very pretty sight; but they know nothing about how it is all done, or what it is all for."

I have had the advantage of being privileged — perhaps I should say "obliged" — to learn these things from close observation and personal participation. While I was an officer in the naval militia for eleven years it was my duty to acquaint myself with naval drills. So now I wish to tell the boys something about one of them.

Let us suppose that we are aboard a man-of-war in a squadron waiting for the signal to embark in the boats for a "cutting out" expedition. "Cutting out" means capturing a vessel by means of an expedition of boats. This process is nearly out of date now, but it will serve as an illustration.

Imagine a hostile ship lying at anchor in an apparently secure position on a dark and cloudy night. There is just enough breeze and sea to make sounds on the water indistinct. Around a low headland half a mile away from the anchored vessel steal four or five boats, pulled with muffled oars and filled with armed men. They approach noiselessly.

Perhaps they are not discovered and thus reach the sides of the ship. The next instant the armed men are pouring over her bulwarks and a desperate fight takes place on her decks. Perhaps they are discovered before they reach the vessel's side. The alarm is given. The men in the boats hear it, and lash their oars through the water in a determined effort to reach the ship before the rapid-fire guns can open upon them. Flashes of fire illumine the night. The search-lights send out shafts of blinding white. The sharp peals of the six and three pounders, the rapid hoarse barking of Hotchkiss revolving cannon, the vicious sputter of Gatlings, break upon the frightened air. "Give way with a will!" shout the officers of the boats, as the men bend to the oars and the light guns in the bows hurl their defiant answers back at the wall-sided ship. As the boats sweep up to the vessel's side, gongs clang and rattles sound, calling away the riflemen to repel boarders from the boats. If the boats' crews can board the ship and clap down her hatches before the crew gets on deck, theirs is the victory; but if her secondary battery is manned and her riflemen stationed before the boats are alongside, then good-by to the boat expedition; for there is nothing more pitiless than Gatlings and revolving cannon.

I do not purpose to give you all the details of this drill. That would be too much like reprinting the instructions. In a general way,

however, let me tell you how such a drill is conducted.

In the first place, aboard a ship things have to be stowed away very compactly so as to take up as little room as possible and not to go flying about when the vessel is tossing in a seaway. The same rule applies to a boat. Now I dare say that if I were to ask a boy what should be carried in a boat going on a cutting-out expedition, he would reply, "Rifles and ammunition and oars." That answer would be correct, but far from full. The number of things that must be carried in a boat is astonishing to a landsman. Let me enumerate a few of them. First of all there is the boat-box, fitted to go under the thwarts of the boat. Among other things, it contains an ax, a hatchet, a saw, nails, a marlinspike, spun yarn, grease, sail needles, a boat compass, boat ensign, pennant, answering pennant, lead and line, lantern, mats for muffling oars, and hand grapnels. If there is no boat-box, these articles have to be brought from the places in which they are stored and put into the boat before she leaves her ship's side. The senior officer of each ship's division of boats must have in his boat a set of signals, a spy-glass, and a medicine-chest.

Again, each boat must be provided with her anchor and cable, oars and boat-hooks. Next the proper number of rifles, cutlasses, pistols, cartridges, and cartridge boxes and belts must be put into each boat. Lastly, if the boat mounts a gun of any kind, that must be attended to. It is always one of the smaller guns of the ship's secondary battery, and it must be dismounted from its position aboard the ship, lowered into the boat by means of a block and tackle rigged from a yard-arm or the outboard end of a boom.

You will at once see that where there are so many things to be done, system is absolutely necessary. In the first place, every man knows his position in the boat. The moment the signal comes to clear away boats for cutting out, each man knows exactly what he has to do.

Suppose you are standing on the poop-deck of the *Concord* when the flag-ship gives the signal. Instantly the decks are covered with active blue-jackets. In one place you see two or three men dismounting a three-pounder from the ship's bulwarks. In another direction you see two fellows bringing up rifles, stowed in boxes, from the armory. The same men bring revolvers, cutlasses, and belts. Still other men descend to the ammunition-rooms and bring up cartridges for the rifles and revolvers and shells for the three-pounder. Others bring the compass, the lantern, and other boat equipments. In the meantime others lower the boat. As fast as the equipments are brought they are taken down the accommodation ladder and stowed in their proper places in the boat. The officer who is in command of the boat stands at the top of the ladder and sees that everything is correctly done. Finally the crew enters the boat. In a cutting-out expedition the design is to carry as many men as can be taken in each boat without interfering with her safe and speedy management. From three to five marines go in each boat, armed as riflemen. All the extra men are stowed in such a way as not to hamper the movements of the oarsmen. At last the officer of the boat takes his place in the stern-sheets. Behind him sits the cockswain and in front of him a naval cadet with a fleet signal-book, by means of which he is to interpret the signals shown by the flag-ship.

The senior officer of the ship has command of the steam-launch. She goes to the head of the line. The next ranking officer brings his boat up astern of her and the end of the second boat's painter is made fast at the stern of the launch. The other boats make fast in proper order, one astern of the other. The propeller of the launch revolves, and away she goes, towing the string of boats behind her. In actual service she would let them go when far enough away from the object of attack to escape detection. In drill she keeps them in tow all through the exercise unless orders to do different are signaled from the flag-ship.

The signals are made by flags hoisted at the main-yard-arm. The principal flags represent numerals from 1 to 0, and the flags next in importance are "repeaters." To make the signal 253, for instance, the flag-ship would hoist three square flags. The uppermost would be yellow with a black ball in it, which means 2. The second would be half white and half red, the separation between the colors being a diagonal line. That means 5. The third would be plain

blue, signifying 3. The officer with the signal-book turns to 253 and finds the order opposite that number. He announces it to the officer in command of the boat. The seaman who has the answering pennant at once raises it. This means that the signal is seen and understood. All the boats keep their answering pennants up till the senior officer's boat hauls down the signal-flag.

The hoisting of a set of signals at the commanding ship's main-yard is the order of preparation. The order of execution is the hauling down of those signals. The "repeater" pennants are used in case any figure occurs twice in the same signal. Thus 227 would give this hoist — two, first repeater, seven. If the signal were 722 the hoist would be seven, two, second repeater. If the signal were 7022, the hoist would be seven, cipher, two, third repeater. At night colored lights are used for signaling.

Each boat has a number, which is on a flag flown at the bow, so that a special order can be given to any particular boat. I think that a well-conducted boat drill is one of the most picturesque pieces of work to be seen on the water; but what I have told you must make it clear that any one who views it from a distance sees little of the interesting details that are appreciated by those on the ships themselves.

BEDTIME IN FAIRYLAND.

THE BARON AND THE ELVES.

By Palmer Cox.

There was a great and grand estate
In lands beyond the seas,
With hedges green, and lawns between,
And rare old spreading trees.

The fawn and hare in safety there
Could browse upon the hill,
Or seek their lair in dingle fair
Beside the purling rill.

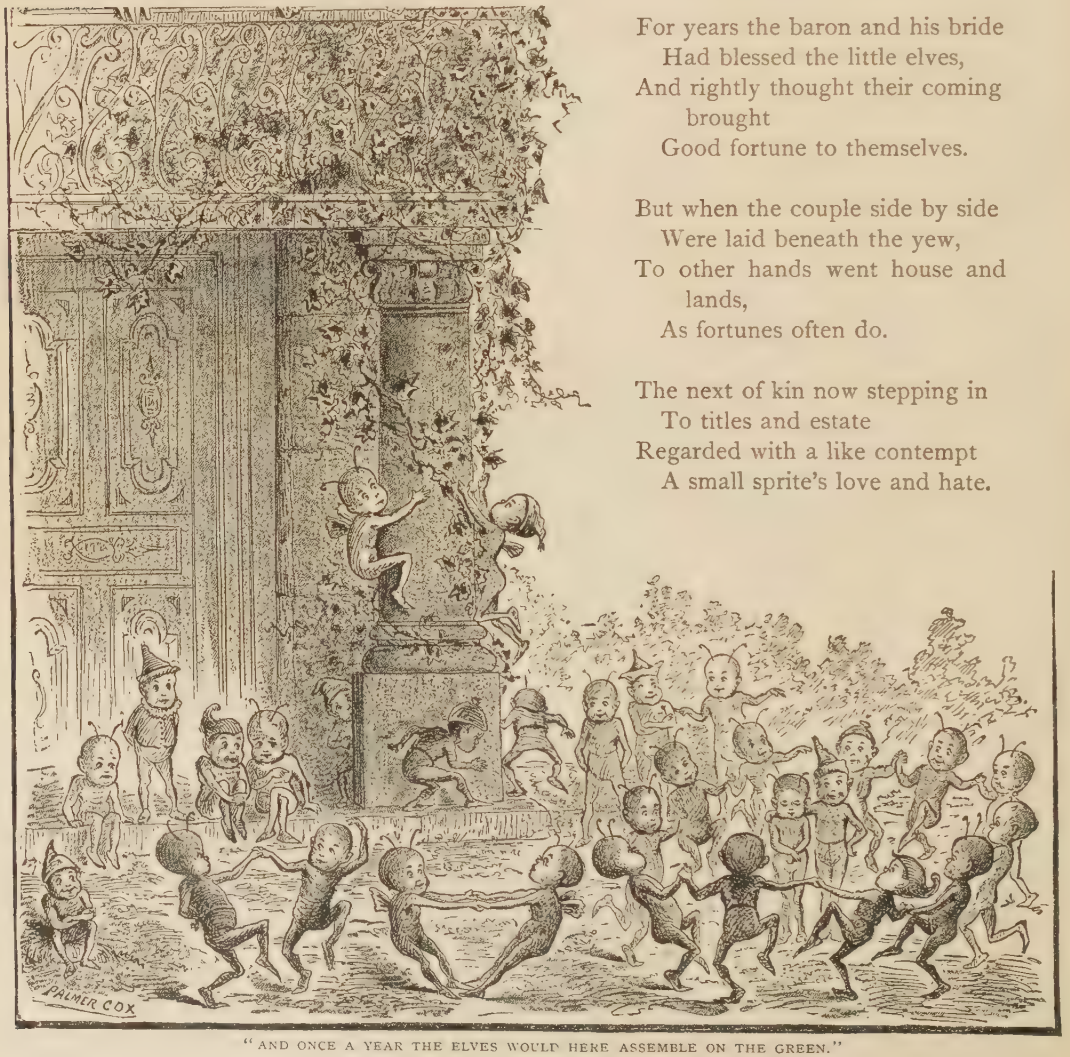
And once a year the elves would here
Assemble on the green,
With hearts elate to celebrate
The birthday of their queen.

By every way at close of day,
To reach the lovely grounds,
They tripped along with shout and song,
To dance their merry rounds.

For years the baron and his bride
Had blessed the little elves,
And rightly thought their coming brought
Good fortune to themselves.

But when the couple side by side
Were laid beneath the yew,
To other hands went house and lands,
As fortunes often do.

The next of kin now stepping in
To titles and estate
Regarded with a like contempt
A small sprite's love and hate.



"AND ONCE A YEAR THE ELVES WOULD HERE ASSEMBLE ON THE GREEN."

And when he held possession clear,
This solemn oath he swore:
"As I 'm a peer, the elf bands here
Shall congregate no more.

"My place shall be from goblins free;
With no consent of mine,
Shall they convene upon the green
To tramp the clover fine."

But when the birthday of the queen
Was ushered in by June,
When stars were bright and daisies white,
And everything in tune,

Through woody lane and grassy plain,
As fast as they could pour,
The little men ran there again,
As oft they 'd run before.

The old and spare, the young and fair,
In spirit all combined;
For it was right on such a night
That none should stay behind.

But soon as they began their play,
The baron heard the rout,
And lifting up the sash he thrust
His anxious visage out.

"Oh, ho!" cried he, "the rogues, I see,
Are mustering on the lawn,
To revel there in open air
Until the early dawn.

"Now by the coronet I wear—
A masterpiece of art—
And by the honored name I bear,
I 'll play the hero's part!

"I 'll take my saber from the wall
And liberate the hound,
And with a shout go charging out,
To drive them from the ground!"

Then cried his wife, "Give me a knife!
I can some aid supply.
Ten years have fled since we were wed;
With you I live or die!"

Quoth he, "There 's danger in the glen
I would not have you share;
I go not out to fight with men,
But demons of the air."

"Come weal or woe, with you I 'll go!"
The loving wife replied,
"Because in danger's hour, you know,
My place is by your side."

"AND LIFTING UP THE SASH HE THRUST HIS ANXIOUS VISAGE OUT."

Said he, "It 's true, my dear, so you
May bear in hand a light;
For, though my heart is good as new,
I own a failing sight."

Then from a nook the sword he took
His grandsire used to wear
When doing service in the field
Against the Russian Bear.

And out they sallied through the door
That opened on the green,
The wife behind, the man before,
The baying hound between.

"AND OUT THEY SALLIED THROUGH THE DOOR THAT OPENED ON THE GREEN."

But he who fights with elfin sprites
  The enterprise will rue;
No common foe are they, I trow,
  For mortal to subdue.

Now quick as thought the elves they caught
  The grass with nimble hand,
And every blade was deftly made
  To serve for tripping band.

The baron brave a flourish gave,
  And, eager for the fray,
A charge essayed with lifted blade,
  But stumbled in dismay.

He tried in vain with might and main
  To keep his balance true,
But when a snare had caught him fair
  What could the baron do?

So down at last, both hard and fast,
  Across the baying hound,
With heels above his body cast,
  He tumbled to the ground.

His coronet, so richly set
With jewels large and bright,
Forsook his head that moment dread,
And vanished from his sight.

The saber clean had service seen
In every peopled zone;
But now it flew and broke in two
Across a mossy stone.

Now faster still his cup to fill,
The lady, in affright,
Without a thought a climax wrought
By letting fall the light.

The sudden gloom left little room
For operations bold;
He felt that hour the elfin power,
And at its mercy rolled.

"Seboy!" he cried, and bravely tried,
By shout and clap of hand,
To turn the tide and scatter wide
The cunning elfin band.

"WITH HEELS ABOVE HIS BODY CAST, HE TUMBLED TO THE GROUND."

But vain the hope to longer cope,
  And vain were clap and cheer.
The savage bay had died away
  To plaintive notes of fear.

And looking round he saw the hound,
  Pursued by three or four,
Departing through the flying dew—
  And never saw him more.

Now to his aid ran wife and maid,
  The serving-men and all;
And from the fight, a sorry sight,
  They bore him to the hall.

Behind him stayed the broken blade,
  As well his broidered shoes,
And coronet with jewels set
  It grieved his heart to lose.

While on the lawn until the dawn
  The elves they played around,
Or danced their sets and minuets,
  The masters of the ground.

And every year they still appear,
  As sure as comes the night,
In honor of the reigning queen
  To dance till morning light.

But when the baron sallies out,
  As forth that night he ran,
To put the elfin band to rout,
  He 'll be an older man.

A SUMMER'S DAY AT INNSBRUCK.

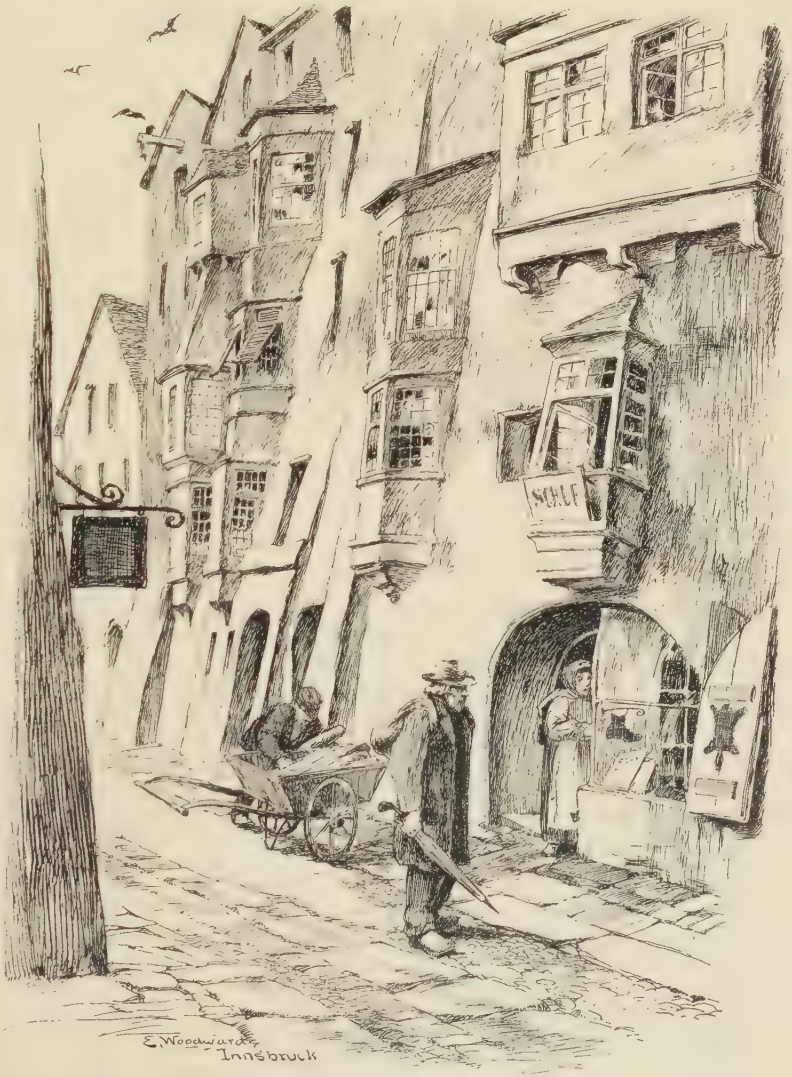
By Charlotte C. Parsons.

On a bright July day a train came rushing into the little station of Innsbruck, filled to overflowing with all the *Schützenvereins*, or shooters' associations, of the neighboring country; and such a noisy greeting as they received! The trumpets tooted, the drums beat, and the shouting of many manly voices made the welkin ring.

This was the opening day of the *Schützenfest*, we were told, an important event to the heart of every true son of the Tyrol. The visitors were portioned off to their respective hosts, who received them literally with open arms. The little town was brilliant with gay decorations and banners, and brightly colored stuffs hung from the windows, framing the pretty faces of the Innsbruck women and young girls, as their bright eyes followed with pride the brave forms of their husbands, brothers, and lovers, whom they passed in procession through the streets of the town.

One stalwart fellow, as he passed a rosy-cheeked, black-eyed lass, took a bunch of flowers from his high pointed-crowned peasant hat, and tossed them to her. She caught them, pressed them shyly to her lips, and tucked them carefully away in her bodice. This meant more to her than a careless onlooker imagined, for the flowers were edelweiss, and every one that is plucked from its high mountain home contains a lover's tender thought.

It was a relief to escape from the noise of the holiday and take refuge within the quiet



A QUAINT CORNER IN INNSBRUCK.

CASTLE AMBRAS.

walls of the Hof Kirche. In the dim religious light we saw a great white marble sarcophagus, surmounted by a kneeling figure in bronze. As our eyes became accustomed to the gloom, there gradually appeared about us many life-sized figures in the strange costumes and armor of past ages. These were about the tomb of Maximilian I, and the twenty-eight figures standing in solemn order are his heroic ancestors, who watch and mourn by his side; for the kneeling figure is that of the Emperor Maximilian. Our old school-book friends seem to rise before us. Kunigunde, the emperor's sister, his mother, Elenora, and his wife, Maria of Burgundy, are there. Charles the Bold, Philip le Bon, Godfrey de Bouillon, and good King Arthur of England stand watch in armor clad. It is an impressive sight to see these great bronze figures standing so motionless on their pedestals.

THE COLUMBUS PORTRAIT.

The marble reliefs on the sarcophagus are very beautiful. The great Master Thorwaldsen calls them "perfect" — what can be greater praise? As one pauses at the comparatively simple tomb of brave old Andreas Hofer, he realizes that pomp and glory are for those in high places and great in this world's goods.

Before leaving the church we ascended the steps to the Silver Chapel, to pay our respects to the tombs of Archduke Ferdinand and his wife; then we left the church behind us, driving through the town and across the valley up to their old home, the picturesque old Castle Ambras. During their lifetime the old castle became a perfect treasure-house. Many of the

BRONZE STATUES AT THE TOMB OF MAXIMILIAN I, REPRESENTING ARTHUR OF BRITAIN, THEODEOBERT OF BURGUNDY, ERNEST OF AUSTRIA, AND THEODORIC, KING OF THE OSTROGOTHS.

choicest objects in the collections and library in Vienna were originally placed by Ferdinand in Schloss Ambras, and one of the finest collections of armor in existence formerly belonged to him. Wandering about the forsaken rooms, where so little now remains to remind one of the grandeur and beauty of Ferdinand's time, we found an old jewel-case and writing-desk which

had belonged to the beautiful archduchess. Many books have been filled with the praises of this noble woman, and many stories are told of her good and unselfish life. She was almost idolized by the people of Innsbruck and the neighboring country. Her beautiful face has been immortalized on canvas and in marble by many an admiring artist.

Near by we found a large portrait of Christopher Columbus. This is said to be one of the few authentic portraits of Columbus in existence. Indeed, this was the object of our visit to the old castle, for it seemed to us as if every loyal-hearted American tourist should pay his respects to the discoverer of America.

Columbus is here pictured holding a banner, the staff of which rests on the globe. In the right-hand lower corner is a shield bearing a ship, and around the border of the shield is the motto given to him by the Spanish sovereigns:

THE HOUSE WITH THE GOLDEN ROOF.

A Castilla i á Leon
Nuevo mundo di Colo.

[To Castile and Leon
Columbus gave a new world.]

As we drove back to the town the sun was setting, casting a veil of many tints over the beautiful valley, touching the mountain-tops with glory, and making every modest peasant hut and village spire believe itself beautiful enough to be a part of the exquisite landscape.

On the way to our hotel we passed the house with the golden roof (Goldne Dachl). It was built by Count Frederick of the Tyrol, history tells us, in 1425. He was nicknamed "Empty Pockets." He naturally resented this charge, even if it were true, and had a gorgeous roof of pure gold placed on his balcony. This must have emptied his pockets, indeed, for it cost him seventy thousand dollars. The gold has been removed, and nothing now remains but the dull copper foundation. The little palace, with its background of dark mountains, with patches of snow shining on their tops like a bit of forgotten winter, and the minaret-topped tower with its big clock face, make a picturesque little corner to delight an artist's eye.

A STREET SCENE IN INNSBRUCK.

Hungry and tired, we returned to our hotel in time for table d'hôte, the important event of the day, as all good travelers know, in every German *Gasthaus*, be it village inn or pretentious hotel. Thus ended our summer's day at Innsbruck — a day full of interest and profit, and one not soon to be forgotten.

NEDDY'S EVENING TRIBULATION.

On summer evenings on the lawn
It's always lots of fun;
We sit and talk of many things
And watch the setting sun.

But when I want to listen most
To everything that's said,
Some one is sure to say to me,
"Come, dear, it's time for bed."

A Flower of Prey

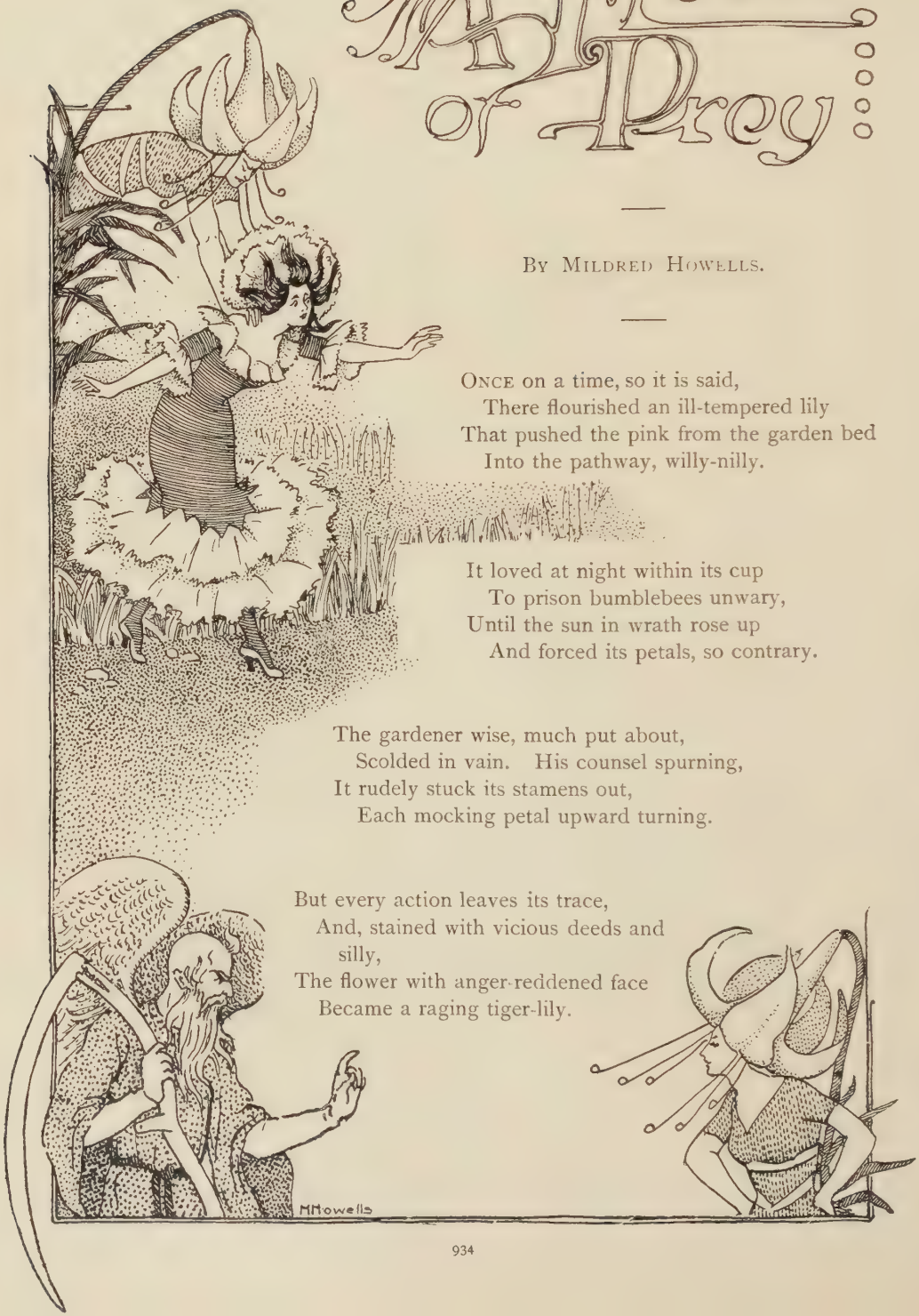
By Mildred Howells.

Once on a time, so it is said,
There flourished an ill-tempered lily
That pushed the pink from the garden bed
Into the pathway, willy-nilly.

It loved at night within its cup
To prison bumblebees unwary,
Until the sun in wrath rose up
And forced its petals, so contrary.

The gardener wise, much put about,
Scolded in vain. His counsel spurning,
It rudely stuck its stamens out,
Each mocking petal upward turning.

But every action leaves its trace,
And, stained with vicious deeds and silly,
The flower with anger-reddened face
Became a raging tiger-lily.



THE GREATEST SHOW IN THE SEA.

A MIDSUMMER CARNIVAL IN MID-OCEAN.

In the whole history of change of form, that wonderful chapter in the life of animals, there is nothing more strange or more interesting than the hydroids and jellyfishes. First, as little floating, glass-like spheres, covered with fine, moving, hair-like attachments, by means of which they move with great rapidity: then as communities fixed to the ground, and increasing by budding like the corals or multiplying by self-division; and later as free-swimming jellyfishes, many of them pass through phases which have long puzzled the naturalists, and have only recently been truly understood.— Condensed from "Seaside Studies in Natural History," by ELISABETH C. AGASSIZ and Professor ALEXANDER AGASSIZ.

JELLYFISHES.

ANY one familiar with the sea-shore must many times have seen those strange animals known as jellyfishes, which float so lazily yet gracefully through the water, or lie spread out upon the beach, having been thrown there by the waves. Few animals are more beautiful than some of these delicate, transparent jellyfishes when they are in the water, or less attractive than these same animals when they are out of the water: for then they appear only as shapeless masses of jelly. When they are in their natural element, the salt water, they cannot fail to excite the notice and the enthusiasm of every one interested in living things in the ocean. Some are shaped like saucers, while still others are in the shape of deep cups bearing long delicate streamers; these float out gracefully in the water, showing a variety of colors. Beautiful as these animals may be, however, they are not in all respects harmless, and if one is in bathing he

PART OF A COLONY OF HYDROIDS (*PORPITA LINNÆNA*) THAT SOMEWHAT SUGGESTS BUDS AND TWIGS.

This close resemblance often makes these animals regarded as plants by those who have not studied them.

A VERY SMALL PART OF A COLONY OF HYDROIDS (*PENNARIA TIARELLA*).

The future jellyfishes arise as buds from the sides of the tiny flowers on a branch.

SEVERAL "BRANCHES" OF A HYDROID COLONY (*CAMPANULARIA FLEXUOSA*).

This shows how readily one may be deceived and gather these animals and press them on a card, thinking that they are plants (seaweeds). Some of the tiny flower-like portions produce jellyfishes. An enlarged view of one of these is shown in the lower right-hand corner.

should be careful not to allow the long streamers to get wound around his bare arms, or to trail upon his flesh, for each one is armed with thousands of minute poisonous darts long enough to pierce the skin and capable of producing a slight stinging effect. Jellyfishes are not infrequently called sea-nettles because of this stinging power. The stinging is not very severe, but if one is bathing it is extremely uncomfortable.

Jellyfishes are of various sizes. Some of them are so small that it requires a microscope to see them; others are just large enough to be seen with the naked eye; some are the size of a pea, while others, the best known on our shores, are as large as a saucer or dinner-plate, and sometimes even larger. They are nearly transparent, and are made up mostly of water. If one of them is taken out of the ocean and allowed to dry, as the water evaporates almost nothing is left.

HYDROIDS THAT SUGGEST A CLUMP OF MOSS.
(Also showing root-like attachments to the soil.)
"They grow in clusters, usually attached to stones or shells or logs, and are mistaken by most persons for bits of moss or little plants growing upon the stones."

A HYDROID COLONY OF BEAUTIFUL MINIATURE TREE-LIKE APPEARANCE.

Jellyfishes are not really complete, but only parts of animals. The animals from which they come are known as hydroids. They are very small, sometimes no larger around than a common cambric-needle, seldom larger than a knitting-needle, and rarely more than a half-inch or an inch in length. They grow in clusters, usually attached to stones or shells or logs, and are mistaken by most persons for bits of moss or little plants growing upon the stones. Yet these tiny creatures produce the large jellyfishes which appear on the sides or tops of the little hydroids as small buds. After a time each bud breaks away from the animal that produced it and grows into a jellyfish. Each hydroid may produce a large number of jellyfishes, all of which break away from the mother and swim over the ocean, growing to a size very much larger than that of the animal which produced them. In time they produce eggs which grow into new animals, not into new jelly-

YOUNG HYDROIDS.
Some swimming and some attached.

A HYDROID ANIMAL BREAKING UP INTO SAUCER-LIKE DISKS.
Later these break away and become jellyfishes, as shown in the illustration in the next column.

fishes, like the animals that produced them, but rather into little hydroid animals which attach themselves to rocks and seaweed. These hydroids in their turn produce jellyfishes, which start out upon the ocean for the purpose of distributing their eggs. They sometimes swim a great many miles from the mother hydroid. They sometimes collect in great schools, and hundreds of them are frequently found swimming together. A jellyfish, then, is not a complete animal, but only a special swimming-organ developed for the purpose of distributing the eggs as widely as possible.

Nearly all jellyfishes are found in the ocean. Only one fresh-water species is known. This has been discovered in Africa. They are in all parts of the ocean, but particularly abundant in warmer waters. The largest species

A FULL-GROWN JELLYFISH.
"A jellyfish, then, is not a complete animal, but only a special swimming-organ developed for the purpose of distributing the eggs as widely as possible."

are in the southern waters, although some large ones live farther north. Not many years ago they could frequently be seen in the large harbors of this country, but in many of these harbors the water has become so polluted from the sewage that is poured into it that the jellyfishes have wholly disappeared.

To see the jellyfish at its best, put it in a deep glass jar and look at it *from the side*. We miss most of the beauty by seeing them as a mass of drying jelly cast upon the beach, or even by looking down on the *top* of them as they float in the water. H. W. Conn.

A HYDROID COLONY.
Showing the buds and flower-like parts that break away to produce jellyfishes. A free-swimming jellyfish is also shown in the upper part of the illustration.

THE SWEET TOOTH.

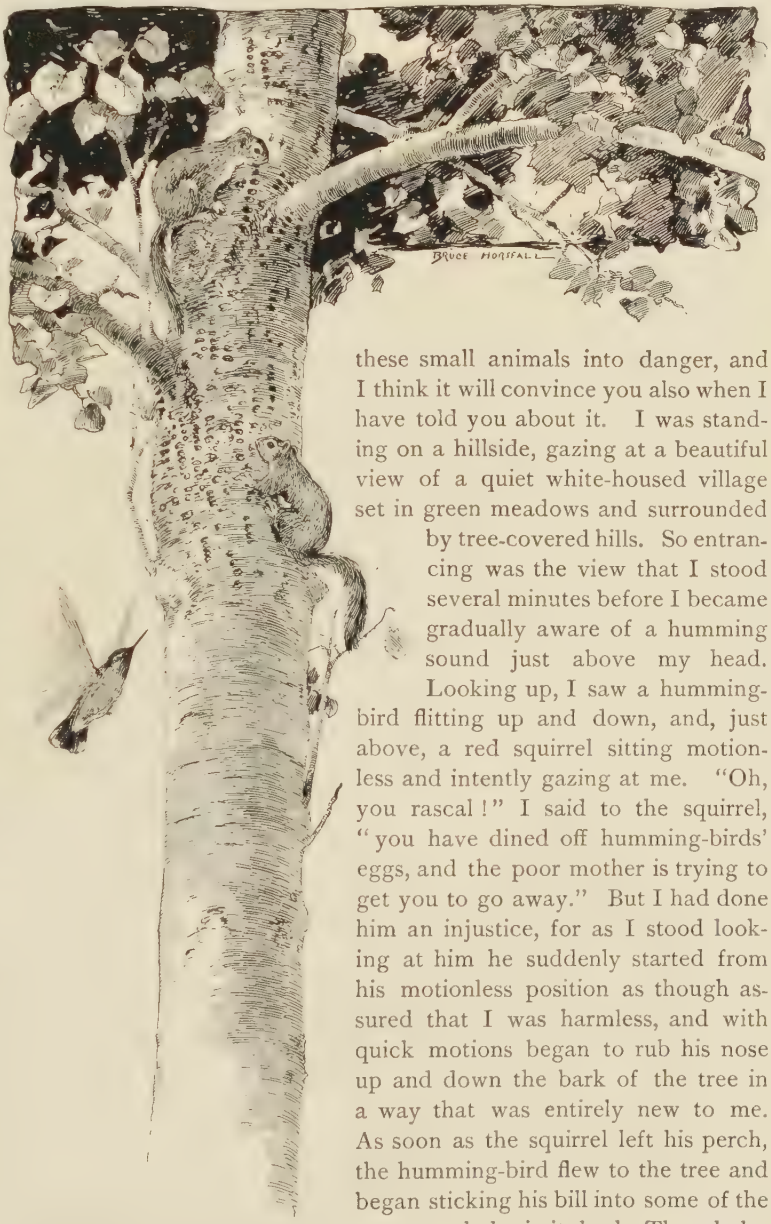
When I was a child I was very fond of sweets (and what child is not?), and my mother used to say, "You have a big sweet tooth." Grown-up people, too, usually have a "sweet tooth," although they make less ado about it than children.

This love of sweets is very common in our animal neighbors, from the bee to the horse. If you want to please a horse, try giving him two or three lumps of sugar.

Not only the bees, but the wasps, flies, butterflies, and indeed nearly all insects, are conspicuously attracted to sweets, and it is this sweet tooth which leads the insect to visit flowers and thus help them to produce seeds.

When I was a boy I used frequently to find mice and flying-squirrels drowned in the buckets of sap which had just run from the sugar-maples. I used to think the poor things got thirsty and died trying to get water; but water is everywhere present and can be got without taking the risk of entering a contrivance which might be a trap and certainly is so strange as to be naturally avoided by the wild things unless induced by some attraction stronger than a thirst which can be satisfied easily in any of the hundred little pools of snow-water that are present at this season of the year.

Last summer I saw a sight that convinced me that it is this sweetened water that leads these small animals into danger, and I think it will convince you also when I have told you about it. I was standing on a hillside, gazing at a beautiful view of a quiet white-housed village set in green meadows and surrounded by tree-covered hills. So entrancing was the view that I stood several minutes before I became gradually aware of a humming sound just above my head. Looking up, I saw a humming-bird flitting up and down, and, just above, a red squirrel sitting motionless and intently gazing at me. "Oh, you rascal!" I said to the squirrel, "you have dined off humming-birds' eggs, and the poor mother is trying to get you to go away." But I had done him an injustice, for as I stood looking at him he suddenly started from his motionless position as though assured that I was harmless, and with quick motions began to rub his nose up and down the bark of the tree in a way that was entirely new to me. As soon as the squirrel left his perch, the humming-bird flew to the tree and began sticking his bill into some of the numerous holes in its bark. These holes I now noticed for the first time. Looking more closely, I saw that the tree was a cherry-birch, a tree which sheds its sap very freely in springtime if cut or wounded,



RED SQUIRRELS AND HUMMING-BIRD ENJOYING THE SWEET SAP EXUDING FROM THE HOLES MADE BY A WOODPECKER IN THE BARK OF A CHERRY BIRCH-TREE.

and in addition I could see places where the sap had trickled down the side of the tree and partially dried. Tasting this, I found it plainly sweet but somewhat fermented. Here, then, was the solution of the queer behavior of bird and squirrel. The squirrel's sweet tooth had led him to the feeding-ground of the humming-bird, much to the latter's fear and annoyance.

The bark of the birch had been fairly riddled with holes by some woodpecker (probably the sapsucker) earlier in the season, and the sap had oozed from a hundred wounds.

Higher up in the tree I discovered another red squirrel, also lapping (or rubbing) the syrup from the bark of the tree. Lower down a large slug, nearly two inches long, was quietly enjoying the indulgence of his sweet tooth, more scientifically known as lingual ribbon. There were also the large numbers of flies of various kinds that are always to be found where anything sweet is exposed.

It seems probable that the possession of a sweet tooth is far more common among animals than is generally known. The boy or girl enjoying a box of candy can also enjoy the thought that he or she is having one of the pleasures common to a large proportion of the animal kingdom. A. J. Grout.

CYCLONES, TORNADOES, AND HURRICANES.

These three storms have many points in common, yet they are so unlike that no careful

A SKETCH OF A FUNNEL-SHAPED CLOUD OF A TORNADO, DISTANT ABOUT A HALF-MILE.

APPEARANCE OF THE SAME CLOUD, A HALF-MINUTE LATER, AT A DISTANCE OF 150 YARDS.

person need ever confuse them in his own mind. The ordinary land cyclone is usually quite harmless, and it is only by a mistaken use of the term that it has become associated with those terrifying storms peculiar to our country known as tornadoes. Cyclones have a bad reputation because they are commonly associated with other more harmful storms. Instead of being dangerous and destructive they are the chief source of rain in spring and autumn and supply the snow which adds so much to the pleasure of our Northern winter. They cover a large extent of territory at one time, and on an average follow one another across the country from west to east at intervals of about three days.

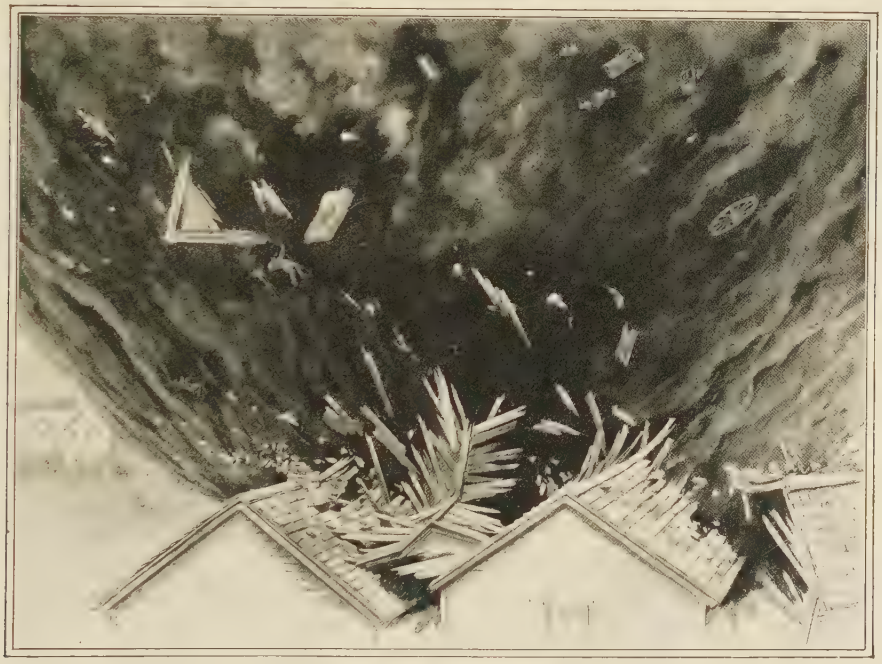
A tornado often does great damage. It is known by its funnel-shaped cloud, which bounds and bounces along, now high in the air and again touching the ground. Where it skims along the ground the havoc is greatest. Here the mightiest structures of man are crushed in an instant before the avalanches of wind let loose from every direction. The air seems to have an explosive force, buildings falling outward instead, of inward as one might think. In such a storm no place is safe, but the southwest corner of a cellar affords the best protection obtainable. If in the open, lie flat on the ground. During a tornado, which lasts but a few minutes, the sky is covered by clouds of inky blackness, which here and there take on a livid greenish hue. The surface

winds rush spirally upward into the funnel-shaped cloud, carrying with them many articles which are afterward dropped some distance beyond. The danger zone is confined to a path less than a half-mile in width and one hundred miles in length. These storms occur only on land.

The true hurricane is ocean-born. On the high seas of the tropics it marshals its forces of wind and wave, before which the stoutest ship is helpless and the fairest islands are laid waste. Even the sturdy mainland trembles under its awful castigation. These ocean storms last much longer than tornadoes, cover more territory, and cause more damage. The hurricane which overwhelmed Galveston destroyed several thousand lives and millions of dollars' worth of property. The West India Islands are frequently scourged by these awful visitations, and our own Atlantic coast sometimes feels the lash of these dreaded storms.

Both the hurricane and the tornado are rare. The former seldom extends far inland, and usually occurs in the late summer or fall. Tornadoes are products of the South and West and are mostly confined to the spring and early summer months. The cyclone is a universal storm which travels over land and sea, in season and out of season, in spring or in fall, in summer or in winter. It is an old friend, but one much abused.

ALVIN T. BURROWS.

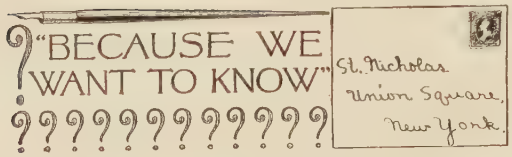


NEARER VIEW OF A TORNADO, SHOWING HUMAN FORMS, WAGON-WHEELS, AND DEBRIS BEING CARRIED SKYWARD.

HOW MANY FEATHERS ON A HEN?

AN unusual feather-guessing contest was recently conducted by a prominent company manufacturing feed for poultry. Five hundred dollars in prizes was offered for best estimates or guesses as to the number of feathers on a hen. The first prize was one hundred dollars.

Thousands of guesses were received, including some very amusing ones. One guesser, who was probably looking for some "catch" scheme, estimated "none at all." Many estimates in the hundreds of thousands were received, several in the millions, the highest estimate being 600,060,017. The correct number was found to be 8120. The company says: "We feel a pardonable pride in having contributed to poultry science an item of information actually new."



Rule. State carefully all details pertaining to the matter about which you inquire, or desire to tell others. For the identification of insects or plants, send the whole specimen. If the object is an insect, state where you found it, what it was doing, and on what plant it was feeding. If it is a plant, send it all, unless it is too large. In that case a branch with flower and leaves will answer. A single dried blossom or dead leaf may be recognized if the plant is a common one, but it is better to send the whole specimen.

MIGRATION BY NIGHT OR DAY?

Waukesha, Wis.

Dear St. Nicholas: Do all birds migrate at night, or just certain species? H. D. Sawyer.

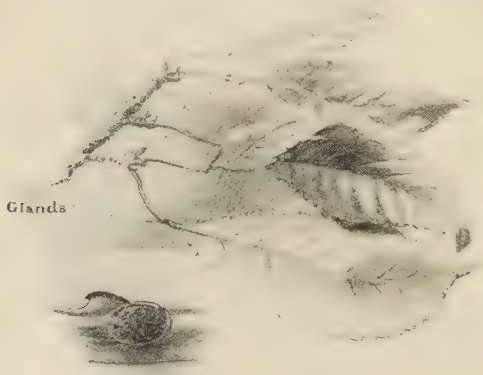
Mr. Frank Chapman, in "Birds of Eastern North America," says regarding bird migration:

Birds of strong flight, like swallows, can easily escape from bird-killing hawks, and so migrate boldly by day. But the shy, retiring inhabitants of woods and thickets await the coming of darkness, and then, mounting high in the air, pursue their journey under cover of the night. Birds direct their flight by coast-lines and river valleys, which are easily distinguishable in clear weather. On favorable nights these natural highways of migration are thronged by a continuous stream of aërial voyagers from dusk to dawn.

MYSTERIOUS GLANDS ON THE PETIOLE OF A LEAF.

Brunswick, Me.

Dear St. Nicholas: In picking a twig of choke-cherry to-day, I noticed that on the petiole of the leaf just below where the blade broadens out, on the upper side, there are almost invariably two tiny green bunches. There is the place where in the roses the lateral leaflets are placed. Can it be that these bunches are rudimentary leaflets? For the tree belongs to the *Rosaceæ*, which so often has compound leaves. I will inclose a few specimens, and if they will not become too withered on the journey perhaps they will explain the problem better than words. If you can tell me about it I would be very much obliged, for it is a puzzle to a nature-lover and interested reader of the Nature and Science department. Helen Johnson.



TRUMPET-SHAPED GLANDS ON THE CHERRY LEAF.

The upper part of the illustration shows the location, and the lower part shows an enlarged view, of one of the glands. The same plan is followed in the next illustration.

CAP-SHAPED GLANDS ON A LEAF OF THE PARTRIDGE-PEA.

These glands occur upon the petioles of a number of plants. Many guesses have been made as to their significance, but I believe nothing positive is known of their use or reason for being — there is certainly nothing which is generally agreed upon.

Nearly all of these glands exude a nectar which attracts bees, ants, and wasps. It has been noticed in some instances that these insects drive away caterpillars and other larvæ which might be injurious to the plants. It is possible that in some instances the juices from the glands such as those situated along the margins of leaves have a tendency to keep larvæ from eating the leaves.

Another use suggested for them is the diversion of crawling insects from the flowers, so that the flower-glands are not robbed of their power to allure flying visitors which can transfer pollen. It is interesting to note that these very common glands should be such a puzzle to botanists, notwithstanding very careful study.

MUD-WASPS IN SPOOLS.

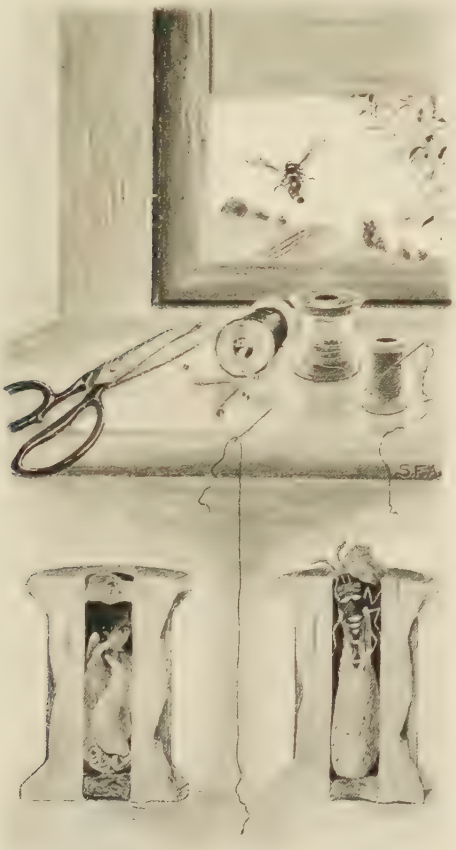
OWEGO, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Any information concerning the food of wasps will be gratefully received, as the following facts have excited my curiosity.

While seated in an upper room, by an open window, one day, a spool of thread seemed suddenly endowed with life, for from the hole in its center came crawling forth six little fat green worms. The next day, while sitting at the same table, a wasp flew in, carrying something long and green. It went directly to the spool, and entered the hole head first, dragging its burden with it. Remaining there some time, it slowly backed out and flew away. I turned the spool over, and out fell five more green worms, brothers or cousins of the former six.

On further investigation, another spool was found, the top of which was sealed with mud, and which also contained worms. Yours very truly,

HARRIET M. GREENLEAF.



WREN-WASP (*ODYNERUS*) BRINGING A CATERPILLAR TO ITS NEST IN A SPOOL.

Some of the caterpillars are crawling out of the overturned nest. Probably the wasp had not stung them sufficiently to make them inactive.

The figure below at left is a spool, split lengthwise to show the wren-wasp's nest within and the wasp larva feeding on the stored caterpillars.

The figure below at right shows the newly transformed wasp emerging from the cocoon where the pupa was incased, and pushing its way out of the nest.

A SOLITARY DIGGER-WASP (*AMMOPHILA URNARIA*).
Using a stone to pound down the earth over its filled and finished nest or burrow.
(Illustration by permission of Professor George W. Peckham.)

The solitary wasps store their nests with a variety of foods for their young; spiders, flies, and caterpillars are, however, the most common victims. It was probably the little wren-wasp, *Odynerus flavipes*, that built in the spool. It often chooses such places for its nest, as well as nail-holes, key-holes, worm-holes in wood, bottle-necks, and one naturalist tells us that a pistol-barrel has even been selected for the purpose. From this habit of nesting in holes it has received the name of wren-wasp. Adult wasps feed on vegetable sweets, as flower pollen and ripe fruit, on honeydew, and on many small insects, such as flies, gnats, leaf-hoppers, etc. The caterpillars that *Odynerus* stores are entirely for the use of its young. Before plugging up its nest an egg is laid within, which in a few days hatches a small legless larva. Having plenty of food, it gains its full growth rapidly, and after spinning a parchment-like cocoon it changes to an inactive pupa. Later the perfect wasp cuts open the cocoon, pushes its way out of the nest, and soon flies away.

The solitary wasps, as well as the social wasps, are very intelligent. One species common in the West, called *Ammophila urnaria*, makes a burrow in the ground for its nest, and it has been observed to take a little stone in its jaws and repeatedly pound down the earth when the stored nest was finished.—S. F. A.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY WESLEY R. DE LAPPE, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

DAY-DREAMS.

BY CATHERINE LEE CARTER, AGE 16. (*Cash Prize.*)

I SAT beside the window o'er the glaring city street,
With its endless noise and rattle, with its cars and heavy loads,
And through the open window surged and swelled the burning heat;
But I slept and dreamt of quiet farms and white far-reaching roads—

Of roads that led past corn-fields, where the tinted bind-weed crept,
And where the stately lilies hung their heads of gorgeous hue
Above the little wayside brook that neither sang nor leapt,
But glided o'er its pebbles, almost hid by meadow-rue.

Along the way were houses, with their gardens lying fair,
With the beds of phlox and lilies and the roses dark and light;
The poppies, pinks, and pansies, and the columbines were there,
And beside them all the flaming spires of foxglove burnèd bright.

I gazed upon these treasures when the heavy dews of night
Fell upon me, and I started to regain the lost highway;
But the garden and its blossoms fast faded from my sight,—
And I woke beside the window in the fading light of day.

My arm, which had been lying on the grimy window-sill,
Was dampened by the showers that had come up while I slept,
And below me on the pavement the traffic thundered still,—
But in the chambers of my heart those radiant flowers are kept.

THE League editor does not like to repeat the same old "don'ts" over and over, but then, of course, there are a great many new members all the time, and even some of the old ones, who have to be reminded as to the few but necessary rules that are always to be found on the last page of the League. They are not put there to make extra work for members, but to guide them in preparing and submitting work properly, so that by and by, when the League is outgrown, those who are trying to become a part of the world's art and literary progress may know how to begin, and may feel that they have at least been well taught in the routine of their undertaking.

The editor has been brought to saying this all over by the number of good contributions that came in this month written on both sides of the paper, or unsigned, or not indorsed, or without the sender's age, or, if pictures, were drawn in color, or with pencil, etc., etc. Two little girls broke all the rules but one—the one which says that every reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership and a badge, free. This rule they quoted, but they sent a story written and signed by both of them, when one author to the contribution is all that is allowed. Besides, the story was too long, a good deal more than four hundred words. Nor was it on the right subject. What was still worse, it was on both sides of the paper. Then, too, it was not indorsed as original, though the

editor is willing to believe that it was. He believes that these little girls were only careless, and that is why he is writing the things he has written so often before, so that these two little girls and a good many more like them may have as good a chance to win prizes and be happy as all the other young folks he has had to scold and set right during the past four or five years.

Don't write or draw till you know just about what you want to do.

Don't use poor paper and worse ink and then hurry to get through.

Such efforts never do any good and are only time and material wasted.

Don't write that you know your work is very bad, but that you hope the editor will give you a prize anyway. The editor's judgment may be at fault, but his sympathy is more likely to be aroused by good work than by any special pleas.

Don't forget your age, your address, and your parent's indorsement. Don't forget that the length of your story and poem is absolutely limited. Don't forget that the editor has a very large waste-basket, and that contributions not prepared in accordance with the rules (again see last page) help to fill it every month. Now, let 's all try to be careful, and conscientious, and happy; and finally, whatever happens, let 's have a pleasant vacation.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 56.

In making the awards contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Catherine Lee Carter** (age 16), box 64, Mendham, N. J.

Gold badges, **Marguerite Borden** (age 17), Estero, Lee Co., Fla., and **Eleanor Myers** (age 14), 84 Park Place, Stamford, Conn.

Silver badges, **Margaret Minaker** (age 15), Gladstone, Manitoba, Can., and **Grace Leslie Johnston** (age 11), 250 W. 138th St., New York City.

Prose. Cash prize, **Myron Chester Nutting** (age 13), 217 Clinton St., Penn Yan, N. Y.

Gold badge, **Dorothy Johnston** (age 12), 511 Twenty-seventh Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Silver badges, **Marie Armstrong** (age 11), 5474 Cornell Ave., Chicago, Ill., and **Mildred Stanley Fleck** (age 9), Golden, Colo.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Wesley R. De Lappe** (age 16), 31 C St., San Francisco, Cal., and **R. E. Andrews** (age 16), 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

Silver badges, **Homer V. Geary** (age 17), 1714 4th St., Rensselaer, N. Y., and **John Sinclair** (age 12), 64 Nonotuck St., Holyoke, Mass.

Photography. Gold badges, **Frederic S. Clark, Jr.** (age 11), 17 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass., and **Ruth G. Lyon** (age 13), E. Orange, N. J.

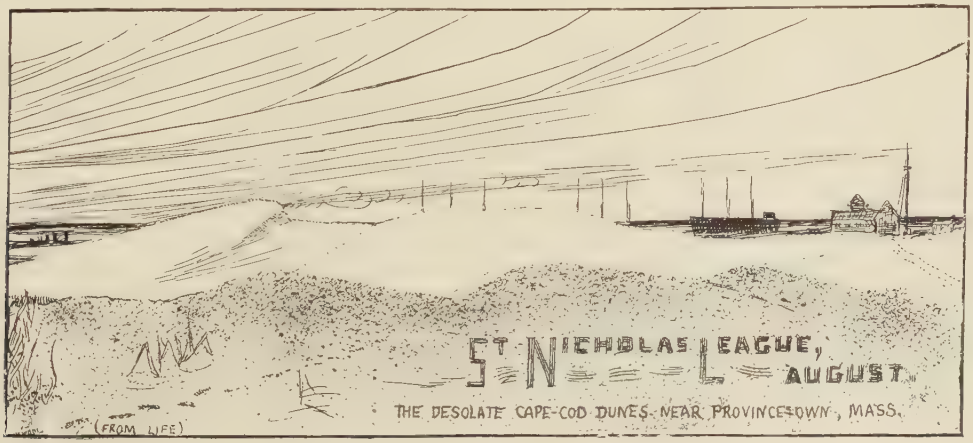
Silver badges, **Mary Thompson** (age 11), Greenville, Del., and **Laura Mae Thomas** (age 10), Oxford, Pa.

"HAPPY DAYS." BY FREDERIC S. CLARK, JR., AGE 11. (GOLD BADGE.)

Wild Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Ruby-throated Humming-bird," by **Catherine E. Campbell** (age 16), Monmouth, Polk Co., Oregon. Second prize, "Robin Feeding Young," by **S. Butler Murray, Jr.** (age 16), 12 Florence Ave., Bellevue, Pa. Third prize, "Turtle Sunning," by **G. Bushnell Merrill** (age 13), Peacedale, R. I.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Agnes R. Lane** (age 15), Narragansett Pier, R. I., and **George W. Halkett** (age 14), Ridley Park, Pa.

Silver Badges, **Charline S. Smith** (age 14), 1145 La. St., Lawrence, Kan., and **Benjamin L. Miller** (age 14), 129 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.



"FROM LIFE." BY R. E. ANDREWS, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **C. Boyer** (age 15), 444 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont., and **Eleanor Wyman** (age 13), Nunica, Mich.

Silver badges, **Russell S. Reynolds** (age 13), 142 W. 12th St., New York City, and **Elizabeth D. Lord** (age 13), 1214 Elk St., Franklin, Pa.

"HAPPY DAYS." BY RUTH G. LYON, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

DREAMS.

(Ole Mammy's Lullaby.)

BY MARGUERITE BORDEN (AGE 17).

(*Gold Badge.*)

HUSH-A-BABY, hush-a-baby, by, by, by;
Big roun' yaller moon 's a-shinin' in de sky;
Everything 's a-sleepin' jes' as still as still,
'Cept a bird a-singin' fo' to whip po' Will.

Hush-a-baby, hush-a-baby, by, by, by;
Lots o' li'l' skeery dreams comin' ef yo' cry!
All de naughty chil'uns sees de bogie-man
Comin' fo' to ketch 'em, take 'em ef he can!

Hush-a-baby, hush-a-baby, by, by, by;
Grea' white hobble-gobble git yo' ef yo' cry,
Snatch yo' froo de windah sprier 'an de cat—
Up yo' go a-flyin' on de ole black bat!

"THE PACK-TRAIN," ILLUSTRATION FOR "MY CAMPING TRIP." BY MYRON C. NUTTING.

Hush-a-baby, hush-a-baby, by, by, by;
Ef yo' good, ma honey, neber, neber cry,
Yo' 'll see watermillions hangin' on de vine,
Waitin' to be eaten, settin' in a line!
Piccaninny, piccaninny, by, by, by;
Chile, yo' min' yo' mammy—don't yer cry, cry, cry!

MY CAMPING TRIP.

BY MYRON CHESTER NUTTING (AGE 13).

IT was a happy group that was gathered on the forward deck of the steamer *Ranger*, as she steamed out of the Hoquiam River and across the blue waters of Gray's Harbor, en route for Oyhut, January 2, 1902. The group consisted of my father, mother, my St. Bernard dog, and myself. Father was on his way to take charge of a survey for a proposed railway, and we were going with him into camp.

What a country in which to camp! The mighty Pacific thundering at the foot of the Olympic Mountains, and the sparkling streams, teeming with trout and salmon, meandering through a forest yet unmarred by the woodman's ax.

At Oyhut we left the steamer and drove along the beach to Wreck Creek, where camp had already been pitched. The tents were guarded from the incoming tide by a pile of sand and driftwood so high that at first sight I was reminded of "the village behind the dikes."

That night I slept soundly on my bed of fir boughs, and was awakened by what I thought was thunder, but, when fully conscious, realized was the waves of the ocean, or, as Tennyson expresses it, "The hollow ocean ridges roaring into cataracts."

Thus began my camping trip. There were eleven other camps, a description of any one of which would fill many times my allotted space. I might tell of the pack-train of twenty-one horses that moved our camp from place to place; of the canoe rides and fishing trips; of the cruel way the Indians have of hunting deer by sending their dogs into the woods to drive them out into the surf, where they are beaten by the breakers till they are exhausted and thrown up on the beach.

October 27th we broke camp at the Quillyute River and moved to a port on the Straits of Juan de Fuca, where we loaded everything, horses and all, on a steamer bound for Seattle. My ten months' camping trip was over, leaving a happy memory.

"HAPPY DAYS." BY MARY THOMPSON, AGE 11.

DAY-DREAMS.

BY ELEANOR MYERS (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

'T WAS just as the sun was beginning to sink,
And the clouds to blush in the sunset glow,
That I strolled away to the rocks to think,
Where the tide rushed on with its ebb and flow.

'T is a beautiful time to think and dream
As you gaze far off on the glistening sea,
And often the breezes they whisper, 't would seem,
As thus they were whispering softly to me.

Far, far out where the sky bent low
To talk with the ocean wild and bright,
Was a ship that sailed toward the clouds aglow,
As they beamed in their purple and golden light.

"Out there!" said the breeze as it kissed my face,
"Is a beautiful land where the bright dreams are,

"ROBIN FEEDING YOUNG." BY S. BUTLER MURRAY, JR., AGE 16. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD" PHOTOGRAPH.)

That men have dreamt in this lovely place,
While they gazed at the ocean stretching far.

"Just look how the ship steers out to the west;
It is carrying a burden of dreams so gay
To that fairy place that we all love best,
Where the dreams come true and 't is always day."

The breeze grew still, but the ship sped on
Toward the clouds that smiled in the purple west,
Till the night crept in and the ship was gone,
And the stars kept watch o'er the world at rest.

A CAMPING TRIP ON THE YUKON.

BY DOROTHY JOHNSTON (AGE 12).

(*Gold Badge.*)

IN the summer of 1899, mama, my brother, and myself had a camping trip on the Yukon. Papa was connected with the telegraph line that the Dominion government put through from Bennett to Dawson, and he took us with him.

"RUBY-THROATED HUMMING-BIRD." BY CATHERINE E. CAMPBELL, AGE 16. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD" PHOTOGRAPH.)

We started out from Bennett on the snow and ice with our sleds. We went for about one hundred miles this way. We would camp for a few days in one place, and then we would go on for a few miles. You might think this a great hardship, but our tents were nice and warm and we were made very comfortable. The snow and ice lasted until June. When we came into open waters we got a scow. We covered it with a tent and lived in it all summer, drifting down the river. Every few miles we would tie up along the shore, and my brother and I would explore our new stopping-place.

You may think that there were no flowers or green grass, but that is not so. There were beautiful flowers that we had not seen before, and also some familiar ones. We traded goods and got moose meat from the Indians. My uncles, who were with us, went hunting quite often, and brought home ptarmigan and grouse. We had a net and caught a great many fine fish. Several bears were seen by the men of the party, and once my uncle saw a lynx near our camp; but the largest animal we children ever saw was a mink, and I have often regretted that I did not have my camera with me to take a picture for ST. NICHOLAS.

During the months of June and July it was light all the time. We thought it very funny to have to go to bed with the sun shining. We were from the month

"TURTLE SUNNING." BY G. BUSHNELL MERRILL, AGE 13. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL" PHOTOGRAPH.)

"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY HOMER V. GEARY, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

of April until the end of September on our trip. I must not forget to tell you about the lovely wild berries. There were raspberries, strawberries, blueberries, cranberries, and black and red currants. We came back from Dawson on a steamer. The days were growing very short again, and winter was drawing near. We had seen the wild geese start for the south, and we thought it time we were going home.

had room to tell you of all the funny things that happened there and on the whole trip, but they would fill a small book. On the first high hill that we crossed we found delicious wild raspberries, and saw the distant prairie looking like a golden fairy sea. Down on the other side we came into Idaho Springs. It was Sunday, and the town was thronged with picnickers from Denver. We went over Berthoud's Pass and down into Middle Park, a huge green meadow crossed by silver streams in a circle of purple mountains. At Sulphur Springs we turned into Grand River Cañon. Here the river is a magnificent trout-stream crashing down between high walls of red rock. Where the cañon ends the river is broad and still, with green on each side, but the hills along it are desert. Dorothy and I bathed in the river. One day we came to a plain with the Sphinx itself keeping guard. It is called Tapanas Rock. Here we were caught in a cloud-burst and drenched before we could reach a house. Next morning there came a wagon with Uncle Percy and Sid. Sid told funny stories and tried to frighten us by pointing out bear and bob-cat tracks. After several days we reached the Grassy Creek, where we camped for nearly a week. We had traveled one hundred and fifty miles. At first we had to eat sage-hen, but soon got grouse and venison. It was a wild, lonely place, but some one had left there all sorts of furniture—even a sewing-machine—to get a homestead claim. Sid was fond of saying: "Look out! A yowl-cat 'll get you!" Sid says a "yowl-cat" is anything that walks on four legs and does n't eat grass. It was

A DAY-DREAM.

BY MARGARET MINAKER (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

AH! is a day-dream but a cobweb gay
That glitters, golden threads, beneath the sun,
And nothing more; that with the touch of one
Small hand forever 's lightly brushed away?
Ah! no; 't is something more; 't is this, I say—
That which, when youth starts out life's race to run,
Shows not the course a hard and rugged one;
But, like a haze on sunny autumn day,
Hiding the rocks, the rifts, and treacherous sod
In that long path, while dimming, beautifies
The stern hard future to their youthful eyes;
And they, with hearts where fear has found no place,
Go forth to conquer and to win the race,
With trustful faith in love and man and God.

"HAPPY DAYS." BY LAURA MAE THOMAS, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)

MY CAMPING TRIP.

BY MILDRED STANLEY FLECK (AGE 9).

(*Silver Badge.*)

ON the 9th of August we left Evergreen, Colorado, to cross the Range. There were father and mother, Mrs. Buell and Arthur Buell, Dorothy Buell and I. We had a double-team wagon loaded with tents, provisions, and necessary clothing; and there were three saddle-horses, which we were to take turns in riding. The road that we took followed up Bear Creek, and we camped the first night on the Evans Ranch. I wish I

a time never to be forgotten, but at last we had to pull up stakes, and then—hey for home by the way we had come!

THE RIVER OF DREAMS.

BY MARY TRAVIS HEWARD (AGE 15).

CALM and deep, calm and deep,
Flows the silver stream
To the Fairyland of Sleep,
Ending in a dream.

Far away, far away,
Where the shadows roam—
There, the sleepy sages say,
Lies the Dreamland Home.

Now we glide, now we glide
In our fairy bark;
O'er the ripple slightly ride—
Ride into the dark.
All afloat, all afloat,
Down the silver stream,
In our idly rocking boat,
Drifting in a dream.

Spirits nigh, spirits nigh,
While our shallop goes,
Ever croon a lullaby,
Little eyes to close.
Little lips, little lips
Smile,—our shallop fast
Soft into the harbor slips—
Slumberland at last!

"HAPPY DAYS." BY SPENCER L. JONES, AGE 14.

MY ENCAMPMENT TRIP.

BY MARIE ARMSTRONG (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

MY one experience in camping was with the Missouri National Guard, composed of four regiments, one battery of artillery, and two hundred officers, at Nevada, Missouri. It was very hot there; in the tent the thermometer would register 115°. The heat was so intense that the grass was dried and dead.

We arrived there Sunday morning, and left the Sunday following. It seldom rained there. Often we would see huge clouds wend their way toward us, darkening the sky, but never a drop of rain would relieve us.

At 4 A.M. the reveille would be sounded at headquarters first, and would be echoed throughout the entire camp. In the space of a few minutes the camp was alive and bustling with preparations for the day and general good humor, for camp life is looked forward to by the soldiers from one year to the next, as many of them are poor young men whose only vacation is this.

After breakfast, the practice-drill would take place throughout the entire brigade, the intense heat making it necessary to get all serious work in before seven o'clock.

Many orders are given from the general's tent by the bugle.

One day the governor and his staff came, and were received at the gates of camp by the general and his staff in all their gold lace and regimentals.

One beautiful ceremony was the lowering of the flag. Every evening, at sunset, the flag would be lowered amid the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner," a cannon would be fired, and the emblem of freedom would slowly descend. The general and his staff would be present, and every head would be bared as the old familiar strains would float over the camp.

After this came the dress parade, in which the whole brigade would file past the general in review.

Finally came the breaking of the camp. It was interesting in a sort of sad way. At the first note of the bugle the men untied the ropes of their tents. At the second the stakes were loosened and the men stood by, ropes in hand, waiting for the next signal. At the third the ropes were pulled, and the camp was nothing but a flat plain with strips of canvas throughout. Everything then was packed and loaded on trains, and taken to the State armory. The soldiers were then marched to the train in companies; we followed, and so ended my camp life of so many pleasant memories.

DAY-DREAMS.

BY GRACE LESLIE JOHNSTON (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

WHEN, with my head upon my hand, I puzzle o'er per cent.,
And wonder who Columbus was, and where on earth he went,
I long to see the birds again, to hear the ocean roar;
I long to see the trees grow green and pick the flowers once more.
And then, when August comes around, I idly lie and dream,
And wish the sun was not so hot to dry up *all* the stream.

"HAPPY DAYS." BY ANNA C. BUCHANAN, AGE 12.

"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY MARGERY FULTON, AGE 15.

DREAMS.

BY HAROLD R. NORRIS (AGE 11).

I DREAM I see a little flower,
Who on the earth doth lie,
And suddenly, without a sound,
It goes up to the sky;

And from it steps a fairy small,
And says with elfin grace:
"Oh, Mr. Sun, come show to me
Your kind and gracious face."

And then the clouds all break away,
And all the thunders still,
And out in glory comes the sun
O'er field and dale and hill.

'T is then we long for one good breeze, one handful of cool snow,
And wish that winter's ice was here and summer's sun would go!

MY CAMPING TRIP.

BY MARGARET F. NYE (AGE 13).

CAMPING out! How delightful it sounds! Indeed, how delightful it is! At least I thought so after trying it one summer.

We did not camp out in the woods. Our tents were pitched in a pretty little village not far from our home.

We had two tents, end to end. The front one contained a large bed-lounge, a table, a desk, a bureau, and chairs. The other tent held a bed, a cot, a "home-made" wardrobe, our trunks, and a little oil-stove. One corner was curtained off for a bath-room.

About two or three yards from the "back door" was a grape-vine, shutting us in and making a cozy little back yard.

Oh, the delights of that summer! When a storm would be seen approaching, the stakes had to be driven in securely, the hammocks, chairs, and cushions had to be taken in, and then we would go in and listen to the raindrops pattering on the canvas.

Then in the evening we would sit out under the trees, or if it rained we made candy on the stove.

Any one that you ask will tell you that camping out is great sport. If you must have still better proof, try it yourself.

"HAPPY DAYS." BY CHARLES W. CHURCH, AGE 12.

MY CAMPING TRIP.

BY HELEN J. SIMPSON (AGE 14).

BEAUTIFUL Lake Hopatcong! What spot within as few miles of New York could be so perfect? It was here I spent the most delightful fortnight of my life.

There were five in the party: Tom, Roger, Nina, Rex, and myself. Rex and I were the youngest, the others being quite grown up in comparison. We pitched our camp on one of the prettiest parts of the lake, known as the river Styx. Choosing a name occasioned considerable discussion; but at last Rex suggested "Camp Peanuts." All objections to this name were overruled by the boys, who shouted "Camp Peanuts," until the name was taken up by the mountains and echoed and reëchoed far and wide.

It was great fun setting up the camp, and when the work was completed, and "Camp Peanuts" painted in gilt letters above the entrance, we surveyed our work with satisfaction.

With the exception of the following incident, which I think worthy of relating, our experiences were much the same as those of any campers, even the one rainy day, when we were almost drowned out, affording more or less enjoyment.

One morning we went trolling in pairs, Rex and I being together.

For a time neither Rex nor I felt a bite, but presently Rex caught a sunfish, and before he had rebaited I landed a perch. We continued to catch enough to make us forget the time until Rex, happening to look up, noticed that the sun was directly overhead. Suddenly we remembered that we were hungry.

Rex took the oars, but as he did so I felt a strong, steady tug. I reeled in slowly, the fish tugging so that I could scarcely hold the rod. Rex and I were wild with excitement, and as I brought the fish toward the surface, Rex grasped the net and leaned over the edge of the boat to land him. He succeeded in getting the net under the fish, but Mr. Fish made a dart to one side.

TO NEW READERS.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers. Every reader of the magazine, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to a League badge and instruction leaflet, free, upon application.

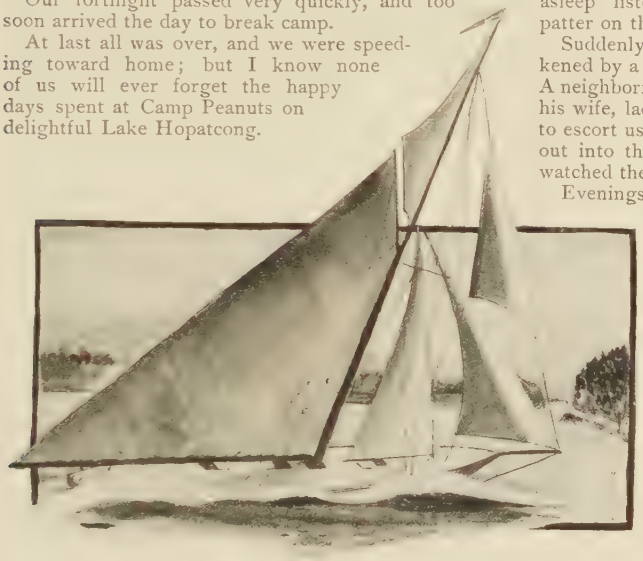
Rex leaned still farther over, and, losing his balance, fell with a splash into the lake.

I was so overcome with merriment that I let my fish go; but Rex refused to see the joke. He clambered into the boat and sat there, dripping wet, the most forlorn and ridiculous object I ever saw.

I dropped the oars, fairly shrieking with laughter, and Rex was too good-natured not to join in the laugh.

Our fortnight passed very quickly, and too soon arrived the day to break camp.

At last all was over, and we were speeding toward home; but I know none of us will ever forget the happy days spent at Camp Peanuts on delightful Lake Hopatcong.



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY MARGARET McKEON, AGE 14.

MY CAMPING TRIP.

BY EDITH M. GATES (AGE 17).

AFTER a seven-mile drive we pitched our tent on the edge of a bluff o'erlooking the Bay of Fundy, amidst an evergreen grove—an ideal camping-place.

Ticks were filled with straw and, after a simple meal eaten round the driftwood fire, bedfellows were assigned, and camp life began.

Long after our elders slept we girls lay awake story-telling, listening to the boom of the incoming tide.

"Early to bed, and early to rise," was our motto. Seven o'clock always found breakfast ready. We lived simply, but the bracing air made everything taste delicious.

After breakfast-dishes were washed and put away in an improvised china-closet, we took long walks up the stony beach or along the bluffs. Every afternoon we went in bathing. The water was exhilaratingly cold.

Not far from camp stood the old French cross, erected in memory of the Acadian exiles, who perished there. From the driftwood strewn round it we carved souvenirs.

The biweekly mail was a great event. Letters were very welcome.

The weather had been perfect, but one evening as we were preparing for bed the rain commenced to fall in torrents. We were very snug, and fell asleep listening to the patter on the tent.

THE FRENCH CROSS. (SEE STORY.)

Suddenly we were awakened by a flashing light. A neighboring farmer and his wife, laden with umbrellas and lanterns, had come to escort us to their home. But we were too cozy to go out into the rain, so we thanked them, and drowsily watched them depart.

Evenings we gathered around the camp-fire and sang. Once we tried a candy-pull, but the molasses scorched, and the candy was brittle.

A few days before leaving camp we gave a Parish Tea. All the farmers came, and in the evening we built a huge bonfire on the beach.

All were sorry to break up camp, but a thunderstorm threatened which we were n't sorry to miss.

We rattled down the mountain on the load at a good pace, swaying from side to side, singing all the way. We arrived home tired and dusty in time for tea. Oh, how good it seemed to sleep in the clean white beds that night! Soon after I returned to my home in the United States, bringing with me many photographs and pleasant memories of my camping trip in beautiful Nova Scotia.

DAY-DREAMS.

BY LOUISE PAINE (AGE 9).

I LOVE to lie on the cushions
And build castles in the air,
Of the days that are yet before me
When I 'll be a damsel fair.

I 'll be a queen, and ride
In a carriage made of gold;
I 'll have knights in clashing armor,
As in the days of old.

I 'll have two little pages
Who will beside me stand,
To be ready on the instant
To obey my least command.

But hark! I hear some one calling!
Ah, yes, it is time for tea;
And my day-dreams fade into open air,
Like mist upon the sea!

"HAPPY DAYS." BY ELSIE WORMSER, AGE 13.

MY CAMPING TRIP.

BY MOWBRAY VELTE (AGE 10).

About four summers ago I spent four months in Cashmere, and camped in the Siddar Valley in a place called Pailgám, which lies at the foot of the Himaláyá Mountains. I will now tell you how I got there.

We started from Lahore, Punjáb, in the evening, and went by train to Pindi.

Pindi is an important military station, where British troops are garrisoned.

From Pindi we went in a two-wheeled conveyance called a tonga to a military hill station called Murree.

The tonga is drawn by two horses, which are changed every five or six miles for fresh ones. The driver has a horn which he blows to let people know he is coming. The vehicle has a canvas cover over it.

From Murree we went in another two-wheeled conveyance, which shakes a great deal, and is drawn by one horse, which is never changed.

This conveyance is called an ekka, and took us to a place called Bárámúla in five days.

We had two servants with us, and while we were traveling by ekka we had our meals camp fashion.

At Bárámúla we got a boat called a dunga and went to Srinagar.

A dunga is a house-boat, which has a straw roof. The passengers live in the front and have two rooms.

At Srinagar we saw a palace, and part of it looked like a Christmas cake, it was so gay.

From Srinagar we went by boat to Islámabád, and from there we rode on pack-mules without any saddles to Pailgám.

There we pitched our tents. We slept in our tents, but stayed out of doors all day. Our tents were pitched in a forest of pines.

We lived very near the river Liddar, and used to go fishing in it with pin-hooks.

Every night we had a large bonfire.

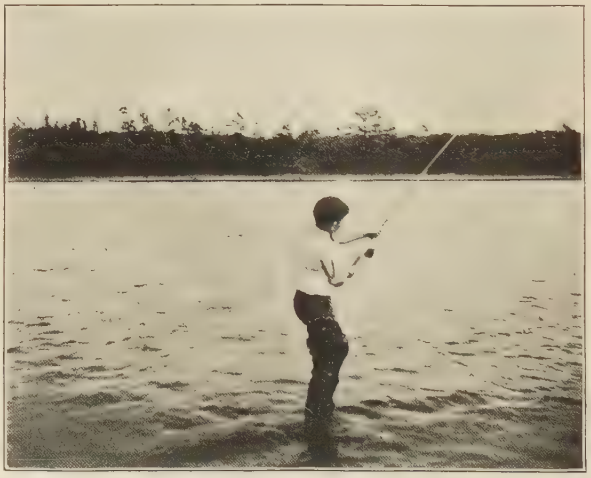
Once we all went to the source of the Jhelam River. We had to cross the river on our return journey, but found we could not do so because the bridge had been swept away by a flood.

We also had to stay two days at a small hamlet called Arú, and eat boiled rice and milk, because of the great and unexpected rise of the river.

I and my sister rode on chairs strapped on to coolies' backs.

A black dachshund rode all the way in each of our chairs in turn.

"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY ALINE J. DREYFUS, AGE 13.



"HAPPY DAYS." BY MARY TUFTS, AGE 14.

A DAY-DREAM.

BY KATHLEEN A. BURGESS (AGE 11).

I dreamt as I lay on the golden sand,
With the heaven's blue stretching above,
And the waves sang a song that no heart could withstand,
It was so overflowing with love.

I dreamt that I saw a beautiful ship
Being blithely blown over the sea,
And the masts were of gold and the sails were of silk,
And there it lay waiting for me.

As I stepped aboard my beautiful barge,
There appeared fairies three:
One went to the helm, one went to the wheel,
And the sweetest one steered for me.

They sang me a song, a beautiful song,
That mingled its notes with the sea,
Till we reached the Isle of Eternal Joy
And Endless Melody.

OUR CAMPING TRIP.

BY MARGEREE W. PITTS (AGE 14).

When I was about seven years old my mother and I went to visit some friends by the name of Hammond. They had a daughter Marjorie, who was my only companion.

Mr. Hammond in his younger days had been a sailor; and it was still his delight to sit in the sun and spin yarns. He also had brought home with him his sailor hammock, and for Marjorie's and my benefit he took it from the attic and hung it several yards from the side of the house.

With it came stories of the delights of sleeping out of doors, and, as Marjorie and I loved anything novel, we put our heads together and planned how we could accomplish this.

Various plans were suggested, but we gave them all up and decided to ask our mothers for permission to camp out in the yard that night.

Our mothers readily consented—and smiled.

We were overjoyed, and, as soon as it was bedtime kissed the two mothers, and with blankets and pillows jumped in the hammock.

As long as the lights were bright in the house we thought it great fun, but when they were put out (earlier than usual it seemed) we began to think and talk about the gipsies that had been around that day. A big boy had told us that they would come into people's yards and take little girls and hurt them.

We then began to count sheep, but before

we had counted ten the most blood-curdling groans and moans came from the darkened house.

Marjorie hung on to me and I to her, both of us too scared to move.

Finally Marjorie said in a weak little voice: "Don't you think our mothers are lonesome?"

I answered "Yes"; and with that two little forms jumped out of the hammock and ran to the house, where they were soon clasped in their mothers' arms and borne upstairs to bed.

Through the open door, when Marjorie was dropping to sleep, I heard her say, "I think this is the best place to camp."

BESSIE'S DREAM.

BY ALICE CONE (AGE 11).

Bessie was a little girl;
Her age was nine or ten;
She 'd been to school for six long years,
And did not know all then.

"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY JOHN SINCLAIR, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

Now Bessie dreamed a dream one night
When every one was sleeping—
She dreamed that fairies small and bright
Were at her side a-peeping.

One pretty fairy, all in white
(The fairy queen of old),
She came and stood by Bessie's bed,
And waved a wand of gold.

"What do you wish, my little girl?"
The fairy queen then said.
"I wish to know of everything
That I 've not seen or read."

She waved her wand, and everything
Began to fade away.
And then—oh, dear! our Bessie woke
To study all that day.

DRAKE.

BY TONY VAUGHAN (AGE 7).

Our hero Drake he sailed the seas for England, home, and beauty;
He fought for us and nobly lived, and always did his duty.

"ANIMAL LIFE." EDNA WADDELL, AGE 13.

DAY-DREAMS.

BY J. HORTON DANIELS (AGE 12).

Oft I wish I were a cloud
That floats about the sky:
I 'd look 'way down on Mother Earth,
And feel that I 'm so high.

A cloud as fleecy as a lamb,
But not a thunderous one,
Nor one that hides the whole blue sky
And keeps away the sun.

I 'd ride about from morn till night,
Around the sky so blue;
But when I stop to think awhile,
I fear I might miss you.

And when I think of leaving home
And all the loved ones dear,
I think I 'd rather be a boy
And stay with you right here.

DAY-DREAMS.

BY ADELAIDE NICHOLS (AGE 9).

When I grow to be a man
I shall be a mighty king!
I shall wear a golden crown
And a sparkling diamond ring.

I shall have a prancing charger
And a chariot of gold;
I 'll be arrayed in costly furs
To keep me from the cold.

But even when I am a king
I 'll be kind and good and just,
And all my friends and servants
Will know well whom they can trust.

NOTICE TO FAR-OFF MEMBERS.

A number of League members living in such distant lands as Australia, New Zealand, Asia, and South Africa have asked that we announce a competition far enough ahead to allow them to take part in it. To all such we would say that the present list of subjects throughout will be repeated in November, except that the "heading" illustration will be for January, and the "episode" will be French history instead of American. This will give three months, which will be ample time for even the most remote League dweller. We may add that as the puzzle competitions have no special subject, these are always available, while in the matter of drawings the "headings" and "tailpieces" run the year round and may be prepared and forwarded many weeks ahead.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY M. POWELL, AGE 12.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Gertrude Ford
Natalie D. Wurts
Ray Randall
Charles Irish Preston
Kathryn Hubbard
Sibyl Kent Stone
Dorothea Gay
Doris Francklyn
Gertrude Louise Cannon
Marguerite Stuart
Maud Dudley Shackleford
Jacob Schmucker
Helen Brainard
Nannie C. Barr
Helen Lombaert Scobey
Julia Ford Fiebeger
Emmeline Bradshaw
Lucy Du Bois Porter
Lucile Woodling
Alice Pearl von Blucher
Margaret Lyon Smith
Elizabeth McCormick
Josephine Whitbeck
Constance Votey
Eleanor R. Johnson
Louisa E. Spear
Mary Yeula Westcott
Jessie Lee Riall
Alleine Langford
Melicent Eno Humason
Mary C. Tucker
Willia Nelson
Beulah Ridgeway
Abigail R. Bailey
Mora Rivenburg
Neill C. Wilson
Virginia Coryell Craven
Shirley Willis
Helen E. Griffin
Marjorie Verschoyle Betts
Dorothy Grace Gibson
Anne Kress
Rebecca Laddis
Mary Blossom Bloss
Elizabeth Swift Brengle
Abigail E. Jenner
Edith J. Minaker
Susan Warren Wilbur
Jessie Barker Coit
Teresa Cohen
Laura Lois Olds
Julia Cooley
Elsa Clark
Alice Cabell Clopton
Dorothy Perry
Frieda Muriel Harrison

VERSE 2.

Harry Van Wald
Daisy Errington Brettell
Bertie Brown Regester
Muriel Bush
Twila Agnes McDowell
Edwin Doan
Alma Ellingson
Cora L. Merrill
Edna Mead
Gladys M. Adams
Annie Louise Johnson
Florence Louise Adams
Helen Spear
Virginia D. Keeney
Enza Alton Zeller
John H. Sherman
Olive Moodie Cooke
Marie Wennerberg
Emily Rose Burt
Alice Moore
Florence Gardiner
Marion S. Wilson
Mollie M. Cussaart
Bernice Brown
Alice Bartholomew
Elizabeth Templeton Cunningham
Alice Knowles
Margaret Maclennan
Dorothy Walker
Kathryn Rothschild
Anna Hunt Welles

PROSE 1.

Alfred P. Merryman
Charles L. Benoist
Blanche Leeming
Myrtle Lenore Salsig
Harriet W. Gardiner
Remson Wisner Holbert
Ruth Wilson
Louis Durant Edwards
Ruth Heughes
Marjorie Lachmund
Richard de Charms, Jr.
Mildred Quiggle
Ethel M. Dickson
Joe Pound
Stanley E. Moodie
Helen A. Lee
Frank L. Hayes
Elizabeth Eastman
Margaret Denniston
Walter Winton
Ivy Varian Walshe
Cora Call
Martin Janowitz
Fordyce L. Perego
Francis Strong
Nellie Foster-Comegys
Dorothy Alice Spear
Gilbert P. Bogert
Alfred Redfield
Edith Hilles
Jean Fulton
Marie Elisa Carbery
Ruth A. Donnan
Genevieve Morse
May Patton
Isabella McLaughlin
Lucie Clifton Jones
Mabel Robinson
Susette Ryerson
Sarah McCarthy
Grace Gates
Catharine H. Straker
Frances Morrissey
Margaret King
Delia Ellen Champlin
Mildred A. Crane
Winnie Bobbitt
Paul B. Taylor
Gladys Fulton
Winona Montgomery
Philip C. Gifford
Florence Knight
Ida Pritchett
Ramona Laila Janney
Carolyn Bulley
Ruth A. Wilson
Margaret Hildebrant
Jean Plant
Prudence Ross
Florence Kaufman
Mary W. Ball
Mary White Found
Robert Ellsworth Scott
Elizabeth Strong
Samuel Merrill Foster

PROSE 2.

Edith Blaine
Edith Julia Ballou
Gladys Hodson
Powell Cotter
Ernest LaPrade
Lillian Alexander
Elizabeth Lee
Edwin Bishop
Rosalind C. Case
Sidney Robinson
Louise Tate
Eunice McGilvra
Lisbeth Harlan
Gladys Moch
Donald K. Belt
Elizabeth Hirsh
Alice Otis Bird
Dorothy Jacobs
Mary d'A. Lilienthal
Inez Pischel
Brownie Samsell
Emma D. Miller
Mary Claypoole

DRAWINGS 1.

Alice T. Gardin
Lauren Ford
Lucie E. B. Mackenzie
Louise Converse
Elizabeth Chase Burt
Monica Pearson Turner
Thomas H. Foley
Julia Halleck
Earl D. Studley
James Barrett
Walter E. Huntley
Harry B. Lachman
Muriel C. Evans
Phoebe Wilkinson
Melville Levey
Rena Kellner
Marcia Gardner
Alex Seffeirt
Roy L. Hilton
Mary Pemberton Nourse
Teresa R. Robbins
Duncan G. McGregor
Valentine Newton

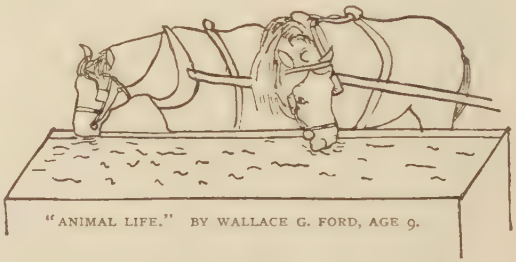
DRAWINGS 2.

Cordner H. Smith
Marguerite Strathy
M. S. Wyeth
Carl Lohse
Rita Wood
Meade Bolton
Georgiana Wood
Minnie Gwyn
Maisie Smith
Frederick Seiberling
Marjorie Connor
Ella E. Preston
Constance Whitten
Irving A. Nees
John A. Helwig
Hugh Spencer
Margaret Wrong
Joseph Weber
Enid Goulding Sinclair
Edith Park
Joseph B. Mazzano
Robert W. Foulke
Thalia Graham
Dorothy Clapp
Helen Wilson Barnes
Frieda Hug
Anna R. Carolan
Esther Parker
Elsa Solano Lopez
Marguerite Polleys
Charlotte B. Arnold
Gladys A. Lothrop
Margaret Ellen Payne
Dorothy Mulford Riggs
Charles Roth
William R. Lohse
Harriet Barney Burt
C. B. Brown
Janet Orr Ewing
Ellen H. Rogers
Lionel E. Drew
Martha E. Fleck
Stanislaus E. McNeill
Phoebe Hunter
Helen F. Searight
George A. MacLean
Elizabeth D. Keeler
Katherine M. Keeler
Harriet Eager
Herbert W. Landau
Etta Rowe
Edward A. McAvoy
Grace W. Trail
Katherine Callington
Sidney Edward Dickenson
Louise Miller
May Thomas
Marie Atkinson
Edith Kioger
Jeanette McAlpin
Margaret Booraem Richardson
Delphina L. Hammer
Ada M. Keigwin
Anne Furman Goldsmith
Grace E. R. Meeker
Dorothy C. King
Margaret Lantz Daniell
D. Adams
Mary Cooper
William Schrufer
Clinton O. Brown
Marjorie Sibyl Heck
Warford E. Rowland
Irene Fuller
Mary McLaren
Louise McGilvra
Anna Beatrice Wetherill
Olive Garrison
Robert Hammond Gibson
Helen E. Price
Eleanor R. Chapin
Walter Burton Nourse
John W. Love
Mary Klauder
Angelica Mumford
Katherine Dulcebella Barbour
Mildred Hippee
Gladys Blackman
Alice W. Hinds
Evelyn Buchanan
Alan Adams
Katharine Gibson
Eleanor Keeler
Isabel Weaver
John W. Overton
Mary E. Ross
Charlotte St. G. Nourse
Katharine Buchanan
Kenneth Stowell
Ralph E. Koch
Franklin S. Whitehouse
Roger Taylor
Mildred Curran Smith
Helen W. Moore
Marion K. Cobb
Theodore L. Fitzsimons
Katharine Krouse

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Edwin B. Arnold
Eleanor Hobson
Philip S. Ordway
Edwin Shoemaker
Carlota Glasgow
Oliver Ritchie
Marie Fogarty
Katherine L. Marvin
Dorothy Lincoln
Madge Pulsford
Harold Chapin
Marguerite Williams
Christina B. Fisher
Eleanor Twining
May H. Peabody
Ione Casey
Dorothy Gardiner

Study from Animal Life"



"ANIMAL LIFE." BY WALLACE G. FORD, AGE 9.

"ANIMAL LIFE." BY JACKY HAYNE, AGE 8.

Katharine A. Potter
Paul Wormser
Alice du Pont

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Florence R. T. Smith
Margaret B. Copeland
Elizabeth Morrison
Louisa M. Waterman
Phyllis Mudie Cooke
Rose Caroline Huff
Lucien Carr
Emma K. Woods
Anne Constance Nourse
Emily L. Storer
Hugo Graf
Ruth Boyden
Harold K. Schoff
Catherine Delano
Alice L. Cousens
Rachel Rude
Miriam Phinney
Fanny J. Walton
P. J. Young
Alice Garland
Rosalie Day
Horace J. Simons
Chauncey Reed
Karl M. Mann
Edith Houston
Louis Reimer
C. W. Ireland
Hanford Macnider
William W. Marden
Zelie M. Eberstadt
Sidney Y. Kimball
Fred Stedman
Mary L. Fletcher
Fanny Winans
Anne Marguerite Dye
Louis Barrington
Ellen du Pont
Marjorie Newell
Walter Brettell
Elizabeth Love Godwin
Mary Letitia Fyffe
Mary A. Woods
Robert S. Platt
Carl Cannon Glick
Marion D. Freeman
Kathleen Gould
Dorothy Williams
Margaret Rucker
Frances Richardson
Alice L. McCready
Winthrop Brown, Jr.
Carl Lawrence
Freda Messervy
Alice Septon
Heyliger de Windt
Jonathan W. French
Rudolph Leding
Mary S. Cumming
Helen Hudson
Ludie Freeland
Percival W. Whittlesey
Elisabeth H. Rice
Alan Ginty
Rutherford Platt
Albert Westcott
Sydney B. Lamb
Kenneth Payne

PUZZLES 1.

Roger Williams
Walter A. Halkett
Henry Morgan Brooks
Christine Graham
Ida Berry
Cornelia N. Walker
Gretchen Neuburger
Katharine King
Ellsworth Weeks
Phyllis Nanson
Marguerite Hallowell
Mary Dunbar
Volant V. Ballard
Margaret W. Mandell

PUZZLES 2.

Louise Fitz
Eleanor F. Reifsnider
Mary Salmon
Margaret F. Upton
E. Adelaide Hahn
Harry W. Hazard, Jr.
John Dunton Keyes
Arthur M. Reed
Katherine Neumann
Donald Ferguson
Marguerite Hill
Leah Gardner
Elizabeth McMillan
Hoyt D. Perry

"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY MARION OSGOOD CHAPIN, AGE 13.

"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY MARGARET KEENE, AGE 7.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 59.

(*See notice, page 953.*)

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. (This does not include winners of "Wild-animal Photograph" prizes.)

Competition No. 59 will close **August 20** (for foreign members **August 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for November.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title: to contain the word "Pleasure" or "Pleasures."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words: "My Favorite Episode in American History."

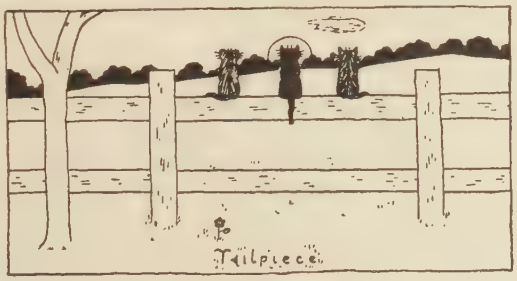
Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Distance."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "A Nature Study" and "A Heading or Tailpiece for October."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.



"A TAILPIECE FOR AUGUST." BY HELEN McG. NOYES, AGE 11.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

AFTER VACATION DAYS.

"BACK to school!" will be the watchword before many days now. And there is one delightful reflection in beginning a school year. It is like turning over a new leaf in your copy-book. The old blots and the regretted failures are hidden. You can dream of doing better, and, what *is* better, you can make the dream come true. The easiest way of getting through the school-day is to interest yourself in the work; and by securing a good understanding of the work from the first, the interest will be awakened.

Then let your reading be a handmaid to your school-work; this will aid in both.

PUTTING BOOKS IN THEIR PROPER PLACE.

THIS is not a paragraph advising you to replace books upon the shelves when you are through with them. Of course all book-lovers treat their friends in print with due respect, and do not leave them to be buffeted by a cruel world.

No. This is merely a reminder that books come second, and realities take first place. The critics find no better praise for Shakspere than to say that he writes of everything as if in its presence. If he speaks of a deer, he notes what he has seen, not what books tell. Even if all the book-learning of his age had been packed into his brain, it would not have given him the facts he tells us. Ruskin quotes Shakspere's description of a severe storm at sea, and Ruskin's eye for nature was nearly as good as Shakspere's own. If a horse is described, the Elizabethan genius sees with the eye of a horse-lover and the enthusiasm of a stable-lad who knows nothing but horses; and so of flowers, kings, ships, armor, — what you will.

Look at the world first, and then into your books to see if others have seen what you see.

IN THE LIBRARY.

ALL over this broad land of ours, that extends from the neighborhood of Robinson Crusoe's island to the great chain of lakes about which Parkman has told such true romances as may well excite the rivalry of novelists, from the home of Irving's Knickerbockers to the land whence Bret Harte derived material for his poetical dreams of impossible gold-hunters, there are great libraries with shelves weighted with delightful volumes.

At one time it was thought that libraries were for the traditional scholar — a pale, bespectacled creature who never dreamed of such a glorious triumph as a three-base hit or a home run. But to-day it is the most practical men who are making the greatest use of libraries; and in the libraries you meet the boys and girls who are most interested in the living world about them.

There are advantages in doing your more serious work in the reading-rooms of the libraries. If you see a reference or quotation, you can at once verify it; if there is further information to be found in another book, you may send for it.

Perhaps even in these enlightened days there are boys and girls who need to be told that in the "reference room" you are allowed to consult many books at a time. Of course they are not taken from the library. In studying a history lesson, for example, it is an excellent practice to compare the accounts of different writers — especially those of earlier times with those of our modern historians.

THE VALUE IN A STORY.

WHAT is the quality, or what are the qualities, that make a good story? By this is not meant merely a story that is readable, but one that has real worth. It seems to be agreed that Nathaniel Hawthorne's short stories possess true worth. Who will send us a little essay upon one of these master-works, telling what it is that renders them superior to the 3,404,823,981 stories that have appeared since? (We do not guarantee the accuracy of these figures, as we may have missed one or two in the count!) Again, as we said last month, we offer no prizes for such an essay except the conditional promise to print an essay (not over 300 words) meriting the attention of our readers.

Address in care of this department, as there are so many inclosures coming to the League that your little essay might go astray and be considered a misfit composition intended for some other department.

Remember, the question is, "What makes the worth of a story?" and the suggestion is to take one of Hawthorne's for an example.

WHEN YOU ARE PUZZLED. Now and then in your reading you are sure to come upon sentences that will seem blind to you. It is an excellent plan to read these aloud slowly. Often the ear will help to catch the meaning. But if a writer presents a continual succession of problems and enigmas, the chances are that he is not worth your time, or else that you have not yet come to the proper age for reading his work. Browning, for instance, is certainly great; but he is also, as certainly, hard to follow. Until you can forgive his style for the sake of his thought, it will be better to keep to other poets.

FINE PRINT AND COARSE. It may be a fancy, but is it not true that a passage read in small print is likely to be taken in more as one complete thing? The same words will convey a more scattered impression if in large print.

Try reading a few verses of the Bible in this way, first in large and then in small lettering.

BOOKS THAT ARE RELATED. It would be interesting to get together a complete "family" of books; that is, to collect a set of books each of which was written because of another. You might, for instance, take some noted story — our old friend "Robinson Crusoe" will do as a very well known example. Then try to secure the book about "Alexander Selkirk."

Then take the "Swiss Family Robinson," then Jules Verne's story that tells the subsequent fortunes of the young Robinsons, and after that take some other of the numerous volumes owing their life to these famous forerunners.

You need not own these books, of course, but it might make an interesting reading course.

"The Sleeping Beauty" legend also would lead you pleasantly through a number of related books and stories.

THE NUCLEUS OF YOUR LIBRARY. Every young reader and book-lover should own a few choice, permanent books, that are kept as his choicest. Have them in as good a form as you can afford, and cherish them as your treasury of literature. Be careful to admit to this highest rank only the most deserving of all the books you read.

IN RESPONSE TO OUR REQUEST. Margaret Douglas Gordon, wishing to name a few newer books than the old favorites, sends a pleasant letter highly recommending these:

The Princesses' Story-Book	*G. L. Gomme*
The Queens' Story-Book	*G. L. Gomme*
The Arkansas Bear	*A. B. Paine*
The Hollow Tree	*A. B. Paine*
Scottish Fairy Tales	*George Douglas*
Border Ballads	*Graham Tomson*
With the King at Oxford	*A. J. Church*
Historical Tales from Shakspere	*Quiller-Couch*
Stories of the Days of King Arthur	*C. H. Hanson*

The historical element is a little too frequent in this list, but we hope it may be useful to readers seeking for novelty in their mental food.

A LETTER FROM A FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT. We print this friendly letter from a lover of French literature:

Montreux, Switzerland.

Dear St. Nicholas: Every month I follow the Books and Reading department with the greatest interest. But I have noticed that, although many very excellent English and American books are recommended by you, only infrequent mention is made of foreign ones. I think this is a pity; surely girls and boys learning or already knowing French would like to know of some of that country's latest publications.

The French are a gay and lively people, and much of their brightness is to be found in the pages of their books, watching the opportunity to make the reader laugh. Take, for example, a volume that has just appeared, "L' Apprentissage de Valérie," by J. M. Mermin, published by Paul Paclot & Cie, 4 Rue Cassette, Paris. It is full of amusing anecdotes and many irresistibly funny conversations, while the affection of Valérie for her young brother Aubin is quite touching.

It is a fresh, good book, fit for girls and boys of every age, and no more agreeable reading could be found.

You would confer a great favor on me by printing this letter, as I should very much like to hear the opinions of other League members on the subject. I could quote dozens of other charming French works, but fearing to make my letter too long, I will end.

Thanking you for the pleasure the magazine always affords me,

Sincerely yours,

Ivy Varian Walshe.

THE LETTER-BOX.

BERKELEY, CAL.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy your numbers a great deal, and at the end of the year I am going to have them all bound together.

We live on a very large place. We have two dogs to play with, and their names are Beo and Bevis. We have a donkey of our own, named Barry, and my sister Helen has a dear little canary-bird named Sweetheart (this is her own name for it) and he sings beautifully. We do not go to school, as the nearest one is too far away from our home, but James (my brother) and I have lessons from Aunt Lida, and we like them very much. We also take German lessons. We go down to Pacific Grove every summer, and we have a house of our own there, which is most delightful. I enjoy the Letter-box in your numbers and I thought you might like to have a letter from me.

Your loving reader,
JOHN GARBER PALACHE (age 10).

OAKMONT, PA.

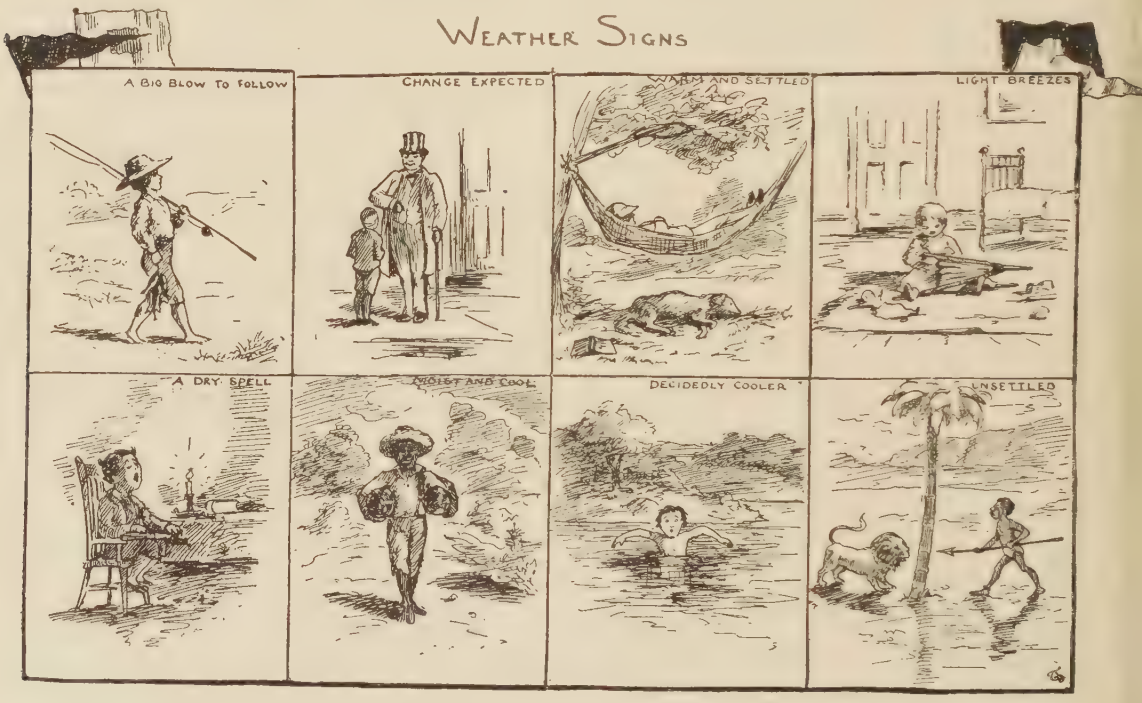
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for about three years and like you very much. I have two sisters and two brothers. Our grandfather has four ponies. One he got when I was a baby, and it is snow white, and twenty-five years old. We say that he is white from old age.

Grandmother has boxes that are long and thin, tilted one side, with seeds in them for the birds, which she calls the "Bird Dining-room." Your loving reader,
MARGARET MACRUM.

P. S. My mother and uncles took you when they were small.

EINDRED VIKO, KINGSTON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Before I got you I was always saying that I wished I had something to read, but for the three years I don't believe I have said it more than twice, as I have always had you to read by a grate fire in winter, or out on the lawn with big cushions piled high at my back in summer. I very seldom write to any one, unless it is some one who has made me feel happy. So you must know you are one. Your beloved reader,
CLAIRE ROBINSON.

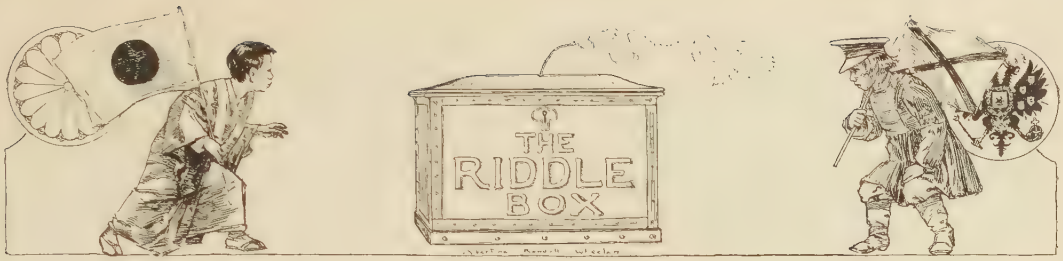


LOGAN, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a sister Bessie, and a kitten named Midnight, so I was interested in "The Weighing" in your March number.

Yours, SYDNEY L. WRIGHT (age 7).

Lack of space has prevented our printing interesting little letters from Helen Spafford, Alice L. Sigourney, Blanche Hogeland, Philip P. Patout, Martha Ellis White, Richard T. Lyford, Charles I. Hodges, Katherine Keith, and Graham Bullen.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

HISTORICAL ACROSTIC. Third row, Charlemagne. 1. Bacon. 2. Mohammed. 3. Plato. 4. Rurik. 5. Sulla. 6. Spenser. 7. Homer. 8. Drake. 9. Magellan. 10. Dante. 11. Alexander.

ZIGZAG. Independence Day. Cross-words: 1. Ignition. 2. Uncommon. 3. Undulate. 4. Greeting. 5. Accepted. 6. Accident. 7. Ignorant. 8. Pilchard. 9. Trencher. 10. Suspense. 11. Starched. 12. Generous. 13. Medicine. 14. Bachelor. 15. Youthful.

CHARADE. Ark-hives, archives.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Shakespeare; finals, Winter's Tale. Cross-words: 1. Shadow. 2. Haggai. 3. Action. 4. Knight. 5. Entire. 6. Slower. 7. Petals. 8. Enlist. 9. Africa. 10. Recoil. 11. Europe.

TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Fourth of July, Independence, fire-crackers.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Fourth of July, fire-crackers.

A MAGIC SQUARE. 1. Fourth of July. 2. Declaration of Independence. 3. Washington. 4. Lee. 5. John Adams. 6. Jefferson. 7. John Hancock.

TRANSFORMATIONS. 1. Shirk, shark. 2. Barge, badge. 3. Gross, grass. 4. Niter, Niger. 5. Beach, bench. 6. Baton, bacon. 7. Spore, spire. 8. Party, patty. 9. Ardor, armor. 10. Wager, wafer. 11. Caddy, candy. 12. Snore, snare.

CHARADE. E-man-sip-a-shun, Emancipation.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Abash. 2. Briny. 3. Aimed. 4. Sneer. 5. Hydra. II. 1. Altar. 2. Large. 3. Trail. 4. Agile. 5. Relet. III. 1. Abater. 2. Berate. 3. Aright. 4. Taglia. 5. Ethiop. 6. Retaps. IV. 1. Aster. 2. Shone. 3. Togas. 4. Enact. 5. Rests. V. 1. Sales. 2. Abate. 3. Lathe. 4. Ether. 5. Seers.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from Joe Carlada — "Argument" — Grace Haren — Ernest A. Marx — "Chuck" — St. Gabriel's Chapter — Allil and Adi — Eleanor Wyman — Tyler H. Bliss — Adeline L. F. Pepper — Ruth Bartlett — Elizabeth D. Lord — Jo and I — Nessie and Freddie — Russell S. Reynolds — Constance and Esther — Marion Thomas — John P. Phillips — Gwyneth Pennethorne.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from Franklin T. Rice, 1 — Frank Hanford, 1 — Harry Kahn, 5 — Anna S. Foster, 1 — Howard Smith, 5 — Nan and Caryl, 5 — Della Irene Patterson, 3 — C. C. and F. H. Anthony, 7 — Frederica Rutherford Mead and Lawrence Myers Mead, 5 — Edna Moses, 1 — Harriet Bingamon, 5 — Myrtle Alderson, 6 — "Johnnie Bear," 7 — Alice A. Bristow, 1 — Eunice Shafer, 1 — Mary E. Askew, 1 — Dode Van Eaton, 6 — Anna B. Richardson, 1 — Allan S. Richardson, 1 — Laura E. Jones, 6 — Miriam Ellinwood, 1.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.

(One word is concealed in each couplet.)

1. MAY Orrin run a race with me?
   You must be umpire, all agree.
2. I think Rab overshot the mark;
   Last night he practised after dark.
3. Now please yoke Sam and me together;
   A barefoot race will save shoe-leather.
4. Just see how Rover tears around;
   Of course they 'll send him off the ground.
5. Come, Sam, and rest; such skill you 've shown,
   The highest prize you 'll surely own.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

ZIGZAG PUZZLE.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EACH of the words described contains seven letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, begin with the second letter of the first word, the third letter of the second word, the second letter of the third word, the first letter of the fourth, and so on, ending with the first letter of the last word. The fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh letters of all the words are not used in the zigzag.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Pertaining to the Turks. 2. To accomplish. 3. Middle. 4. A fabulous animal having one horn. 5. The wind-flower. 6. Atmospheric conditions of a place. 7. To try. 8. Fervent. 9. A building. 10. Supremacy. 11. To state in detail. 12. One, not a professional, with a taste for art. 13. To draw. 14. To burn. 15. A neck of land joining two larger bodies of land. 16. Slanting. 17. To trouble. 18. Glowing with flame. 19. Kindly. 20. Apparent. 21. Conciseness. 22. Liquids produced by distilling. 23. A figure having eight sides. 24. An umpire.

The zigzag will spell the official name of our country.

BENJAMIN L. MILLER.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A DANCE. 2. A constellation. 3. A measure of capacity in the metric system. 4. The scriptures of the Mohammedans. 5. Concerning.

DAVID B. VAN DYCK (League Member).

ZIGZAG AND FINAL ACROSTIC.

```
1 . . . 3
. . . *
* . . . *
. * . . *
* . . . *
. * . . *
2 . . . 4
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CROSS-WORDS: 1. A magistrate. 2. A rude picture used by the Indians as a symbol. 3. The joint on which a door turns. 4. To go into. 5. Perforations. 6. Proportion. 7. To long for earnestly.

From 1 to 2, an American statesman; from 3 to 4, the surname of an American author.

MARGARET ABBOTT (League Member.)

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of ninety-eight letters, and form a quotation from a poem by Celia Thaxter.

My 50–18–2–40–27–12–65 is an insect that Dickens has written about. My 64–84–17–96–5–8–82 10–4–31–98–73 are brilliant green beetles used for raising blisters. My 57–24–65 is no sluggard. My 37–13–90–43–6–58–10–47–15 is called the swallow among insects. My 60–9–53–22–72–65 is an insect allied to the grasshopper. My 16–9–51–39–48–56 is an insect that stings severely. My 30–9–56–34–65–6 97–22–46 is the Colorado beetle. My 84–61–3–93–29–74–49–11–63–25 is a large American moth. My 1–75–81–21–63–44–65–9 is a common and troublesome insect. My 80–91–89–23–59–64 are troublesome to plants. My 69–70–38–26–88–74–9–77–92–55–14 is a jumping insect. My 89–6–32–20–15–97–48–78 is a model of industry. My 94–52–62–71–36–95 is the seventeen-year locust. My 43–7–66–56 is an annoying little insect. My 85–22–76–87 is a stage of insect life. My 40–75–62–6–75–35 is the case in which the silkworm lies. My 28–50–82–67–20–63–1–75–42 10–19–86 is a parasitic fly. My 4–83–68–93–97–22–33 is an insect whose "house is on fire." My 79–41–45–54 is an artificial sheet of ice, under cover, used for skating. ELSIE LOCKE.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

```
4 . . . . 12 .
. . . . 9 . .
. . 5 . . 1 .
. . 10 . . . .
. . . 7 . . .
. . 3 . . . .
. 11 2 . . . .
. . . . 8 . .
. . . . 6 . .
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CROSS-WORDS: 1. A nautical instrument. 2. An imaginary circle on the earth's surface. 3. Energy. 4. One who trifles. 5. An inscription on a monument. 6. To speak briefly of. 7. Unmannerly. 8. To marry. 9. Perusing.

The initial letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a month; the letters represented by the figures from 1 to 12 will spell something that was adopted on the seventeenth day of that month.

GEORGE W. HALKETT.

CHANGED HEADS.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

MAKE one word into another by changing the first letter. Example: Change an indentation into to utter. Answer, b-ay, s-ay.

1. Change a pronoun to a conjunction. 2. Change base to at present. 3. Change a period of time into high-priced. 4. Change spoke to a sudden attack. 5. Change was seated to consume. 6. Change part of the head to strife. 7. Change a bag to a masculine nickname. 8. Change a respectful title to atmosphere. 9. Change an opening to a covering for the head. 10. Change to free from to a young animal. 11. Change pertaining to the air to pertaining to a series. 12. Change a masculine nickname to a grain. 13. Change seized to a cozy corner.

The initials of the words before they are changed will spell the name of an American famous in war; the initials of the words after they are changed will spell the name of an American famous in politics.

AGNES R. LANE.

CHARADE.

DEAR is my *first* to childhood's heart,
Again, its dire confusion;
A *last* of my *first* would pain impart—
Pray, pardon the allusion.
When skies are dark and winds and waves are high,
With joy we on my *total's* skill rely.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonals, from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter, and from the lower left-hand letter to the upper right-hand letter, will each spell a famous statesman.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Traveled. 2. Indorse. 3. To ally. 4. Moving with a dragging step. 5. Incessant. 6. Trembling with cold. 7. Essays. 8. A stop in an organ, having a flute-like sound. 9. Comrade.

TYLER H. BLISS (League Member).

NOVEL ZIGZAG.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

```
1 . . . . . . 3
. * . . . . * .
. . * . . * . .
. . . . * . . .
. . . * * . . .
. . . . . . . .
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* . . . . . . *
. * . . . . . .
. . * . . * . .
. . . * * . . .
. . . * * . . .
. . * . . * . .
. * . . . . * .
2 . . . . . . 4
```

THE first four words and the last four words read from left to right; the others read from right to left.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Untaught. 2. Not searched for. 3. Not religious. 4. To recall. 5. The shell of a turtle. 6. Facility. 7. Casting out. 8. Entangled. 9. Achieved. 10. Fiendish. 11. Adorned. 12. Outward. 13. Approved. 14. A spicy seed. 15. A Turkish saber.

From 1 to 2, a day celebrated in the United States; from 3 to 4, a famous American who died on that day.

CHARLINE S. SMITH.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

121-122.

LADY BETTY DELMÉ AND HER CHILDREN.

(From a mezzotint by Valentine Green of the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

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BRITTANY, THE LAND OF THE SARDINE.

BY HUGH M. SMITH.

OF the host of American boys and girls who are fond of the well-flavored and wholesome French sardine, probably very few know anything about the country where the sardine is caught and prepared, or realize how many thousands of boys and girls depend on this little fish for their very existence.

The fish is named from the island of Sardinia, in the Mediterranean Sea, about whose shores it abounds. But the word "sardine" has no local meaning now, for it is applied to various kinds of small herring-like fishes in different parts of the world. Maine, Florida, California, Chile, Japan, India, New Zealand, and France have their own peculiar sardines. The most important and best known sardine, however, is that of France. It is found from Sweden to the Madeira Islands, but is most abundant on the south coast of England (where it is called pilchard), in the Bay of Biscay, and in the Mediterranean. The little fish is especially numerous and important on the shores of the ancient French province of Brittany, and it is of the sardine industry of that country that I wish to give you a few glimpses in this article.

Brittany occupies the northwest corner of France, but will not be found on most modern maps, as it ceased its separate existence as a province more than a century ago. It is a wild and rugged country, inhabited by a hardy people who for many centuries have followed the sea, and to-day are more extensively en-

A BUSY LITTLE BRETON MAID.

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A SARDINE FISHERMAN'S HOME.

gaged in fishing than in any other occupation or than any other people of France. The world-wide reputation of the canned French sardine is due to the fine quality of the fish itself and to the care and skill employed in catching and preserving it. While the cod, mackerel, herring, tunny, lobster, oyster, and many other animals are taken, the tiny sardine is the leading product, and contributes more than any other kind of sea food to the fishery wealth of France.

The men who follow the sardine fishery have no other occupation. Most of them are very poor, and, as they usually have large families, they must fish actively in order to make a living; and their wives and daughters are obliged to work in the sardine factories to help support themselves. The boys, when quite young, go

DAUGHTERS OF A BRETON FISHERMAN.

out in the fishing-boats with their fathers or elder brothers, and soon learn the ways of the sardines and the methods of fishing; while the girls accompany their mothers into the factories, and, with their nimble fingers and quick wits, readily learn how to cure and pack the little fish. Even when fishing is at its best, the fisherman's lot is unhappy; but when the sardines fail to visit the coast in their usual numbers, as in 1902, the condition of the fishing people is serious, and they sometimes are brought dangerously near to starvation.

OFF TO THE FISHING-GROUNDS IN THE EARLY MORNING.

The schools of sardines are found on the coast during almost the entire year, but are caught in largest numbers during summer and fall. While the fishing is going on there is a continuous round of activity in the coast towns.

The boats, each with a crew of five or six men, sail early in the morning, often before daybreak, in order to be on the grounds when the fish begin to feed. When the fish are found, the nets are put in the water, the captain of the boat stands in the stern to give directions and to throw the bait, and the men are alert to do whatever may contribute to the success of the day's fishing.

The nets are made of very fine twine, and are stained with a blue dye to preserve them and to render them less conspicuous when in the water. They float in an upright position behind the boat, being supported by corks and weighted with stones.

When the boats are among the fish, the captain casts bait in such a way as to induce the schools of fish to run into the net in their haste to reach the food. This method of fishing with bait is used to a slight extent in other countries and other fisheries, but is nowhere so extensively carried on as in the sardine fishery of Brittany.

The bait is chiefly the salted eggs of the codfish, and comes in barrels from Norway, Newfoundland, and America. It is a curious fact that the sardine fishery of France should be dependent on the cod fishery of distant lands, and that a scarcity of cod eggs in those countries means a poor sardine catch and a serious time for the fishermen. As the bait is expen-

sive, it is usually diluted or eked out with peanut meal.

When the hungry fish rush against the nets, their heads go through the meshes before they realize that there is an obstruction, and when they attempt to withdraw, the twine has slipped behind their gills and they are caught fast. Nets with fish are not allowed to remain long in the water, but are hauled quickly, and the tiny fish are shaken or picked out and carefully stored to prevent crushing or decay. When the fish have disappeared or the boat is well filled, the sails are set and the men start home, each crew striving to reach port first in order to get the best prices.

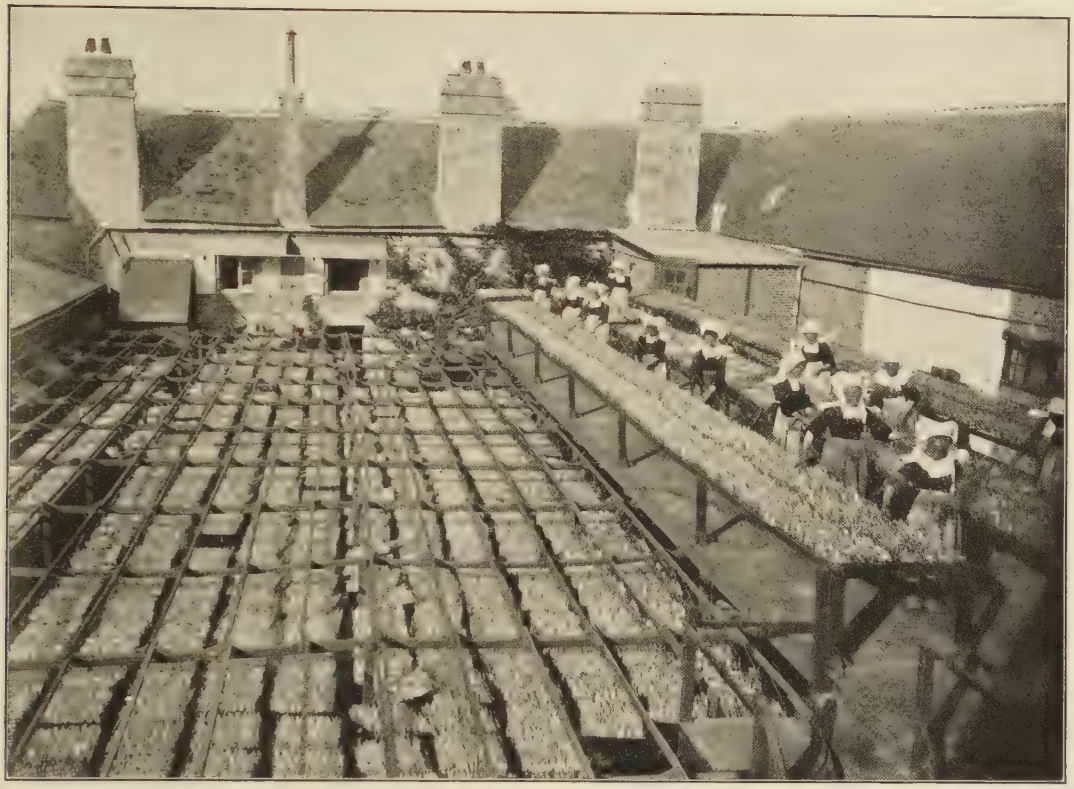
After the captain has sold the catch to the highest bidder at so much per thousand fish, the men count their fish into small wicker baskets, carry them ashore, and deliver them to the factories, where they are soon put through the canning processes.

The fish are first beheaded, then soaked in strong brine, and spread on wire grills to drain and dry; they are next cooked in boiling oil, packed in cans of various sizes and shapes, covered with oil, and finally sealed and placed in a retort, where, under great pressure and heat, their cooking is completed and their bones softened.

A BRETON PEASANT'S STONE COTTAGE.

Of the hundred sardine canneries now operated in Brittany, more than fifty are in the two towns of Concarneau and Douanenez; but the real headquarters of the industry are Nantes and Bordeaux, where are the companies which own or lease most of the factories.

Stone is cheaper than lumber for building



THE YARD OF A SARDINE FACTORY, SHOWING SARDINES DRYING ON GRILLS.

purposes in Brittany, so that the sardine factories, as well as the dwellings of the fishermen, are nearly always constructed of solid masonry. The canneries are usually large low buildings, surrounded by a wall and often inclosing a courtyard, where the sardines are dried in fair weather. From fifty to three or four hundred persons, mostly women and girls, are employed at good wages in each factory.

A Brittany sardine town in the height of the

A BUSY SCENE IN THE CANNERY.

season is the scene of great activity, and affords the foreign visitor sights of peculiar interest. As soon as the fishing-boats are seen returning, crowds begin to gather on the quay; and the factories blow whistles or ring bells to summon their women and girls, who are seen hurrying through the streets in their odd, picturesque costume—short dark skirts, glistening white linen caps and collars, and clumsy wooden shoes.

As the boats arrive and begin to discharge their catch, the crowd on the quay is increased by thousands of fishermen in coarse blouses and flat cloth caps, with trousers rolled up and feet bare or in huge wooden shoes. Above the commingled noise of waves and tongues is heard the incessant characteristic rattle of wooden shoes on the stony pavements. As the boats are unloaded, the nets are hauled to the tops of the tall masts to dry; the dock gradually becomes deserted; and the final scene is an intricate mass of boats and masts, with a maze of blue netting and strung corks waving high in the air in graceful festoons.

BACK IN PORT AND DRYING THE NETS.

PETER PUFF-AND-BLOW.

Up rose old Peter Puff-and-Blow,
  And puffed and blew the whole night long,
Determined to let people know
  How fresh he was, how stout and strong.

But though he was so strong and stout,
  And bawled and blustered through the gloom,
He could not puff the night-light out
  That swayed and flickered in my room.

The goblin shadows leaped and fell;
  The night-light, flickering to and fro,
Burned on till dawn and served me well,
  In spite of Peter Puff-and-Blow.

THE DIFFERENCE.

BY ALIX THORN.

In an apron of blue by the sand-heap she sits,
And she makes the most wonderful pies.
She follows the brooklet that sings as it runs,
All under the sweet summer skies.
And mischievous breezes will linger, I ween,
To ruffle each wild yellow curl.
She croons a soft song while the hours slip along:
She 's a glad little morning girl.

But when three o'clock comes, then behold what a change!
She wears a white frock, ruffled too.
She walks up and down in the very front yard,
And her slippers are shining and new.
In a prim golden row, not a hair out of place,
Can be seen every round shining curl.
Oh, long seems the time, and so slow drags the day:
She 's a sad little afternoon girl.

THIRTEEN.

By Lucy Foster.

You see, there 's Daisy and Geraldine
And me,—I 'm May,—and we 're each
thirteen;
And Daisy and Geraldine both say
That now we are too grown up to play
With dolls any more! And I think it 's mean—
It 's perfectly *horrid* to be thirteen!

They 're *glad* to give up their dolls. But I
Can't see any possible reason why
We should n't play with them one more year—
(And my Angelina is *such* a dear!)
Well, at last I know what people mean
When they say it 's unlucky to be thirteen.

When I told mama, she shook her head
And kissed me tenderly as she said:
"You 're standing with very reluctant feet,
Dear May, where the brook and river meet;
And yet, perhaps, 't is a golden mean
'Twixt childhood and girlhood when one 's
thirteen."

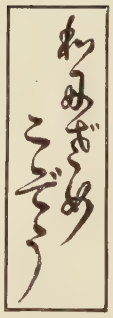
紀文大儘

"Kibun Daizin"
(Wealthiest Man)

"KIBUN DAIZIN"
OR
FROM SHARK-BOY TO MERCHANT PRINCE.

By Gensai Murai.

(Begun in the July number.)



"Wanizame-Kozo"
(Shark-Boy)

Chapter V.

THE BATTLE OF STONE MISSILES—THE MONKEYS' PANIC.

Having stayed that night at an inn, Bunkichi hastened on his way along the Hama-Kaido, or the "shore road." When he came to a lonely spot in the road, he saw a man in the distance, scantily clad and apparently making preparations for hanging himself. On ran Bunkichi and caught hold of the man, asking him at the same time why he had come to such a pass as to attempt an act of suicide.

"I am a certain Kichidayu, a native of Sakai in Izumi Province, and a sailor," answered the man, while tears stood in his eyes as he spoke. "I was in charge of a ship of one thousand *koku*,* and on my voyage to Yedo with a cargo of *sake*† my boat was wrecked off this coast, and the crew of eighteen all told, as well as the whole of the cargo, were lost. Fortunately I was washed up on the coast while I was holding fast to a piece of board, but having been terribly knocked about, I can hardly drag myself along. Besides, the loss of the ship, the cargo as well as the crew, overpowers me with such a sense of disgrace and wretchedness that I thought I would rather die than go back to my native town."

Bunkichi, while he was listening to the sad account of the wreck, surveyed the man from head to foot, and perceived many severe bruises, which—with his frank and honest manner of speaking—seemed to prove the truth of his words.

"I quite sympathize with you in your misfortune," said he, "but, my man, your dying will not bring back the ship which was wrecked nor the men who were lost, so I think it would be better for you to keep yourself alive and atone for your loss by succeeding with your next venture. But without money you can't even go to a doctor, so allow me—"

Taking out five pieces of silver and putting them in the hand of the sailor, he continued, kindly and soothingly, "With these get a doctor at once, my man."

The captain, as he looked into Bunkichi's face with an expression almost of worship, said: "You are the kindest man I ever came across in spite of your apparent youthfulness. As long as I live I shall not forget you, and some day, perhaps, I may have an opportunity to repay you for your goodness to me."

While he said this, tears rushed from his eyes—for he was overcome by a sense of gratitude and joy.

Bunkichi, having taken off his *haori*,‡ said to the man: "Put this on, though it is not sufficient to protect you, and come on with me to my next stopping-place." Though the seaman was reluctant to accept so generous an offer, Bunkichi urged him, and, giving him a helping hand, led the man along to the next village, where they found an inn into which they went. There a suit of clothes was purchased for the sailor, and the lad recounted the story of the wreck to the old woman, the keeper of the inn, and asked her to send for a doctor, who, on arriving, did whatever he could for the poor man.

Bunkichi, who thought it likely he might be of more service to the sailor, said, in answer to his question: "I have no house of my own,

* Forty thousand gallons. † A kind of Japanese liquor. ‡ A Japanese upper garment.

but you will find me if you ask for one Bunkichi at the Daikokuya, a cloth establishment at Kumano. You, being a sailor, are sure to find any amount of work if you go there; so please look me up. I am in a hurry; I can-

"GIVING HIM A HELPING HAND, BUNKICHI LED THE MAN ALONG TO THE NEXT VILLAGE."

not stop here longer. On my way back from Osaka I shall call upon you. If you are well before then, you had better go to Kumano and wait for me there."

Thus kindly holding out hopes of helping him in the future, he gave the old woman a sum of money for the nursing of the sailor, and hurried on his way.

Going on from one hotel to another, and resolving to lose no time, Bunkichi at last arrived in the city of Osaka. As he had received a letter of introduction from his master to a certain wholesale merchant of the city, with whom the Daikokuya had dealings, he went to this merchant and asked for the articles he had been commissioned to buy. The head of the house, acquainted with the *wanizame* affair by the letter, did everything in his power to assist Bunkichi, and the transaction went off smoothly and quickly. After he had sent off the fishing-tackle to Kumano on board a ship, he spent a few days in sight-seeing as well as in observing the ways in which big merchants carried on their trade. Having thus spent four or five days here, Bunkichi once more took the same road home, and on the way inquired at the inn after the captain whom he had left there. To his great joy, the sailor was well on the way to recovery; so he gave the man some more money for his further needs, and hastened on to Kumano-Ura, having promised to meet him again there.

On the day following that on which he had taken leave of the sailor, he came to the hilly roads near Kumano. This part of the country was noted then, as it is to-day, for the production of oranges. All over the hills he saw orange-trees in abundance, and there, strange enough, he heard a great noise of screaming and chattering. He hastened his steps in the direction of the noise. Lo, and behold! Hundreds of monkeys, uncountable, had drawn a circle around three men whom they were pelting with a shower of stones. These wretched men, as they were apparently unable to withstand the stone missiles of the monkeys, had pulled their overcoats, or *haori*, over their heads and were crouching under an orange-bush, apparently in despair, for they were doing nothing but crying for help.

As the animals apparently thought it great fun, they kept on showering stones as quickly as they could pick them up, and it seemed probable that the three men would have fallen victims to the monkeys but for Bunkichi. When he saw how things were going, quick as thought he picked up a lot of pebbles from the wayside and filled both his spacious sleeves and his front pocket as well. Thus well armed, on he rushed to the monkey army and pulled out of his pocket the pebbles one after another, throwing them at the frisky creatures. The mon-

keys, as they screamed and chattered, at once confronted the lad, but perceiving him pull out stones from his breast, they tried to do the same. But of course they had no pockets with stones in them, while Bunkichi fired his missiles thick and fast. The beasts in their rage began to pull off the hair from their breasts and throw it from them, while their monkey-chatter grew louder and louder as their pain increased.

Bunkichi, who could not suppress his laughter, contrived, as it were, to discharge the missiles from his breast while actually bringing out the stones from his sleeves. As the monkeys drew closer to him, still pulling off their hair, the three men were now given time to breathe. They at once came out from their hiding-place, and, scolding the monkeys, began to pick up stones to help in their turn their deliverer in his stand against them.

The youth cried out, as he quickly perceived their action: "No, no! Don't *pick up* stones! If any of you have the instruments for striking fire, set fire as quickly as you can to the dry grass." The men did as they were told, and as the wind fanned the fire the smoke and flames soon spread over the ground. The army of monkeys, thinking the day was lost, set up a great chatter and, jumping from tree to tree, disappeared.

The men, now recovered from their fright, and having put out the fire, thanked Bunkichi and said: "We are most grateful to you, sir. If you had not come we should almost to a certainty have been stoned to death by the monkeys."

"It was a narrow escape, was n't it?" remarked Bunkichi. "But I am curious to know —did you not throw stones at them first?"

"Yes," replied the men, with animated expression.

Bunkichi could not help smiling as he thought of how they had acted, and said: "You know monkeys are foolish animals and try to imitate whatever others do."

"You seem to know everything," said the men, who were much struck by his wisdom. "But where have you come from?"

"I live at Kumano," was the reply, "but was brought up at Kada-no-Ura, so I know about monkeys, as we have plenty of them there."

Then the leading one of the three, making a polite bow, urged Bunkichi, saying: "I am the owner of this orange farm, and my home is not far from here. Please come to my house."

On the way thither he asked the boy his name and where his home was.

"I am one Bunkichi in the establishment called the Daikokuya, at Kumano," was his frank answer.

The host, having well observed the lad's face, said: "Ah, that 's why I thought I had seen you somewhere. Then you are that widely famed Mr. Wanizame-Kozo—the Shark-Boy! The people in this neighborhood owe you a great debt of gratitude, because all the fruits produced here in this part, oranges among other things, when they are sent either to Tokio or to Osaka, must first be sent to Kumano-Ura to be shipped to those cities. But ever since the appearance of that monster in the harbor all the shipping trade had come entirely to a standstill, and we had to send our fruits to other ports by a roundabout way, which was a great nuisance to us; whereas, owing to your wisdom and courage, we can now send our cargo to Kumano as we did before."

After a pleasant visit of an hour or two, Bunkichi was about to start. The host stopped him for a minute and brought out a little packet of money, and, placing it before him, said: "This trifle is only a token of my gratitude to you. Please take it." Looking at it from the outside, it certainly seemed no trifle; but the lad firmly but politely declined to accept it, saying: "You have no need to thank me." And he would not take it, in spite of the host's earnest entreaty. At last he said: "I don't wish to receive any recompense from you; however, I have one favor to ask if you will grant it me. I am thinking of trading on my own account before long in various articles, and if I come here some day to buy oranges, will you deal with me?"

"You make a very modest request," answered the host with ready assent. "I will supply you with a cargo as cheaply as possible at any moment you send me the order, and as to the payment, I shall be in no hurry for it, and you may pay me whenever you like. I can supply you with thirty thousand boxes of oranges from my

own farm; and there are many more farmers in the neighborhood who will be glad to supply you if I let them know that you are the Wanizame-Kozo. At least I can assure you I will fill your order, however large it may be."

With many thanks Bunkichi took his leave, and he was back in the Daikokuya that evening.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GREAT HAZARD—A PERILOUS VOYAGE.

THE cargo of fishing-tackle which had been sent from Osaka had already arrived there and was awaiting his return, so Bunkichi took his goods to the fishing villages round about Kumano for sale. The people vied with one another in buying them, on account of their being sold by Mr. Shark-Boy. Owing to the price of tackle being much higher then than at other times, as a result of the scarcity of the supply, he made such a good sale that the profit doubled the cost of his outlay.

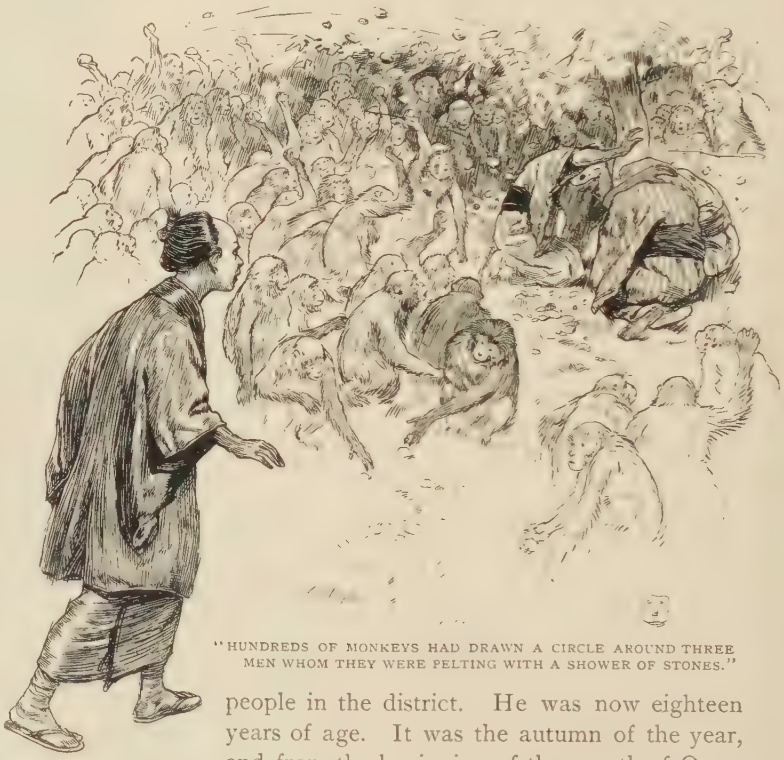
Taking care not to waste the money thus obtained, he next opened a trade in oranges, buying them at a cheap rate from the owner of the orange farm and retailing them at Kumano when the market value was high. By this means he made another good profit; still he stayed on in the Daikokuya as his temporary home, and applied himself to business. Thus by the end of the next year he had saved several times the amount of his original capital.

Meanwhile Kichidayu, the sailor to whom he had given kind help, came to him after he had completely recovered. Bunkichi asked the master of the Daikokuya to employ him. He consented, and committed to him the management of a big ship in the capacity of captain.

Now Kichidayu's devotion to Bunkichi was so great that he was ready to sacrifice his own life for his sake if occasion should arise. "I admire your determination immensely, and as I owe my life to you, you may count on me for any assistance in my power," said the sailor to the boy one day.

Bunkichi rejoiced on hearing this and said, laughingly, "When the time comes in which I shall make my fortune, such property as the Daikokuya possesses I will create in ten days."

Four years had passed, during which time Bunkichi had done well in his business, trading in various articles, and a portion of his profit he now and then distributed among the poor people in the district. He was now eighteen years of age. It was the autumn of the year, and from the beginning of the month of October a westerly wind had been blowing many days. As a consequence, the shipping trade at Kumano-Ura was entirely stopped. Yet a cargo of oranges bound from Kii Province for Yedo* was accumulating at Kumano-Ura and began to rot away on account of the warm climate of the province. From Yedo had



"HUNDREDS OF MONKEYS HAD DRAWN A CIRCLE AROUND THREE MEN WHOM THEY WERE PELTING WITH A SHOWER OF STONES."

* The old name of the great Japanese city now called Tokio.

been received vain messages by the *hikiaku*, or running postmen, urging them to send up the oranges, the necessary fruit for the *Fuigo Matsuri*, or bellows festival, which was then at hand. Yet the sea became rougher every day as the wind grew stronger, while the frowning autumn sky hung overhead. The people could not possibly put out any ship nor do anything but stare and grumble at the rough sea and the lowering clouds.

Every day Bunkichi went down to the seashore also, and looked at the dark sky as every one else did, yet he alone had a certain expression of suppressed joy in his face. The others said, "We hope this stormy weather will come to an end soon," while he answered, "I hope it will do nothing of the kind."

They were surprised at this and said, "Why, what 's the matter with you?"

"Who can tell?" he answered, laughing. While he was thus engaged in bantering talk, Kichidayu, the sailor, came to look at the condition of the sea. On seeing him the lad beckoned him aside by a tree and said: "Kichidayu San, when do you suppose this wind will cease?"

"I wish it would stop soon," he answered, "but it does n't look like it, I fear."

"No; I shall be greatly disappointed if it stops within two or three days."

"Well, there 's not much chance of its doing so," was the sailor's answer.

"That 's good," the boy replied. "Before it stops what do you say to having a sail in a boat from here to Yedo? It would be fine, would n't it?"

Kichidayu stared at Bunkichi in astonishment and said: "Don't joke, please. If we were to put out a boat in this rough sea, it would capsize in no time."

"That 's just where the interest lies. Would n't Kichidayu San like to try it for once?" said the lad, while the other replied, laughing, "Don't carry your joking too far!"

Bunkichi became serious. "Kichidayu San, I 'm not joking. If it was an east or a north wind it would be difficult, of course, but being a west wind, it 's a fair wind toward Yedo, however strong it may be, and so there is no reason why we should not be able to get to Yedo."

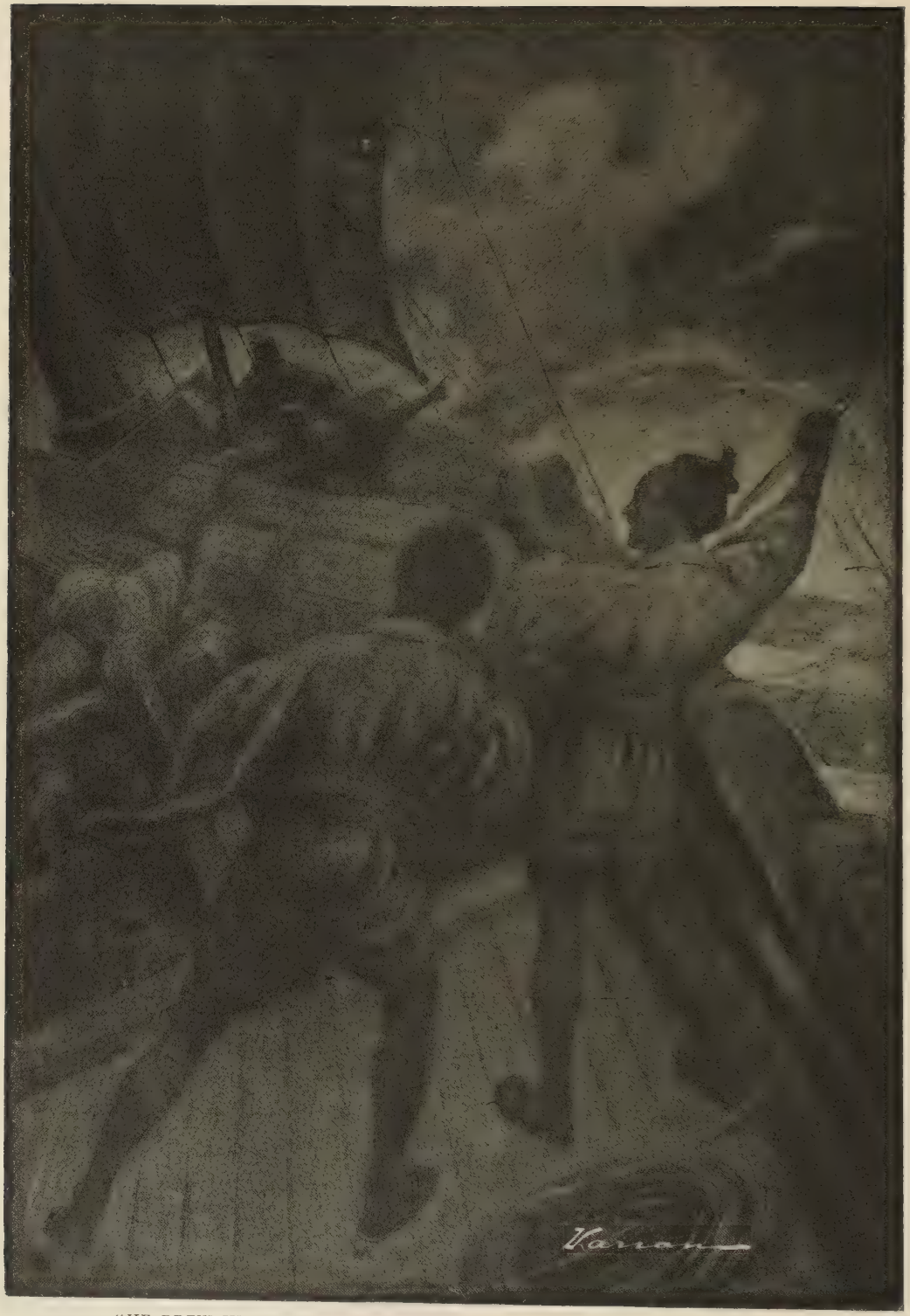
Kichidayu, who thought that Bunkichi was saying rather a strange thing, answered: "If we should have good luck, I don't say that it 's impossible; however, I do say it could only be a question of good luck."

"That 's just where the interest lies," said the lad again. "One can do anything that others can do — but it 's a fine thing for a man to go to a place when others can't go. Kichidayu San, the time has now come to make that fortune of money of which I told you once, because in Yedo the price of oranges, which are one of the necessaries at the bellows festival, has gone up ten times higher than at other times, on account of the scarcity of the fruit. Here, in this port, where the oranges have accumulated because they can find no customers, the price has gone down ten times lower than the rate at which they usually sell. So, if we can buy at a price ten times lower than the usual rate, and sell at a price ten times higher than the usual rate, naturally a hundred *rio* will make ten thousand *rio*. There is n't likely to come such a good chance twice in a lifetime. As to the ship, I will ask the master of the Daikokuya to let me have a big one, and if he does, will you captain it for me? I intend to take out in it a large cargo of oranges for Yedo while this bad weather prevails." The lad thus for the first time revealed his ambitious scheme.

Kichidayu folded both his arms on his breast in contemplation. Then, as he lifted his head, he said: "I will make the attempt — yes, even to Yedo, for your sake; I don't grudge even my life. What if my ship gets wrecked? I don't care. But are you thinking of coming on board?"

"Of course; if I don't go, the business can't be effected," said Bunkichi. "Trading is the same as a battle. In one of the battles of old, the warrior Yoshisune set us an example by attacking the army of the Hei clan in the province of Shikoku by sending out the war vessels from Daimotsuga-Ura on a stormy night. If we lose courage in such weather as this, we cannot possibly accomplish any great scheme. We shall enter upon it resolutely. Should we die, let us die together; but if I gain my object I will handsomely reward you.

"We shall have to offer sailors ten times their usual pay," continued Bunkichi; "you may



"HE DREW HIS SWORD AND RAN TOWARD THE MONSTER." (SEE PAGE 979.)

then, perhaps, find fellows who will be willing to come. Will you be responsible for finding them?" So saying, he gave the captain money for the purpose, and having intrusted the matter to him, at once went home to the Daikokuya and saw the master.

"Danna," said he, "among your ships the oldest is that *Tenjin-maru** of one thousand *koku* burthen, is it not?"

The master, who was somewhat startled by the abruptness of the question, said, "Yes, she is getting to be an old vessel now and I am thinking of breaking her up."

"Will you sell her to me?"

To which the master answered, "If you want her, I don't mind making you a present of her; but what use will you put her to?"

"I 'm thinking of taking a cargo of oranges to Yedo," was the lad's reply.

"When the bad weather is over, I suppose," said the master.

"No; while this stormy weather is prevailing," was the reply. The master was startled, but, gazing on the boy for a moment, merely remarked: "What an extraordinary idea!"

After a little hesitation, Bunkichi drew nearer to the master. "Pray, master, sell her to me," said he; "I am again going out on a trading battle."

Then the master understood his real intention and said: "Well, if you are so minded, you may not be afraid of this storm; but the *Tenjin-maru* is in any case a dangerous ship for this weather, so I will lend you one which is more seaworthy."

"No, no, thank you, sir; I have no wish to borrow," replied the lad. "This undertaking is a matter of fate. If I am wrecked on the way out I cannot give your ship back again; so I shall not borrow things of others, for I wish to do everything with my own capital."

The master knew the boy's nature and made no further objection, but said: "Very well, I will sell it to you. You will surely succeed. Come back again laden with treasure!"

Chocho, the master's daughter, who was now sixteen years of age, overheard the conversation between the two and was much surprised, and expressed her anxiety as well as her sorrow in her face, and said: "Does Bunkichi go to Yedo in this storm?" The mother, too, longed to stop him, but could not well interfere, because her husband had already yielded his sanction to the boy's scheme. She only said, loud enough to be heard by both, as she answered her daughter: "Yes, Cho, it is most dangerous to go out to sea in this great wind and storm!" To which the girl responded: "Yes, mother!"

Bunkichi, having paid the price of the *Tenjin-maru* to his master, went to the wholesale stores which were best known to him and bought up their oranges. The merchants, as they were sore oppressed by the rotting of the fruit, were in the state of "panting blue breath," as they say. Bunkichi, in a somewhat offhand manner, said to one of them: "Do the oranges rot every day?"

"Yes, every day we are much troubled about it; they rot away continually. Already half of the stock we have is spoiled; if it goes on at this rate, within another ten days our whole stock will be lost."

Whereupon the lad said: "Are you really prepared to sell them at whatever price you can get for them?"

"Oh, yes, gladly; for how much better would it be to sell even at a loss than to pay for throwing the rotten stuff away!"

To which Bunkichi answered: "If that is the case, I will buy from you at sixteen *mon* per box as much stock as you have."

The merchant was rather taken aback at the reply, and said, "Is n't that *too* cheap?"

"But if they rot away, you will get nothing. I am not over-keen to buy," said the lad, coldly; "so if you don't wish to sell, we need not have any further talk."

"Just wait a minute," and the merchant stayed the lad as he was about to leave. "I will sell at sixteen *mon* a box if they are for you, and if you will buy up my whole stock."

"Yes, the whole lot," said Bunkichi. "I will buy as many thousand boxes as I can put into a large ship." Thus he bought up the whole stock of that store and then went on to another, buying up the whole stock of each at a very low price. Then he sent a man to the orange farm and collected some more.

* A Japanese junk.

Having procured a large stock, he put it all on board the *Tenjin-maru* so that, albeit the ship was one of a thousand *koku* burthen, its keel sank deep into the water.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SEA-GIANT APPEARS.

As Captain Kichidayu sought for sailors by holding out to them promise of wages ten times more than they could get at other times, he soon picked up six sturdy fellows who did not set much value on their lives. Thereupon he reported his success to Bunkichi, who was rejoiced over it, and said: "Then all things are ready now; we shall settle to start in the morning, and I will send to the ship ten pieces of long square timbers. You will place them crosswise on the ship and attach to their ends heavy stones so that she will not upset easily," he continued, with his usual audacity and resourcefulness. "For I have heard that the ships which sail about those far-off islands, Hachijo and Oshima, and the like, are fitted out in this way and sail in safety even in heavy storms. That is why in Yedo they call those island-ships 'sea-sparrows': the weight being on both sides of the ship, they never upset."

Kichidayu was much struck by his keen observation, and said: "Truly, it did n't occur to my mind that those ships are fitted out as you say, but now I recollect having seen them off the coast of Izu Province. As they are thus constructed they never capsize, however much they are washed over by waves."

"Now, Kichidayu San," Bunkichi said, "this ship is called the *Tenjin-maru*, but our going out to sea this time may mean going to her destruction, so let us change her name into *Iurei-maru*, or ghost-ship, and let us imagine ourselves to be dead men by putting on white clothes. Thus nothing that may occur can scare the crew; for, being 'dead' men, they can have no fear of death."

The captain agreed with him, saying: "That 's a splendid idea!"

The captain returned to his abode in high spirits and told to the six seamen what the lad had said, and they all readily agreed to the plan, and were so stirred by the lad's courage, that they were ready to face any dangers or fears that might come to them.

Bunkichi at once ordered a man to paint, on the sail of the ship, "*Iurei-maru*" in large Chinese characters, and at the cloth establishment of the Daikokuya he ordered eight suits of white clothes.

"Bunkichi," inquired the master, "what is the use of those eight suits of white?"

Bunkichi laughed as he answered: "We may all be dead men before long, if we go out to sea in this storm. The chances of surviving are few, so we are already dead in heart. I have named my ship *Iurei-maru*. We are going to dress in white with the *zudabukuro*,* and we shall stick triangular-shaped papers on our foreheads, as they do for the dead."

"What horrible things you do!" exclaimed the wife, while the daughter, Chocho, with sudden inspiration, said: "I will sew your white suit for you."

"I am most grateful," replied the lad, "but I have already ordered others to do it for me."

"Please let me do it," said the girl. "It may be the last—" and at this Bunkichi consented with thanks.

The master, who seemed to have prepared beforehand, ordered *sake* and a set of little dishes of eatables to be brought forth, and then remarked: "As you have settled to start tomorrow I intend to offer you a congratulatory feast in advance, hoping that you may arrive at Yedo and have good luck and make a great profit."

At last the morrow came, and early in the morning Bunkichi bade farewell to the men of the Daikokuya and put on his white suit, which was made by the daughter of the house, and went out to the sea-shore. The master, as well as his wife, with their daughter, Chocho, and all the employees in the shop, followed him in order to see him off. Having heard of his departure, some of the townspeople with whom he was acquainted, and those poor people who had received his alms, flocked together from the four corners of the town to bid him good-by.

Having bade farewell to the people, Bunkichi entered a small boat and soon got on

* The purse tied round the neck of the dead at a burial service in Japan.

board of the *Iurei-maru*. Those who came to see him off, as they stood round the shore, raised their voices, calling out for Bunkichi, lamenting his departure. Bunkichi gave a signal for the anchor to be weighed and the sail to be hoisted; then the ship soon stood out to sea. Both the men on the shore and those on board the ship waved their hands till their forms had become indiscernible, while the ship, driven by the strong west wind, soon became lost to sight among the big waves.

Though the *Iurei-maru* had her sail up only seven tenths of its whole length, she sailed on eastward with the speed of an arrow, owing to the strong wind. In a very short time she passed the Sea of Kumano, and then soon was in the Sea of Isè. As she came to the noted Yenshiu-nada on the evening of that day, the wind grew stronger and the rain came down in torrents. As the huge waves, mountain high, came rushing from the far ocean and the ship was tossed like a tree-leaf, the crew felt as if they were flung down into the abyss of darkness when she got into the trough of the waves. Those six robust men, who had hitherto worked with steady and fearless courage, suddenly gave in before this state of the sea and lost all heart for labor. Nevertheless Captain Kichidayu, as steady as ever, ran about here and there, stirring the crew up to their work.

Among the eight men all told, the one most unaffected by the dreadful state of the sea was Bunkichi, the Wanizame-Kozo, and he, with the captain, lent his helping hand to the tired crew, calling out occasionally: "Hurrah! This is fine! We shall get to Yedo within the next day. Work hard, all of you, and you sha'n't want for pay!" And then he doled out money to the crew, who were encouraged by this and braced themselves up and labored their best.

Meanwhile night fell and the storm continued. Though nothing was visible to the eyes, the awful sounds of the waves, and the wind, which shook masts and rigging, deafened the ears; and the heaven and the earth seemed to be swallowed up by the waters.

By degrees the crew's courage began again to fail, and one of them muttered: "This is just the sort of night for some big monster like a *wanizame* to appear!" To which another said, "Yes; I feel a bit nervous, too."

"Come, men; a little more perseverance!" shouted out Bunkichi. So saying, he again gave them an extra wage and continued, "You fear the *wanizame*, do you? I rather think the *wanizame* will be afraid of me because I 'm the Wanizame-Kozo. Take heart, all of you! Don't be afraid!"

The men were cheered up and said: "Truly enough, you once killed the *wanizame*. We need n't be afraid! Now, all right, sir; we 're rid of our fears!"

However, their courage was of but short duration; when they gazed at the dark, angry sea they again lost heart, saying: "But, sir, what shall we do if the *umi-bozu** comes up—if it is true, as the people say, the monster lives in this ocean?"

Bunkichi, as he gave them a scornful smile, stood up with his dagger in his hand and said: "I 'll sweep him down with this sword if any such creature makes his appearance."

Just then the man on watch suddenly shrieked: "Ah! the sea-giant has come!" And he ran back toward the stern, while the others were frightened out of their wits and ran down into the cabin, where they drew their heads back between their shoulders and held their breath in fear. Bunkichi looked toward the bow. Sure enough, a big undefined dark form rose at the front of the ship, about ten feet in height. He drew his sword and ran toward the monster. As he swept the giant down with his sharp weapon, he laughingly returned toward Kichidayu, who stood by the mast.

"What was that?" Kichidayu asked Bunkichi, who answered, still smiling: "It did look like a round-headed giant, but really it was only a column of mist which came floating in our way. That 's what they call the 'sea-giant,' I suppose, and in their fright they fancied it was coming on board to seize them."

Kichidayu, who was much surprised at Bunkichi's courage, said: "Indeed! I understand now how you could kill the *wanizame*, by the courage you have just shown, and which I cannot but admire. To speak the truth, I did n't feel very bold myself when I saw that big dark

* An imaginary giant of the sea.

form, but I screwed my courage up so as not to be laughed at by you."

As the crew had not yet come out of their cabin, Kichidayu called out: "Now, men, come up; your master has killed the giant. Come, quick, quick!"

The crew trooped out at this, and said: "Truly we heard a shriek a little while ago!" At which Kichidayu muttered, "Fools!"

During the night, however, they got over the Sea of Yenshiu in this manner, and in the very early morning of the third day they were entering the Bay of Yedo. Gradually the sea was becoming much smoother, too.

"We are safe, master. We can be quite at ease in our hearts!" said one of the men. "Ah! I see the headland of Haneda there. Beyond that there 's the Bay of Shinagawa. If we go forward at this rate we shall be at Yedo by dawn: I feel safe now. But I felt that I would be eaten alive when I saw the *umi-bozu* at the Yenshiu-nada Sea."

Then Bunkichi said, as he laughed: "You don't know what you are saying. We have been all along dead men in white suits, and for dead men to have been alive is an absurdity!" Then all, for the first time, burst out into merry, hearty laughter.

Captain Kichidayu turned to Bunkichi, saying: "Master, what a voyage! In a couple of days and nights we sailed the distance which takes about ten days at other times. That we have come here safely through this storm is due to your contrivance of laying the timbers crosswise on the boat. But for that we should certainly have capsized." Then he turned to the sailors and added: "What say you, my men? Is there any one who could beat him in wit or in courage?"

"No, there 's not another like him," all replied in one voice. "He killed the *wanizame* as well as the *umi-bozu*, and so long as we are with him there is nothing on earth to be dreaded. Please sir, employ us under you for years to come. We shall never again play cowards as we did, sir!"

Bunkichi replied: "I fear you would never face the *umi-bozu*." To which they could say nothing, but scratched their heads in silence.

Though the wind was still high, after the storm through which they had fought their way out, the inland seas seemed to them "as smooth as matting," as the saying is, and soon after dawn all hands on board the *Iurei-maru* arrived safely at Yedo.

At that time in Yedo the orange merchants, in spite of the stress of weather, had been eagerly awaiting orange-ships from Kishu Province every day, on account of the nearness of the bellows festival. And this was the only ship that did not disappoint their expectations. When the ship's arrival was known, the joy of the merchants was beyond description, and soon this popular song immortalized the happy welcome of the orange-ship:

On the dark sea beholden
A sail, a white sail!
Whence does it hail?
From Kishu's far shore
It brings precious store
Of oranges golden.

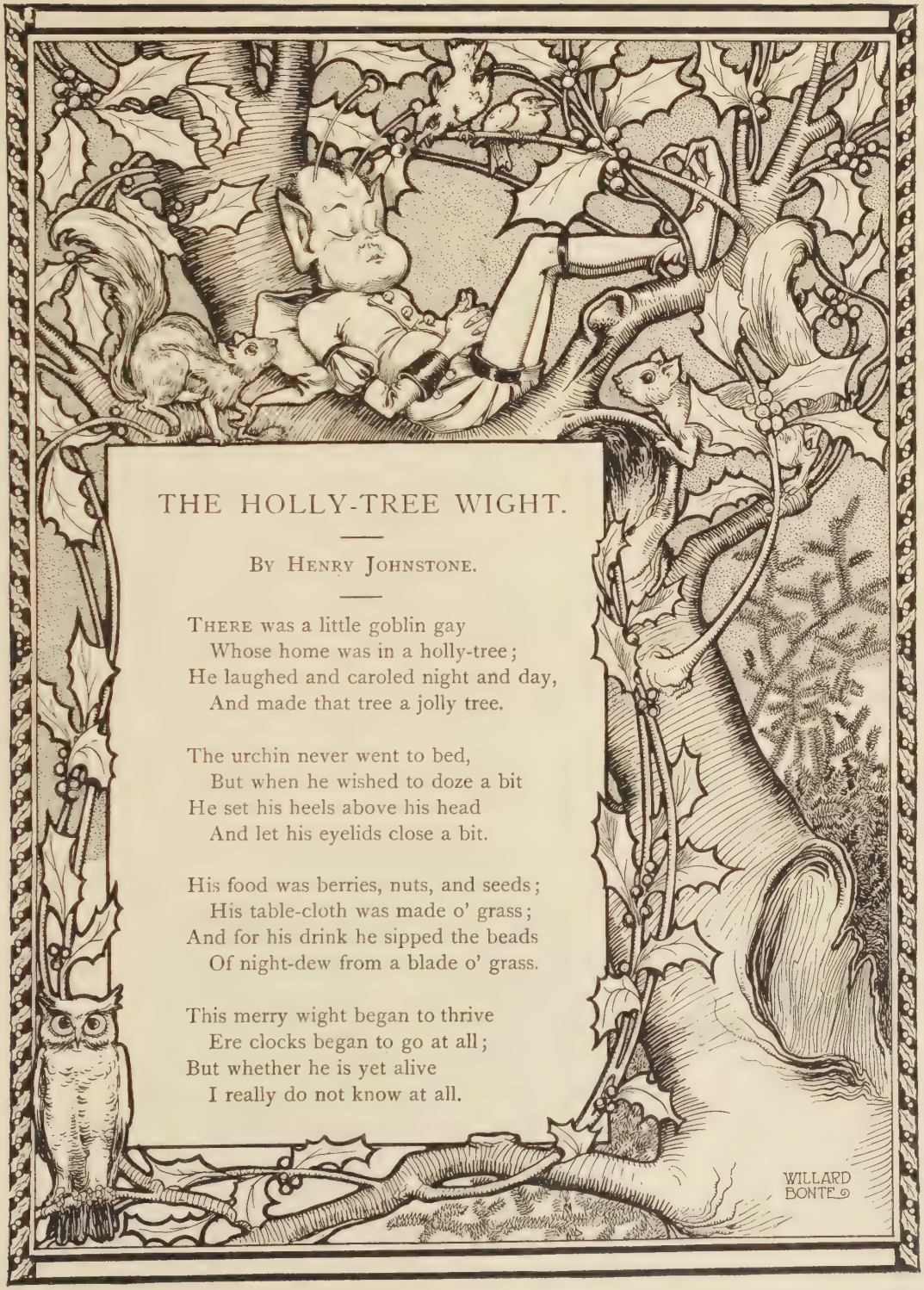
(*To be continued.*)

"YOURS SEVERELY."

(*The Letter of a Five-year-old.*)

By Edith M. Thomas.

Once more she dipped her pen in ink,
And wrote: "I love you dearly."
"And now," she said, and stopped to think,
"I 'll put, 'I 'm
Yours severely.'"



THE HOLLY-TREE WIGHT.

By Henry Johnstone.

There was a little goblin gay
  Whose home was in a holly-tree;
He laughed and caroled night and day,
  And made that tree a jolly tree.

The urchin never went to bed,
  But when he wished to doze a bit
He set his heels above his head
  And let his eyelids close a bit.

His food was berries, nuts, and seeds;
  His table-cloth was made o' grass;
And for his drink he sipped the beads
  Of night-dew from a blade o' grass.

This merry wight began to thrive
  Ere clocks began to go at all;
But whether he is yet alive
  I really do not know at all.

WHAT 'S IN A NAME?

By Hannah G. Fernald.

In the morning he 's a pirate, with a cutlass and a gun,
And we tremble at the flashing of his eye;
His name, as he informs us, is an awe-inspiring one:
"Lord Ferdinando Roderigo Guy!"

By ten o'clock our pirate has renounced his gory trade;
In armor now, he has a lance and shield;
He gallantly advances to defend a helpless maid,
And we know that bold "Sir Launcelot" has the field.

And next, a skulking savage, he is lurking in the hall,
Most alarming in his feathered war-array;
But he graciously assures us he will answer if we call
"Hiawatha Mudjekeewis Ojibway!"

As "Horatio Nelson Dewey" he 's an admiral of parts,
And last in all his catalogue of names
Comes the very simple title under which he rules our hearts,
For when he 's sound asleep he 's merely "James!"

BACK TO SCHOOL AFTER VACATION.

A CITIZEN OF THE DEEP.

By Lida Rose McCabe.

To walk the bed of the deep as you or I walk upon the land is the every-day life of the hero of this workaday story. It is over thirty years since Alfred Pahlberg made his first plunge as a diver. No man, it is said in diving circles, has spent more time at the bottom of the sea than this doughty Norseman. When a lad of seven he shipped before the mast. It was the dream of his boyhood to see the New World, amass a fortune there, and then go back and live out his life in his beloved land of the viking. How much of that dream came true, his is the story to tell. The life of a sailor thirty years ago, however rich in adventure, was no royal road to fortune. Two dollars and a half a month was all that the Swedish sailor boy could earn when he faced the New World to find the turning-point of his career aboard a schooner, engaged in hauling stones to build that marvel of the last century, the Brooklyn Bridge.

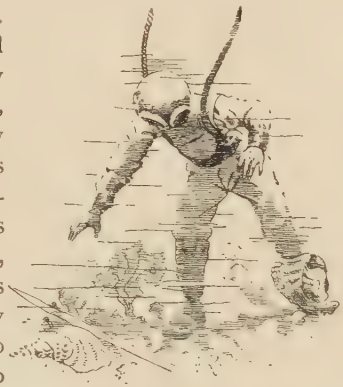
"The first time I dived," said Pahlberg, "was off Race Rock Lighthouse, when Captain Scott was laying the bed-rock. I shall never forget it. I was scared to death. It felt as if I were being smothered between two feather-beds. I wanted to come up at once, but pride kept me down. I was afraid my companions would laugh at me and call me a coward.'

From two to four hours is the average time a diver stays under water without being hauled up. Pahlberg has often worked seven hours

without signaling to be lifted. He knows of but one man who has beaten the record—his master outdid him by half an hour.

"I am always ready," said Pahlberg, "to go down at any time, day or night, in storm or calm. When once the forty-pound iron helmet is fastened down tightly over the shoulders of the rubber suit, into which I slip through the opening in the neck; when the weights of sixty pounds each are suspended from the chest and back; when my feet are incased in iron shoes weighing twenty pounds each; when the air-hose is fastened to the pipe in the back of the helmet, and I take the leap, I feel that my life is at the mercy of the man at the life-line. Yes, it's dangerous; but so accustomed does the diver become to the peril that he rarely thinks of it."

For eighteen years an old pearl-diver had the care of Pahlberg's life-line. He went with him everywhere. He was an old man, and he knew the sea by heart, and never grew indifferent to his awful responsibility. Since his death, however, Pahlberg accepts the service of any "life-liner" who may happen to be at hand.



AT WORK AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.

"When a diver first strikes the bottom," Pahlberg said, in answer to my question, "it's like entering a dark room—all is densely black, then by degrees shapes begin to stand out, and soon everything grows distinct and familiar.

"Like most divers, I prefer to dive at night. It is better for the eyes. Sudden passage from the dark of the bottom to the light at the surface of the sea is injurious to the sight. As soon as the helmet is removed, a bandage is put over the eyes for some moments. Without this precaution, sight might soon be destroyed."

One of the most curious, inexplainable things to divers is the fact that it is through the sense of touch, rather than that of sight, that they are able to identify objects under water.

Before attempting to raise a vessel, the diver learns the class to which she belongs. The expert is familiar with every detail in the construction of all kinds of water-craft. He carries to the bottom in his mind's eye the picture of the sunken vessel, and when he finds her, he measures every part with his outstretched arms and hands. He can tell upon which side she lies, whether she struck fore or aft, and the nature and extent of her damages. Every fact he records in his memory. It is his only tablet. When he signals to be hauled up he has almost as accurate and detailed a report to submit to the authorities as if hours had been spent in figuring it out upon paper.

"Only a very few vessels are wrecked nowadays," said Pahlberg. "The average is thirty-five a year. More care is exercised of late years in the construction of vessels; then, too, lighthouses have multiplied.

"It is strange how the habits of childhood cling to a man," mused the old diver, with a twinkle in his wonderfully clear blue eyes. "I have never got over the habit of putting my finger, when I hurt it, into my mouth. Often, in blasting rocks or mending a hole in a vessel, I hit my finger. To ease the pain, I at once raise it to my mouth, only to be reminded that my face is hid behind the little iron-barred glass window of the helmet through which my eyes look out. The heavy gloves which we are obliged to wear from October until April are very cumbersome, and make work slow and awkward. It is always very cold at the bottom of the sea, especially in winter. Before I put on my diving-suit, I dress in as heavy flannels as if I were about to go up to the Arctic regions, and, I tell you, they are none too warm. When the fiercest storm is raging above, we never know it below. The bottom is undisturbed."

Pahlberg has dived as deep as a hundred feet. He knows of but one diver who has gone deeper—his old life-liner, who had often dived one hundred and eighteen feet in pursuit of pearls.

"The fish and I are pretty good friends," he continued. "Frequently in blasting rock I have killed small fish, which the larger fish would eat out of my hand. I have never been troubled with sharks. I have talked with divers from

all parts of the world, and never met but one who had. So persistently did a shark pursue that diver that he was forced to hide several hours in the cabin of a ship to escape him."

Most of Pahlberg's diving has been confined to the Maine coast and within a circuit of a hundred miles from New London, Connecticut, where he occupied a pretty land home, and lived in comfort with his grown-up family. Like all men whose lives are passed close to nature, the old diver is as simple and unaffected as a child. When not toiling at the bottom, he is with his family in the cozy home, rich in treasures rescued from the sea. Ships, full-rigged brigs, cleverly carved out of wood and painted by his own hands and mounted in deep glass-covered frames, adorn the walls, while no other man in the world, perhaps, has just such a library as this Swedish diver. It consists of some fifty-two volumes, all of his own writing. They contain the record of the hours, covering quite twenty years, that he has lived at the bottom of the sea. During the first year he noted the oddities of the deep, the queer fish and vegetation, and the impression they made upon him; but as he grew familiar with old ocean's secrets, he ceased, unhappily, to record his experiences, and the later volumes are confined almost wholly to a record of place, ship, days, hours of toil, and earnings. At first he wrote in Scandinavian, but as he acquired English his mother-tongue was discarded. Often has the master diver importuned his master disciple to make a copy of that unique and wonderful record of unrivaled endurance with the under waste of waters.

PAHLBERG, THE DIVER, IN COMPLETE ARMOR, AND HIS "LIFE-LINER."

"Some day I will go over the books," smiles the old diver. "They will tell to within a very few hours how much of my life has been lived under water."

He could not recall a day in twenty-seven years that he had failed to dive. Allowing five hours to a day,—and he does not hesitate to assert, without consulting his record, that the average will far exceed that,—the hero of this workaday story has lived, to date, at the bottom of the sea some 50,000 hours—equal to 6250 days of eight hours each, or nearly twenty-one years of the average working-days.

THE PURSUIT OF THE CALICO CAT.

By Caroline M. Fuller.

"Oh, say, come out and see the rabbits try the new house!" called Franklin under the sitting-room window, and everybody but grandmother hurried out into the yard.

There were two rabbits, — a black one with white spots, and a white one with yellow spots, — and they were called "Mercurius Dulcis" and "Overture to Zampa." Franklin had found the first name on one of his mother's medicine-bottles, and admired it; but Mrs. Bun was always called Dulcie for short. Overture was a fine big fellow with muscular sides, and a louder stamp of the hind leg than any other rabbit in the Rabbit Club. Indeed, Franklin had been made president of the Rabbit Club just because of the size and strength and sound of Overture's feet. Even "Beansy," Jones's white rabbit Alonzo, was as nothing beside him.

Kenneth ran after his mother, Beansy went home, and Franklin went into the shed to get his tool-chest, for the door of the cupola needed loosening.

"Let me hold Stamper while you fix the door," Eunice begged, for, being Franklin's sister, she naturally regarded Stamper in the light of a nephew. (Stamper was Overture's "club" name.)

"No, sir; he 's all right; he 'll stay there," said Franklin.

"But he 's trying to get out at the cupola, Franklin. I can see his ears coming upstairs."

Franklin sawed away, but did not reply.

"Franklin, he *is* coming out."

"Oh, go play with your cats!" said Franklin, impatiently, and before Eunice could make him look around, Stamper was off across the yard.

"Head him off! Head him off!" called Franklin, as he saw the scudding of a white tail. "Round by the alley! Quick! Quick!"

Eunice ran as fast as she could, but before they could stop him, the rabbit had dodged under a barn and disappeared.

"Oh, thunder!" said Franklin. "We can't ever catch him now. How in the world did he get out?"

Eunice went through a little struggle with herself, and then said: "He — I was holding him just a minute, Franklin. You see, he was 'most out himself, and so —"

"You did n't try to hold him after what I said!"

"Yes, I did."

Franklin might have understood how hard it was for her to tell this, but he did n't, and said angrily: "Eunice, you 're a mean, meddlesome girl, and you shall never even touch one of my rabbits again!"

Eunice turned and went into the house without saying a word, but Franklin heard a pitiful wail when the door was closed, and thought: "Hm! serves her right!"

He spent the rest of the morning looking for Stamper and putting "Lost" signs, with a description of the rabbit, on all the barns in the neighborhood. But he did not expect to find him again; and luncheon that day was not a cheerful meal, for Franklin had lost the finest rabbit in the whole club, and all through the carelessness of a little girl.

As he sat out under the tree, after luncheon, Weejums picked her way daintily down beside him, having come out for her daily airing. Weejums was the lovely tortoise-shell kitten who had come to Eunice the previous Christmas, in the top of a stocking, with a lace ruff around her neck and a pink candy elephant tied to her hind foot. She had been so little then that there was scarcely room on her sides for all her beautiful tortoise-shell spots, but now she was nearly full grown, with the longest whiskers, and the sweetest purr in the world.

The temptation to make her jump proved too much for Franklin, and he shied a small chip at her so neatly that it passed directly under her, tossing the sand about her feet. Weejums gave a wild *meow!* and tore into the alley.

"Come back, Weej — here, here," called Franklin, good-naturedly, for teasing animals was not usually a fault of his. But he was cross to-day, and had not Eunice lost his rabbit?

He put down his knife and went out into the alley to bring Weejums back; but at that moment something terrible happened. A baker's cart, followed by a fierce dog, jingled into the alley, and the dog made a dash at Weejums. Franklin ran for the dog, and Cyclone, their own dog, who happened to come around the house just then, ran after Franklin. Poor Weejums could not see that the second dog was a friend, and did not recognize Franklin in the boy who was chasing her. She left the alley and dashed across the street into a vacant lot, where there were three other dogs. They gave a yelp of delight and joined in the pursuit, followed by several small boys, who rushed along after Franklin, shouting, "Hi, there! Sick her! Sick her!"

"SHE HAD COME TO EUNICE THE PREVIOUS CHRISTMAS, IN THE TOP OF A STOCKING, WITH A LACE RUFF AROUND HER NECK.

In a few minutes every boy and dog in the neighborhood was on Weejum's trail, and Franklin could not stop long enough to explain to them that he himself was not chasing her. The hunt came to an end when she vanished under some tumble-down sheds, many blocks away from home.

Franklin did not go home after this, but wandered around the neighborhood wondering what he should do if she did not come back.

"What do you mean by chasing my sister's cat?" he asked fiercely of one of the small boys who followed him.

"Aw, go 'long! You were chasing it yourself," was the insulting reply. And Franklin realized that he could never make them believe anything else.

"Pshaw! all cats come home," he thought. "She 'll find her way back all right. But rabbits are different."

He took a car home and looked eagerly at the front porch, half expecting that Weejums would be sitting there waiting for him with a forgiving smile. But she did not appear, and he went all around the alley again, calling her in beseeching tones. Suddenly, under the corner of a neighbor's shed, he saw something white move, and went into the house to get a saucer of milk.

"I s'pose she 'll be afraid to come to me now," he thought, and the thought hurt, for Franklin was not a cruel boy.

He set the milk down very carefully near the place where he had seen the white thing move, and presently it hopped out with a great flap of the ears and began to drink. But it was a white thing with black spots, and its name was Stamper.

At that moment Eunice and her mother came through the gate, having just returned from shopping.

"Stamper 's come home," Franklin shouted before they reached the steps.

"I thought you told Eunice there was no chance of that," said Mrs. Wood, kissing Kenneth, who had run to meet them.

"Well, I did n't think there was," said Franklin, shamefacedly. "But Eunice need n't have cried." He suspected that his mother had very little admiration for boys who made their sisters cry.

"There was n't one chance in a thousand," he added; "and I would n't have caught him then, you see, if I had n't had the milk."

"What were you doing with milk?" asked Eunice, suspiciously.

Franklin did not answer, but looked so uncomfortable that Mrs. Wood changed the subject; for she made a point of never asking one of her children embarrassing questions before the others, and this was one reason why they loved her so much.

After supper there came a loud thump at the side door, and Franklin, who was studying in the parlor, heard a delighted shout from Kenneth. Then Eunice came running in with a smile, and, taking Franklin's hand, said: "I 've got something for you, to make up for having hurt your feelings this morning."

"But Stamper 's come home," he said, giving her a rough little hug. "And I can't take any present from you now, Sis; so run away and let me study."

"I told her I thought you would n't care to," said Mrs. Wood, looking relieved. She was so glad that Franklin felt he did not deserve a present; although, of course, she could not know yet just why.

"But you *must* come and look at them," insisted Eunice. "They 're in my room."

So Franklin went to look, and "they" were sitting on Eunice's dressing-table — the most beautiful pair of little Maltese and white rabbits that he had ever seen; and all his life long he had wanted a Maltese rabbit!

"Those did n't come from the bird-store, I bet," he burst out in delight, quite forgetting that he was not to keep them.

"They came from the farm of the father of a boy who works at Taylor's," said Mrs. Wood, smiling affectionately at the boy's delight. "The bird-store rabbits were worthless."

"THEY WERE SITTING ON EUNICE'S DRESSING-TABLE — THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PAIR OF LITTLE MALTESE AND WHITE RABBITS THAT HE HAD EVER SEEN."

"You 're just a brick, mother, and so is Eunice. But I can't take these little fellows — I really can't. Eunice must keep them herself."

"Eunice will feel hurt if you don't keep them," said Mrs. Wood.

"Oh, but there are reasons why I can't,"

said Franklin, desperately. "I don't want to tell before the kids."

"Well, they can be my rabbits for to-night, then," said Mrs. Wood, in her quiet way, "and to-morrow we 'll decide to whom they really are to belong. I shall feel very proud, I assure you, to own so beautiful a pair of rabbits, if only for a single night."

Eunice, who had missed being greeted by Weejums, was walking through the house calling her pet. But no distant *purr-eow* answered to her call, and no tortoise-shell tail waved a greeting from the top of fence or shed.

Mrs. Wood turned to Franklin and asked him if he had seen anything of Weejums, and Franklin told her the whole miserable story, or nearly the whole; for of course the children came running in to interrupt.

"Don't tell Eunice," his mother said quickly. "It would make it so much harder for her if she thought you had anything to do with it."

So Franklin did not tell, but he never liked to think afterward of the days that followed. Eunice went around with a white face, while Kenneth almost tore his clothes to shreds crawling about under barns and fences. The loss of Stamper had been sad, of course, for rabbits are attractive; but Weejums was like one of the family.

Eunice wrote out an advertisement to be put in the paper:

LOST.—A little girl's tortoise-shell cat, with pink toes and a sweet face, answering to the name of "Wee-je Wee-je, kim-um-sing."

And Mrs. Wood put it all in except the "Kim-um-sing," and adding, instead, that there would be a reward of two dollars to any one who returned the cat to her home.

This notice appeared for three days, and on the fourth another one followed it:

In addition to above reward, offered for return of the above tortoise-shell, will be given two fine, fat, handsome rabbits, in splendid condition, with one palatial, airy rabbit-house, eight rooms, staircases, cupola, and all modern improvements.

F. Wood, Esq.

Mrs. Wood smiled as she read this, although her lips trembled, and she thought: "That must almost have broken Franklin's heart."

The next day Kenneth was walking along the road when he saw some boys looking up at a tree and throwing stones; and he caught his breath as he heard a most unbird-like *meow!* from among the branches.

"Say, what kind of a cat is it?" he asked of a ragamuffin who was preparing to throw an ancient apple.

"Caliker cat," said the boy. "Up there. See?" And he closed one eye to take aim.

But Kenneth had recognized the animal. "She is n't calico. She 's tortoise-shell!" burst out Kenneth, turning red with delight. "She 's our Weejums, and I 'm goin' to take her home."

"Oh, she 's your cat, is she?" asked the boy, dropping his apple and looking dangerous. "Your cat — when we chased it up there? Say, you better run home to your ma-ma, little boy. D' ye hear?"

"Don't have to," Kenneth responded.

"Caliker cat," sneered the boy, insultingly. "Caliker, I say. Old caliker cat!"

"Tortoise-shell," insisted Kenneth, politely but firmly.

The boy doubled up his fists with a snort of rage,— he was bigger than Kenneth,— and —

But we will not describe what followed. Some eye-witnesses declare that a very lively, if not very "scientific," tussle followed, in which Kenneth, in spite of his gentle bringing-up, showed a familiarity with fisticuffs that would hardly have pleased his mother even if she *had* admired his courage and grit, which were worthy of a better cause.

We shall record only the outcome of the encounter, which was that the larger boy saw the error of his position and finally acknowledged that the animal *was* a "tortoise-shell," as Kenneth had suggested.

"He 's licked him! He 's licked him! Give him the cat," called a larger boy who had strolled up while the fight was in progress. And all the others drew away from the tree while Kenneth coaxed Weejums down with a voice that she recognized, although she would never have known his poor bruised little face. And, to crown all, just as he had taken the precious cat fondly in his arms, who should come whistling up the street but Franklin!

He understood the situation at a glance, and striding up to Patsy McGann, seized him by the shoulder, saying: "Did you lick him? Answer me! Did you lick that little fellow?"

"Naw, he licked me; an' just on account of that old caliker cat you was chasin' the other day."

"What kind of a cat did you say it was?" he asked, turning to Patsy.

"A cal — I mean turtle-shell cat," said Patsy, sullenly, walking off with his friends.

Franklin took Kenneth in at the back door and washed his face before letting any one see him. Then they walked triumphantly into the parlor, with Weejums on Kenneth's shoulder.

Eunice was practising at the piano, with Mrs. Wood beside her, so they did not see Weejums until Eunice felt a little purring face against her own, and screamed for joy.

The affair with Patsy McGann was explained by Franklin to his mother, who gently but firmly made clear to her youngest son the unwisdom of trying to prove one's self in the right by the argument of a fist.

"Mother," said Franklin, later in the afternoon, "may I have a moment with you in the parlor — in *private?*"

"Certainly. No, Eunice, you and Kenny are not to come."

"Well, dear, what is it?" she asked as he drew her down beside him on the sofa.

"Mother," he said gloomily, "I 'm going to give Kenny my rabbits. 'T was in the advertisement, and I promised."

"Oh, but Kenny did n't see the advertisement, and I would n't give away the rabbits, Franklin dear."

"Yes, mother, but I promised, you see."

"That was in case a stranger should find her. But Kenny is such a little boy. And I know he honestly would n't want you to give up the rabbits you 've had so long."

"Well, then, I 'll tell you; there is one other thing that must be done," said Franklin, after a pause.

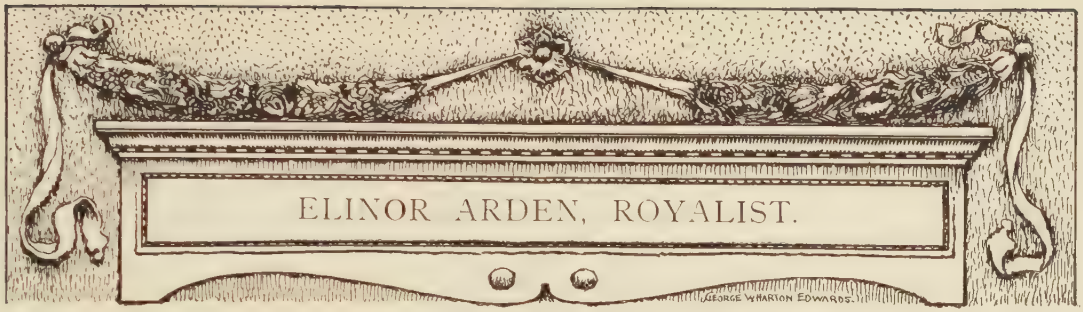
"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Wood, sympathetically, guessing at his meaning. "I 'd thought of them, but then I remembered how much you 'd always wanted a Maltese —"

"Don't speak of it," said Franklin. "I have n't decided yet."

It took him all the morning to make up his mind; but when Eunice and Kenneth went in to dinner, at each of their plates stood a head of lettuce scooped out in the middle, and from the center of each green frill peered the round face of a little bunny.

"The Maltese ones!" said Eunice, with a gasp, and Kenneth turned quite pale with surprise.

"Yes," said Franklin, solemnly tucking his napkin under his chin, "they 're for you!"



By Mary Constance Du Bois.

(*Begun in the August number.*)

Chapter III.

DAME HESTER'S WAY.

She was a poor, bowed, hunchbacked creature, wrapped in a tattered cloak, and carrying a burden in her arms. Her hood had slipped back, and a mass of black hair fell all about her swarthy face. As she caught sight of the singer, she nodded and beckoned Elinor toward her.

"As she caught sight of the singer, she nodded and beckoned Elinor toward her."

"It vas a brave song zat, mon enfant." The voice was soft and musical. "God save King Sharle! You are for ze king? Ah, good, good! My leetle lady has zen a lofing heart. She take peety on a poor vanderer." She gave the child an earnest look.

"What would you of me?" asked Elinor, rather frightened by the deep, bright eyes fixed upon her.

"See, now — ve are two poor voyageurs, my man and I. Ve lose our vay in ze fields. Zen I find zees pass. Tell me, vare do it lead?"

"To the highway, about a mile from here."

"Ze highvay! Ah! 't ees from zare ve come. Ze soldiers — ah! so many, so fierce, so terrible! I fear me, and ve hide. My man he lie in yonder field and vatch till ze road be clear. Mais moi. I haf so grande fear; I hide me here in ze forêt. Ah!" She started violently as a crashing sounded in the underbrush.

It was only Fox coming back from a squirrel hunt. The born enemy of vagabonds, the dog made a barking rush at the ragged figure. At the noise a small head was lifted from the folds of the woman's cloak.

"A baby! Oh, let me see!" cried Elinor. "Down, Fox, down! Be still, sir!" as the little one gave a sleepy, whimpering cry.

Now Elinor had been half afraid that the dark, bright-eyed stranger was a witch. The sight of the baby reassured her. It was only a gipsy mother with her child.

"Hélas! He ees so tired, so hungry — my poor leetle boy. He haf journey so far, and it grow late. Ah, vare shall my bébé sleep to-night?" She sighed wearily as she gently rocked the child to and fro in her arms. "But zese soldiers — how come zey here? You know?"

"Some prisoners escaped," Elinor explained, "and the soldiers were hunting them away down to Dover. But two of them they could not catch. They were Royalists, too, and I warrant the soldiers are mad with rage about it. Oh, I hope the poor souls are safe!"

"Ah, true. Mademoiselle ees Royaleest! I know it from her song."

"Ay, I 'm for King Charles — I care not who knows that," said Elinor, with a proud little toss of her head. "But all at home are Roundheads. Those soldiers are mine uncle's own men. They were supping at our house but now. I trow they 'd take *me* prisoner, too, if they heard my song!" and she laughed mischievously.

"SHE HURRIED BACK AND GUIDED THE LITTLE PARTY TO THE HIDING-PLACE." (SEE PAGE 995.)

The woman smiled and nodded, as if she quite understood. Then, seating herself on a stone, she drew Elinor to her.

"Voilà, ma petite. My man and I, we are sairvants to a grande dame — a great lady. Our meestress ees a Royaleest, too. Ah, poor lady, how she has suffered in zees cruelle var! She ees gone, my meestress, on a journey, far, far avay. And I — I go to seek her. Hélas! 'T ees a long, long vay!"

She looked sadly down at the child on her lap. The baby, who had wakened rosy and smiling, was now making friendly advances to Fox, holding out both chubby little hands, with no thought of fear. Fox, sensible dog that he was, seemed to realize that his mistress's friends ought not to be his enemies. His growl gradually subsided, his tail began to wag, at first uncertainly, then very hard; and finally, lifting a moist black nose to the small face, he offered a kiss of peace with his soft red tongue. Dimpled cheeks covered with berry-stains, big dark eyes shining out through a tangle of brown curls — a real little gipsy was this merry two-year-old. Cooing with delight, the baby clasped its new play-fellow fondly round the neck, and Fox, having learned that the more one was throttled the more one was also loved,

submitted in the friendliest way. Elinor was soon down on her knees beside the laughing child, playing with the silky curls, and calling baby a dozen loving pet names.

Suddenly the great, dark eyes looked up at her, and the little one lisped, "No, no. P'incess! P'incess!"

"Ay, Pierre," said the mother. "My leetle boy's name ees Pierre."

"No, no — no boy. *P'incess! P'incess!*" and the little face began to pucker.

The woman laughed. "Ay and no, 't ees all vun to my bébé. Mais oui, Pierre. Here in Eengleesh zey call heem Peter."

The child looked with baby gravity at the two faces. Then, doubling up a dimpled fist, it patted its ragged frock with a still more emphatic "No, no — *P'incess!* Do 'way!"

"What does he mean?" asked Elinor.

Laughing again, the mother pressed the baby close in her arms, kissing it again and again.

"Pauvre petit, he know not how to say he vish hees supper. Ah, how late it grow!" She glanced at the lengthening shadows.

Elinor started. "Good lack! What will Aunt Hester say? I must go home at once; indeed I must."

"No, no; leaf us not yet, I pray. Stay — ve know not vare to seek shelter zees night."

Elinor, who had shrunk at the first sight of the woman's forlorn, misshapen figure, was now looking at her in wonder. The cloak had fallen back, showing more plainly the tattered dress and the poor, deformed shoulder. Yet in the dark face there lay a strange beauty. When she spoke, her voice was low and sweet; and when she smiled, her eyes grew deep and soft and full of light.

"Tell me, are zare no Royaleests, like my leetle lady here, zat vould shelter us till ze morning?"

Elinor shook her head. "No; the whole town is rebel. Let me see — you could come to us when the soldiers are gone. Aunt Hester might take you in, only she cannot abide French folk. She says they bow the knee to Baal. Some of the village folk might — no, there are the soldiers again! If you fear them so —"

"Ay, zat I do!"

"They 'll be at the inn to-night; you 'd surely meet them. Stay! There 's Martha Rose — *she* 's nigh here. If I coaxed her —"

"Non, non! I dare not. Beggars find a cold velcome. Voilà! zat black-visage leader—'t ees heem I fear. He lead hees men from door to door, and demande alvay, 'Came zare no voyageurs zees vay?' Eh bien! zay point us out, and he take not our vord zat ve are innocent. No, I trust not ze enemy's mercy." She rose. "If zare be no more loyal hearts like you, mademoiselle, I go my vay. Adieu, my kind leetle lady. Ah, but how can I? So footsore, so fatigue! I travel since early morning — I carry Pierre on my back. I can no more!" She sank down again as if faint with weariness.

Baby, too, seemed to feel that something was wrong, and began to fret in a tired way. Elinor stood silent, frowning thoughtfully. The fanciful little girl had often played at hiding a Royalist coming to her for protection. But the fugitive was always a gallant Cavalier, usually an earl, who vowed to wed his fair rescuer when the king should return to his own. And yet, would she not be proving her loyalty even by helping two faithful servants on their weary way?

"I have it!" she cried at last, clapping her hands. "'T is the very place! I always hid him there — the earl, I mean. Oh, never mind!" as she saw the woman's look of amazement, "it was only play. Come, we must make haste, or Aunt Hester will guess there 's something amiss. I 'll tell you about it as we go."

The traveler's hesitation yielded to Elinor's earnestness, and she followed her guide along the brookside path. They had not gone far when a bird-like whistle sounded through the trees. The woman stopped, listened, and putting her hand to her mouth, answered with a long, cooing note.

"'T is François's call," she explained.

The next moment the bushes on the other side of the brook were parted, and a dark figure appeared on the opposite bank. After an exchange of signals, he came to them across the stepping-stones in the bed of the stream. It was fortunate that no spies were lurking near by, for a third vagabond was too much for Fox's feelings as a watch-dog of honor, and it was some minutes before his furious barking could be quieted. At first François evidently regarded

Elinor with some distrust; but a few words in French from his companion seeming to reassure him, the party went on its way along the winding path, crossing the brook on a narrow footbridge, and finally leaving the grove for the open meadow. Before them rose a gently sloping hill, on the crest of which were the clustered buildings of Bradford Grange. This sight seemed to startle the travelers, and the woman turned with anxious eyes to Elinor, who hastened to explain her plan.

CHAPTER IV.

A REFUGE.

THE history of the Grange was a varied one. Hundreds of years before, a small chapel had been built on the summit of the hill. Close to this a priory had afterward risen, which continued to be the home of a brotherhood of monks until the days of the Reformation. Then, like countless other monasteries, it had been ravaged, its inmates scattered, and the beautiful building, now half ruined, had been given with the adjoining lands to a favorite courtier of King Henry. From the hands of this spendthrift nobleman it had passed into those of Sir Nicholas Bradford, an ancestor of the colonel. The ancient priory was then transformed into a comfortable manor-house, surrounded by a group of farm-buildings. A large part of the cloister had been torn down, and the stones were used for constructing new sheds and storehouses.

When the young squire, Richard Bradford, became a convert to Puritan doctrines, the place was still further changed in appearance. Except for the massive pillars here and there supporting a stately arch, one would hardly have imagined that the barns and stables had risen on the ruins of the old priory church. Not a fragment of carving or stained glass was left to recall to Protestant minds the place of worship of former days. One building only remained almost unchanged. This was the oldest of all, the chapel, which opened into what had once been the main building of the church. Although no sign of decoration was to be seen, its roof and walls were still standing. In winter it was used as a shelter for the sheep, while in summer it was the favorite play-house of the children by day, and the imagined haunt of fairies, ghosts, and hobgoblins by night. When the shadows fell, Elinor visited it only in fancy, and then in company with her fugitive earl.

Here she purposed to hide the wanderers.

"And look you," Elinor said to the anxious Frenchwoman, when the plan had been told, "the soldiers would never think of searching *our* land for the Royalists."

They had crept cautiously up the hill, ready at the least alarm to sink down behind some protecting bush or rock, and were now in the orchard on the slope farthest from the house.

"And I haf nevair yet ask my leetle lady's name," the woman suddenly said.

"Elinor — Elinor Arden. I know not what name to call you by," the little girl added shyly.

"Marie — call me juste Marie. Eh bien! Mademoiselle Eleenore, poor Marie vill nevair forget ze kindness of her leetle lady. Ah, if she could but do some sairvice in return! Ven ve come safe out of zees danger, and I find my meestress again, ah, zen I tell her of ze loyal demoiselle zat stood our friend in ze time of need."

It was decided that, while the others waited in the orchard, Elinor should go forward alone and watch for an opportunity to lead them to

their refuge. Finding both garden and outbuildings deserted, she hurried back and guided the little party to the hiding-place.

At the eastern end of the farm-buildings stood the old chapel. Its gray stone walls were covered with ivy, its unglazed windows half hidden in the clustering vines. On one side was a small doorway, so low that François had to bend his head as he entered. Even with her companions Elinor could not help shivering at the gloom within. The dense blackness of the corners made her feel that weird objects were really lurking there. It was certainly a dreary shelter for the night.

"Ah, how dark it is!" Marie's voice shook a little. "Yet a light might betray us. Ve are really safe here?"

François meanwhile was investigating the shadowy nooks, to be sure that no one lay concealed. Baby alone was untroubled, having dropped off to sleep.

"I dare not wait longer," said Elinor, at last; "but tell me if there 's aught you need, and I 'll try to fetch it for you when no one 's watching."

The travelers had with them the remains of a dinner of bread and cheese, and François had filled a flask with water from the brook. A drink of milk, should the baby wake hungry, was all that they needed.

"And at daybreak to-morrow I 'll fetch you some breakfast," Elinor promised.

"The bon Dieu bless my leetle lady," whispered Marie, as the child turned to go.

A heap of fresh hay had been thrown on the old chancel floor, and on this the weary woman now lay down, with the sleeping baby nestled close in her arms. François stretched himself in the doorway to guard them while they slept.

Elinor had hoped to beg a cup of milk from the dairymaid, but, in crossing the kitchen-yard, she was spied by Rachel from an upper window. Rachel must have called the news to her mother, for the next instant Aunt Hester's head appeared at another window, and the truant was sternly beckoned indoors.

"Elinor Arden, what doth this loitering mean?" her aunt demanded. "Look at the clock — it is thy bedtime already! Thou shouldst have been in nigh to an hour ago. Didst not come by the road? Ay, I thought so. Playing in the field! Mayst well hang thy head! I tell thee, child, this idling must cease once and for all."

As a matter of fact, Elinor's long absence had caused Mistress Bradford some qualms of conscience for having sent her niece from home while the enemy might still be abroad. Perhaps this increased her annoyance when the wanderer returned. Elinor was ordered to bed in disgrace. There was no hope of escape, for she shared her cousins' room, and Aunt Hester followed her to tuck the little sisters into bed for the night.

Soon after she had left, the door was opened softly, and Miriam stole into the room. Dear, kind-hearted, careless Miriam! She had her own difficulties under Aunt Hester's iron rule, and was apt to look upon Elinor as a comrade in misfortune.

"I meant not to be naughty — really and truly," whispered Elinor, as Miriam, guessing that something was wrong, put a comforting arm about her. "And I 'm so tired, and oh, so hungry! for I went off without my supper."

"Dear heart alive! Ye poor, starved lamb! Wait a bit, and I 'll fetch ye your supper."

"Oh, do, dear Miriam, pray. And a sup of milk — most of all I 'd like some milk."

First making sure that Rachel and Elizabeth were sound asleep, Miriam slipped away, and in a few minutes returned with her hands full.

"'T is what was left of the soldiers' supper. I had scarce time to snatch it up ere the mistress came," she explained in a delighted whisper, setting down a generous piece of pasty, the remains of a loaf, and a cup of milk.

Elinor hugged her gratefully. There would now be no need of an early morning's raid on the larder, with a troubled conscience afterward. She would eat only a part of the bread, and then, when all the household was asleep, she would carry the rest of the food to her friends in the chapel. The long summer twilight was fast fading, and it took all her courage to think of crossing the deserted courtyard. She was more than ever convinced that the chapel was ghost-haunted.

"I must!" she told herself. "I must! But oh, I wish *he* were there instead!" She was

thinking of the earl — he would have protected her.

Her small share of the supper was soon eaten. It would still be a long time before she could venture out. How tired she was, and how heavy her eyelids felt! She threw herself on her bed to wait until all was silent.

The next minute — surely it was the next minute — Elinor started up, rubbing her eyes in bewilderment, as a pale pink light shone across her face. She turned to the window. The eastern sky was all aglow. It was morning. Still half dazed with sleep, she stared about the room. There, on a chair by the bedside, the last night's supper was laid. She looked penitently at the cup of milk as she thought of the poor baby waking hungry in the night. Maids and farming-men were already about their morning's work, and it would be no easy matter to carry the provisions unnoticed; yet she must do her best to make good the lost time. After a little thought she went softly to her cousins' bedside, and assured herself that they were still fast asleep; then she took from the cupboard her long, brown, woolen cloak. Wrapped in this, she was covered from her neck to her ankles. Next, she tucked the remains of the bread under her arm, and, with the plate of meat-pasty held tightly in one hand, and the cup in the other, she stole out of the room.

Chapter V.

WHAT THE MORNING REVEALED.

It seemed as if the mowers would never go off to the fields, nor the cows be driven to the milking-shed; but at last the way was clear, and undisturbed she reached the chapel. Baby was evidently demanding breakfast, for she heard the sound of smothered crying as she passed beneath the chancel window. No one answered her soft knock, and slowly and cautiously she pushed the door open, fearing to startle her friend; but even the grating of the rusty hinge seemed unnoticed through the wailing of the hungry child. François, she saw, was no longer on guard. She stepped inside, looked, and stood in silent wonder. Marie was kneeling beside the bed of hay, her arms clasped round the little one; and the early sunlight, flooding the chancel window, shone like a halo about her head. Was this the same poor, hunchbacked wanderer? Her face, bent close to the child's, was hidden by her dark, falling hair; her kerchief had been removed and her bodice loosened for her night's rest, leaving bare a white neck and shoulder; and what had been the hump — a bundle of rags — now hung at her side!

The baby's sobbing ceased for a moment, and through the stillness Marie's voice came in gentle, cooing tones. "Hush, darling, hush! Fret not so. Ay, thou shalt soon be a princess again."

"Princess!" Did Elinor herself repeat the word? Perhaps — for the woman turned with a startled look, and rose in haste to her feet. Straight and tall and queenly she stood, with the morning brightness all around her. Elinor gazed at her as one in a strange day-dream, for the majesty of that height and bearing was all the more wonderful in contrast with the forlorn and tattered dress; and, although some art had stained that cheek and forehead brown, the throat beneath was white as pearl.

"The milk — I have it. I 'm so sorry — the supper — last night — I could not help it! Oh, what — who *are* you?" stammered poor Elinor, almost believing that her fairy godmother had appeared.

"How camest thou, child? I heard thee not! The door — is it fast?" It was no longer the Frenchwoman who spoke. "Ah!" She glanced at her shoulder, from which the bundle of rags had slipped.

"Princess!" was all Elinor could say.

"P'incess! P'incess!" piped the baby voice.

"Here is thy breakfast at last," said the woman, hastily, as the provisions were brought out from under Elinor's long cloak. "Come, give it him at once," she commanded, taking the child in her arms.

When baby was quite happy over the bread and milk, Marie drew Elinor down beside her on the chancel step. After hearing how the weary little girl had fallen asleep against her will, and how she had that morning escaped,— "I see thou art to be trusted, my little faithful," she said. "Now harken, but speak low.

Art sure no one is nigh? Thou seest I am not what I seemed last night. Nath'less, remember this: while danger lasts, to you and to all I am Marie, and the child is Pierre."

She lifted Elinor's face in her hands, and looked earnestly into the frank blue eyes.

"Ask me no questions, but remember this: if thou standest faithful to us, and keepst our secret well, then wilt thou most truly serve thy king."

The little Royalist's heart was beating very fast. Just then some playful sunbeams tangled themselves in baby's curls, encircling the childhead with a crown of ruddy gold. It came to Elinor with a joyful thrill. "Pierre" was a princess — the daughter of her king! She had heard the story of the fall of Exeter, and of the baby princess, whose two years of life had been passed in that loyal town, and who, after the surrender, had been carried away to a palace guarded by the rebel soldiery. This was all that she knew; yet in her mind there was not a shade of doubt — her tiny guest was a royal child. In one instant Elinor was on her knees before the little one, covering the dimpled hands with kisses.

"Oh, let me hold thee just once!" she pleaded. "My princess! My princess!" She could not help the loving whisper.

Marie smiled, and baby seemed to understand, coming to her at once, and nestling down contentedly in her loyal arms.

It was now time for Marie to think of her own breakfast.

When Elinor wondered why François was not there to have his share, she was told that, while all was yet silent about the Grange, the faithful servant had left his post at the door and gone out to make sure that it was safe for them to continue their journey.

While Marie was making ready for the departure, Elinor and her little princess had a frolic in the soft hay. They heaped last night's bed into a mountain, and baby, climbing to the top, lay kicking her little bare pink feet, and crowing merrily. Suddenly there came an earthquake, whereupon her Royal Highness and the mountain fell over together in a heap. And as often as the delighted baby wriggled out from under the mountain, Elinor buried her again up to her chin, until nothing could be seen but the rosy face and blinking, laughing eyes. Next it was Elinor's turn, and baby fell upon her with a triumphant little shout, tossing the hay all over them both. Poor Elinor's curls were now mercilessly pulled, and wisps of hay were poked into her mouth. As she lay there, the willing slave of royalty, she could feel the small teasing fingers creeping softly over her neck.

"Oo-ooh!" They had found something hidden under a white kerchief, and now baby spied a bit of the crimson ribbon on which the buckle was hung. One sharp tug, and out came a beautiful toy, surely meant for the princess herself. The little clinging hands would not give up the treasure, and Elinor, to avoid being nearly strangled, was forced to untie the ribbon from her throat.

"A jewel!" cried Marie, turning, as Elinor was showing how the new plaything could sparkle in the light. "How didst come by it? These are fair gems, truly! They can be no strict Puritans here, if thou mayst wear such a trinket."

"'T is my father's keepsake. He said whenever I looked at it I must think always how he loved me." And then something in Marie's face drew from the girl the whole story of her father and of his parting gift.

When it was all told, the lonely feeling that had so often come over her seemed to be comforted away, for she felt loving arms around her and tender kisses upon her cheek.

All too soon those happy moments came to an end, as the door was cautiously opened and François appeared. The dark-faced, wiry little Frenchman was all a-quiver with excitement over the news which he brought.

When she had heard his report, Marie turned to Elinor, saying hurriedly, "The soldiers are ridden away westward, nigh the whole body of them. We must away with all haste while the road is free, for two at least are left behind, and François fears the rest may still return."

Elinor suddenly felt a sense of sadness and disappointment. Here was a chance for the fugitives to go on their way in safety. A few minutes more and the burden of their welfare would be lifted from her own poor little

shoulders. It would break her heart if harm should come to them; and yet — she was ashamed to own it to herself — she wished the soldiers had not gone so soon. She had found friends, and longed to have them stay. The lonely feeling came again, a homesickness that made her heart ache.

She was a fanciful child, who often roamed in a dream-world of her own, far away from the matter-of-fact people about her. Forgetful of her tasks and errands, she would join the fairies in their midnight revels on the green, or sail in a phantom ship over the sea to lands unknown and wonderful; again, in robes of state, visit royal palaces; or even, in these troubled days, picture herself as no longer a little maiden, but a noble Cavalier winning the victory for the king. No one understood the dreamy little girl. She had tried in vain to make her cousins "see things" as she did; and, had Aunt Hester guessed her niece's thoughts, they would have displeased her quite as much as mere wilful idleness. Now her whole heart went out to this new-found friend, who was more beautiful, more kind and gentle, than any heroine of her fancy, and to her "own little princess," as in her thoughts she would always love to say. They were going far away, and what chance was there that Elinor Arden would ever see such friends as these again? She felt a sudden longing to share their wanderings with them.

"What is 't, my child? Art so fearful for us?" asked Marie, noticing the troubled face.

"You go so soon," sighed Elinor. "Oh!" she burst out, her lip quivering, "shall I ever see you again?"

"Dear heart," answered Marie, bending once more to kiss her, while the girl's arms went lovingly round her neck. "Heaven grant we may indeed all meet again in happier times! And then" — she looked toward baby with a smile — "may this little one thank thee for thy trusty service."

Now everything was ready for the journey, and only the princess was unprepared to go. She knew the meaning of that hump and cloak, and Marie, coming to take her, was met with a most determined "No, no, no! — do 'way!"

What! Leave this best of playgrounds, and the new friend, who brought one bread and milk when one was hungry, and wore beautiful toys around her neck, only to spend another long day at that exceedingly tiresome game of beggar child? It was not to be thought of. But Marie was in haste to be off, particularly as just then the sound of voices warned them that the men had returned to the stable. Baby was caught up against her will, and, to add to her woes, found that the new plaything — that shining buckle — was, after all, not her own. Elinor had amused the little one by tying the gay ribbon about her neck. As Marie now removed it to give it back, baby stretched her eager little hands for the jewel, and, finding it out of reach, broke into a wail of disappointment. What should her guardian do? Each moment the crying might betray them. But the sobs changed to a soft gurgle, and a smile came through the tears, as Elinor hung her keepsake once more about the baby's neck.

"I 'll go with you in the fields a little way," she said, "and weave her a daisy chain; then she 'll not cry if I take the buckle."

Marie hid the jewel among the tatters of baby's frock. Then she told Elinor to go out as noiselessly as possible, and see whether or not they might safely venture on their way.

CHAPTER VI.

SPIES.

No one was to be seen about the chapel. The farm-hands were at work in a distant field, and the cattle had been driven from the milking-shed. Turning toward the house, Elinor stepped out from behind the stable wall, and then stopped in dismay, for the two little sisters, hand in hand, were tripping across the greensward. It was too late to run away, for at that moment she was seen. Two pairs of eyes grew very round, and two little mouths formed themselves into two astonished "ohs!"

"Nell, Nell — oh, Nelly! What is it?" they panted, both in one breath, as they ran to join their cousin. "Why are you out so early? Is it a secret? Oh, Nell, *do* tell us!"

"We 've found you out! We 've found you out!" cried Bess, prancing with triumphant glee.

"I know it 's a secret, and we 'll not let you go till you tell us," added Rachel.

Then Bess put in: "I woke up first and found you gone, and I told Rachel, and we dressed, and —"

"Bess! Rachel! Go back! It 's too early," was all poor Elinor could say.

"Oh-o-oh!" Rachel gave a little shriek. "Why, Elinor Arden! look at your frock!"

Then, for the first time, Elinor glanced at her skirt. All down the front were stains and splashes of rich brown gravy from that juicy meat-pasty.

"And your hair — it 's all full of hay!"

"Well, what if it is? Yours is in a pretty snarl, I can tell you! And your frocks are all awry. Best go back at once — *please* go."

"I 'm *not* a telltale! And I 'll tell mother!" whined Rachel, almost in tears.

Elinor's temper had gotten the better of her; now she saw her mistake. "I meant not to vex you, Rachel dear," she said. "Only," she could not help adding, "*I* 'd never go creeping after *you* like a pussy-cat!"

"And *I* 'd never be so selfish —" Rachel began.

"Hark! I hear Miriam. She 's calling you." And Elinor tried to push her cousins toward the house.

"We care not," said Rachel. "If she wish us, she can come and fetch us. You 're just trying to be rid of us, but we 'll not stir a step — so there! Ah, Nell! *Do* tell us."

"'NELL, NELL—OH, NELLY! WHAT IS IT?' THEY PANTED, BOTH IN ONE BREATH."

"Nay, that will we not — not till you tell us the secret! Oh, Nell, what *is* it?"

"Indeed, I 'll not tell you a word — not when you come sneaking and spying after me so! 'T was not fair play!"

"'T is not fair play keeping secrets all to yourself!" retorted Rachel. "We 've as much right to know as you — so now! You 're a real crosspatch, Elinor Arden!"

"I 'm not a crosspatch, nor a telltale, either, like some folks I might mention!"

A helpless feeling came over her now — the struggle to escape, with the sense that she was bound fast to the spot, while knowing that every moment was precious to the fugitives.

"Rachel, Bess, listen!" She laid a hand on a shoulder of each cousin, and her voice became pleading. "I 'd tell you if I could — really and truly; but I can't, because — because I *can't* — not now. But if you 'll stop teasing, I 'll promise to tell you by and by."

"By and by! When you 've kept all the fun

to yourself — crabbed old thing!" And Rachel petulantly shook free her shoulder.

"Nay, then; if you *will* have it, go to the hay-loft and look for it," cried the artful Elinor.

Elizabeth turned at once, pulling her sister by the hand; but Rachel hung back. "I don't believe it 's there at all," she said. "You did not come from there. I know! it 's in the sheep-cote. Come, Bess."

But Elinor blocked the way. "Stay! Oh, *do* stop! See now, I 'll tell you what I 'll do. If you 'll be good, and not go peeping and prying and tale-tattling, I 'll — I 'll — I know! I 'll save you both my honey-cake, every day at supper, for as long as you will."

Rachel wrinkled up her little nose disdainfully.

"And next time we have plum-tart, I 'll give you my share. Come!"

"Plum-tart!" cried Elizabeth. "Oh, Nell! May n't we have *that* every time, too?"

"Ay, so long as you keep your word and tell nobody."

"You promise to tell soon?" asked Rachel.

"I 'll tell you sometime — as soon as I may. And you know I keep my promises. Come, that 's my honey-sweet coz!"

Elizabeth's heart was melting at the thought of cakes and tarts, but the older sister shook her head.

"And I 'll tell you a fairy-tale every night, when we 're abed!"

"Mother says 't is wrong listening to idle tales," was Rachel's prim response.

"Then why d' ye always harken when I tell you them?"

"Nay, Rachel; just one fairy-tale — a real long one, Nell," pleaded Elizabeth.

"Good lack! there comes Miriam!" exclaimed Elinor. "She must not hear. Oh, be quick! say you will."

"Now you 'll be fetched in, too." Rachel brightened at the thought. "Um-m — we-e-e-ll — y-y-e-es!"

Elinor followed up the victory with a kiss. "Now I promise, on my word and on my honor," she said; "and you promise, too."

"On my word and honor," chirped Bess.

"Word an' honor," mumbled Rachel, still rather sulky.

"For pity's sake, children, what make ye out here at this hour?" was Miriam's greeting. "Did ye not hear me calling ye, high and low? I feared to rouse the house. The like o' this I ne'er did see. Off and away at dawn, the three of ye — and all as wild as gipsies! Whatever hath bewitched ye? And the sight ye are! Lackaday, Mistress Elinor, if ye 're not the sorriest of all! Fie, what a frock! Come, dearies, come! Into the house, quick, ere the mistress find ye."

"Nay, prithee, Miriam, just one moment," begged Elinor. "Let me go — I must! I 'll be back directly."

"And call down a fresh chiding on both our heads? I trow not! Hark ye, Mistress Elinor, dear. Come like a good child, and let Miriam comb out that shameful hair, and make ye tidy, — 't will not be long, — and then ye 'll be free to run where ye will."

There was no help for it. To refuse would only rouse Miriam's suspicion, and Miriam, she knew, loved gossip, and in the matter of secrets was hardly more trustworthy than Rachel or Bess. The only hope was to escape while her cousins, in their turn, were being dressed and could not steal out after her. So, much against her will, she followed the others into the house.

Meanwhile hints of the secret were continually slipping out.

"We 'll have plum-tart!" hummed Elizabeth. "Plum-tart and honey-cake!"

"Hist, Bess! that 's no way to keep a secret," Rachel warned her sister.

And poor Elinor was glad to hide her burning cheeks in her shower of tumbled curls.

What was that sudden clamor of voices? Miriam dropped the comb and hurried to the window, and Elinor sprang up with a fast-beating heart. Men and maids were assembling on the greensward. A cry escaped her as she saw in the midst of the gathering François, Marie, and the child, guarded between two soldiers. Hardly knowing what she did, she darted past Miriam, past Aunt Hester, out of doors, and up to the edge of the group.

(*To be continued.*)

THE COUNTY FAIR.

(*The descriptions and photographs are from a county fair actually arranged by girls and boys last year.*)

By Joseph Henry Adams.

You see, it started in this way: The real annual county fair was held in September, just before the boys and girls went back to school, and, accompanied by their parents, they attended

OPENING THE FAIR — THE BALLOON ASCENSION.

the fair at least once, some of them twice, and a few of them three times, and even then they did not have enough of it. So it was proposed by some of the older boys that they hold a county fair of their own.

Of course there was a great deal of preliminary work to be done in the way of printing tickets, making show-cards and price-marks for articles, as well as selecting the "grounds" and arranging the locations for the various attractions.

Fifty tickets were issued, and, as school had begun again, the entire lot was sold out on Friday preceding the first fair day, but that did not limit the attendance, and nearly as fast as the tickets were collected they were resold at the gateway, having been marked to show how many times they were thus resold. They were printed on stiff cardboard, with a rubber-type hand-press, and duly signed by the treasurer to give them the stamp of genuineness.

Then the construction of the "catch-pennies" and the "free shows" required time, so that nearly three weeks of afternoon labor were devoted to the work.

It was decided that all the "attractions" should be well made, so they would last for another season, and for that reason care was taken to make each article as strong and durable as possible.

Two o'clock was the hour at which the gateway was to be thrown open to the wondering crowd; and at which time it was announced that there was to be a balloon ascension, with others to follow, and that parachutes were to drop from the balloon as it ascended.

The balloon and parachutes were ingeniously constructed from tissue-paper, wire, and cardboard.

A stiff paper pattern was cut for the balloon sections, sixty-five inches long, twelve and a half inches wide near the top, and three and a half inches wide at the bottom, as shown in Fig. 1 (next page). From this pattern twelve pieces of colored tissue-paper were cut and pasted together at the edges, care being taken to use only a very small quantity of paste, that the whole affair should be as light as possible in order to rise quickly and carry the parachutes.

A hoop of light iron wire twelve inches in

diameter was made for the bottom of the balloon, and braced with two cross-wires twenty inches long, at the ends of which small hooks were bent to hold the parachutes. Six inches above this hoop a smaller one, three inches in diameter, was braced with wires, and two or three fine wires were drawn across this hoop to form a basket in which a cotton wad rested, as shown in Fig. 2.

The cotton was saturated with wood alcohol, and after the balloon had been inflated with hot air, the waxed string hanging down from the cotton was lighted, and the fire creeping up the string ignited the alcohol on the cotton and made a fire within the balloon, which kept the air heated for some time after it had been released.

The parachutes were of tissue-paper fifteen inches in diameter, and from six threads were suspended square baskets constructed of paper, in which two little cardboard men sat opposite each other in two of the corners.

Fig. 3 shows one of the baskets, and Fig. 4 the men, both of which were cut from a single piece of cardboard and painted.

Four of these parachutes were hung on the projecting hooks at the bottom of the balloon by means of cotton-thread loops, and were released by waxed-string fuses which the boys lighted just before the balloon was released.

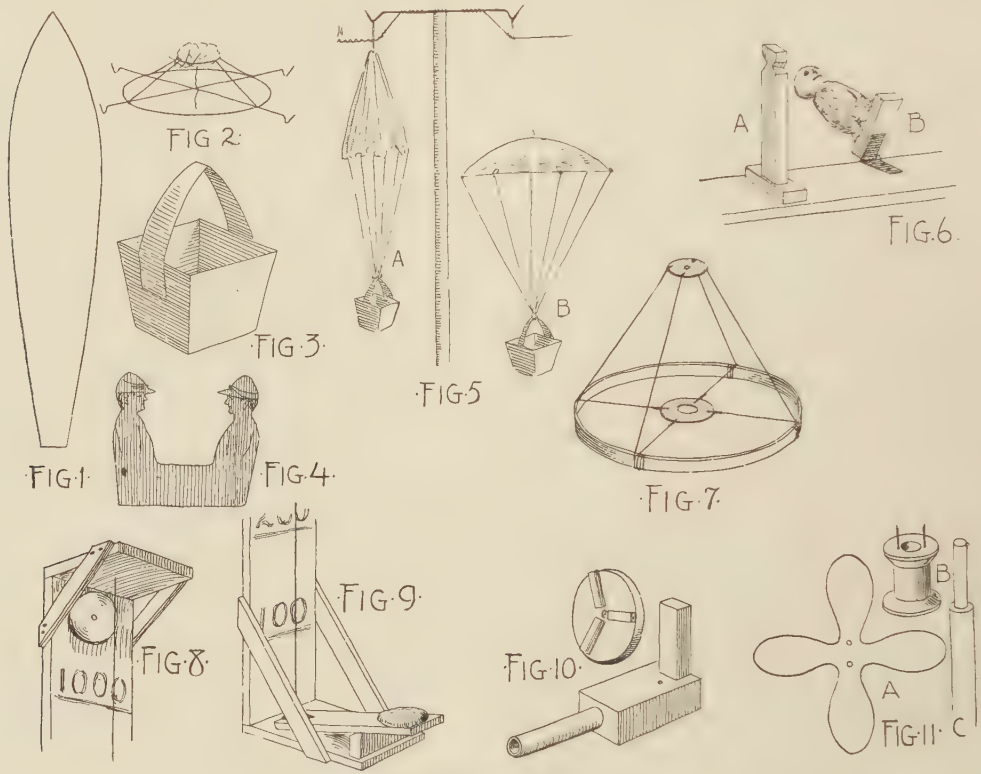


DIAGRAM OF DETAILS.

The fuses were wound round a piece of thin wire attached to the hook wires of the balloon, and, being of four different lengths, the shortest one released its parachute first, the others following in succession.

A hanging and a released parachute are shown in Fig. 5, where A gives a clear idea how to fix the fuse wire and hang the parachutes on the hooks, and B shows the descending parachute.

Located conveniently near the entrance to the grounds, the candy and cake booth was presided over by one of the girls.

Next in line came the lemonade and peanut stand, in charge of another of the boys' girl chums — a popular one to be sure.

"Sambo," with a fierce expression, was a favorite attraction. He was strapped to a clothes-post, where he presented his face to the spectators, who, for one cent, could have five shots at

"SAMBO"—"FIVE SHOTS FOR ONE CENT!"

him from a distance of five or six yards, to break, if possible, the clay pipe in his mouth.

The one who successfully performed the feat with a solid rubber ball provided for this purpose, and at the proper distance from the pole, was given a ticket for one cent's worth of entertainment or refreshments.

Sambo had a thick muslin head stuffed with excelsior, on top of which an old hat was sewed fast, and his face was painted with water-colors by the art committee of the fair. His body was composed of an excelsior-stuffed coat and pair of old trousers, and below the trousers nothing was required, for he was supported by the straps that held him to the post.

Sambo had to be remade and restuffed before each fair day, as the terrible pommeling he was subjected to by the more muscular boys twisted him all out of shape.

At one side of the fair grounds "Divo" was ready to loop the loop in an automobile. Divo was a cardboard monkey in two pieces glued together, and his arms were fastened to the steering-gear of the scorching-machine with tacks. This was one of the free exhibitions at the fair grounds, and was liberally patronized, as all free shows at a circus generally are. The perilous trip was made on an average of every half-minute.

The chute and the loop were made — on a sixteen-foot board — of thin strips, a cheese-box, and cardboard cut and accurately fitted, so that the wheels of the little car would not run off.

The loop was made from the thin side of a cheese-box, sandpapered smooth, then nailed to the long board, and braced with wires to hold it in place. The hills at the end of the slide were of stout cardboard tacked to the board, and properly braced with under-pins composed of small blocks of wood.

The road-bed was two and a half inches wide, and protected at each side by a stout cardboard wall half an inch high, which held the automobile on the track. The long chute had walls made of narrow strips of wood in place of cardboard, which were stronger for that part of the road on which the car traveled the fastest. The cardboard joints in the wall were carefully made, and strips of paper were glued at each side to prevent the wheels of the car from catching on them.

The entire road-bed and walls were given a coat of shellac to protect them against moisture, and also to strengthen the cardboard parts; and after the shellac was thoroughly dry, the surface of the wood-and-cardboard track—for its entire length—was carefully sandpapered.

The automobile was made from an old tin wagon having iron wheels; and by the proper

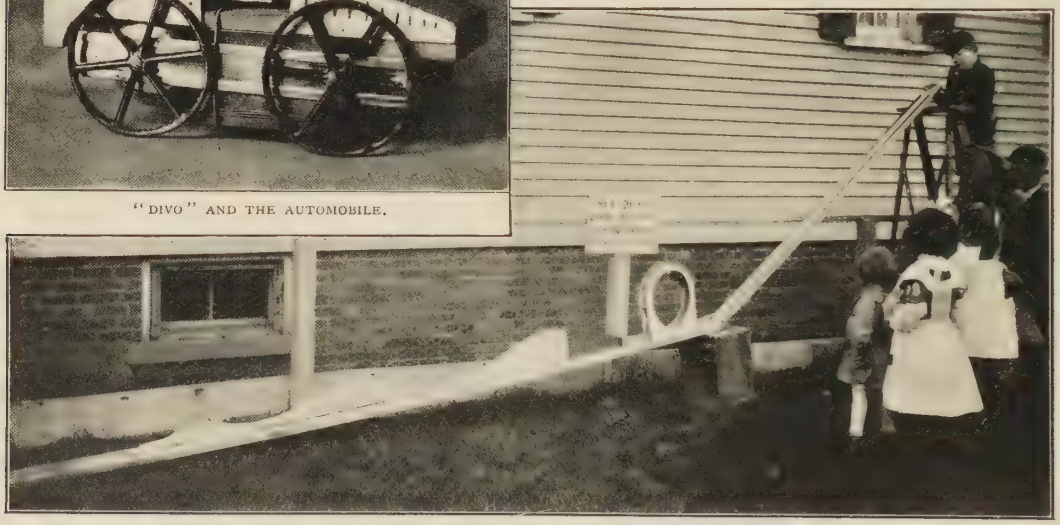
use of wood, strips of tin, and cardboard the complete car and monkey were made, as shown in the illustration.

Under the car and midway between the axles a lump of lead was wired fast. This was necessary to insure the complete revolution of the car, for if it was not fairly heavy it might not turn over and come out of the loop upon the track beyond.

The lead weight gave the car momentum, and consequently more force to hold it to the track as it turned over inside the circle.

The length of the automobile was six inches. The steering-gear (which was only a "make believe" one) consisted of a steel-wire nail with a steering-wheel cut from a section of a broom-handle in which a hole had been made for the nail to pass through.

"DIVO" AND THE AUTOMOBILE.



"DIVO" LOOPING THE LOOP.

It was a comical sight to see this little car descend the grade with the monkey pitched forward, and, a moment later, see the automobile turn over inside the loop and pass out and over the three hills with perfect ease.

One of the star attractions was the "doll-rack." Five shots for a cent tempted the boy who prided himself on being a line shot, but the marks were so deceptive or the aim so poor that frequently a small boy's five shots were more successful than the "dead sure" aim of the "crack" pitcher of the baseball nine.

Two dolls down gave the marksman another five shots or a prize, and this feature kept in business until the closing moment of the fair.

The doll-rack was made of three boards four feet long and six inches wide, and the sides were thirty inches high, making each doll-compartment fourteen inches high. The dolls were made of paper and rags bound to a stick, which in turn was nailed to a short stick that acted as a base or foot. This base was hinged to the shelf, so when hit a doll would fall over backward, and could easily be set up again, but would not cause others to fall at the same time. (See Fig. 6.)

Attached to the fence, and but a short distance from the rack of dolls, a small table supported a "wheel of fortune" made from a barrel-hoop, a broom-stick, and some wire.

This wheel kept up a lively spinning all through the fair time. Everybody drew something, as there were no blanks, and the best prize was a cent's worth of toys, candy, cake, peanuts, or a choice of various things in the tray of goods provided for the wheel.

It was an easy matter to construct this piece of paraphernalia, and only the very simplest materials were employed in making it.

THE "DOLL-RACK."

A barrel-hoop of smooth, flat wood was arranged with a hub of tin about four inches in diameter, and held in place with four wires drawn taut and wound round the hoop. A hole in the center of the tin hub admitted the upright stick on which it revolved. Another round disk of tin two inches in diameter was cut for the top bearing, and from this piece wires suspended the hoop. A small hole was made in the center of this disk through which a nail would pass. A broom-stick whittled nearly to a point was inserted in a hole in the square table or ledge made for the wheel, and in the top of the stick, at the whittled end, a steel-wire nail was driven, which held the upper disk in place at the top of the pole.

Fig. 7 gives a clear idea of the construction of this wheel, which can be seen in action in the illustration at the bottom of this page.

The table was divided off into four sections, a corner representing a section; and they were numbered from 1 to 4, and on section 1 the prize was placed, while on the other three sections small wares such as peanuts, candy, or a piece of cake rested to console the spinner who was not fortunate enough to have the marked part of the wheel stop at No. 1.

Another feature of the fair that kept the small boy working was the "record pole," at the top of which a gong could be rung by the boy who was sufficiently muscular to hit the trip-board hard enough to send the weight up to the 1000-mark. This afforded the "strong boy" and the "little fellow with the big muscle" a good opportunity to see how strong they really were, and when, occasionally, the gong sounded at the top of the pole, the proud thumper stepped up for his prize, to the envy of the boys who had tried and failed.

The record pole was made of a sixteen-foot plank eight inches wide and one and a half inches thick. At the top a shelf six inches wide

THE "WHEEL OF FORTUNE."

was attached and supported by two strips of wood to act as brackets, as shown in Fig. 8; and

THE "RECORD POLE."

at the bottom a foot was arranged and braced with side strips, as shown in Fig. 9. On this foot the fulcrum was arranged on which the trip-board rested, and which, on being hit with the heavy mallet or maul (that was made of a piece of kindling-wood and a curtain-pole), threw the weight up the wire that was stretched tight between the foot-board and bracket-shelf at the top of the pole.

The block that traveled on the wire was a piece of wood two inches in diameter and three inches long, having a hole bored through it with a gimlet so that it would travel on the wire easily.

Cross-lines and numbers from 100 to 1000 were painted on the board, and the whole affair was attached to the fence with a few steel-wire nails, which held it securely in place. The fulcrum was nailed fast to the foot-board, and the trip-board was attached to it with hinges. The foot-board under the trip-board was padded with an excelsior and cloth pad, and another one was arranged on the trip-board, where it was hit with the maul.

This pad protected the woodwork from the harshness of the blow, and acted as a spring.

The trip-board was hung so that about two thirds of it was on the side toward the weight, and the remaining third afforded a surface to be struck by the maul.

It was interesting to watch the weight in its eccentric actions on the wire, for sometimes a small boy's rap would send it up to the gong, when a larger boy's strike failed to send it above the 500-mark.

Among the toys and fancy articles that were sold on the tables were some ingeniously constructed things that the boys and girls had made. The girls dressed dolls of all sizes, from small china ones, that sold for one cent, to large ones worth at least twenty-five times more.

Then there were pencil-holders; cases that folded and rolled up for school things, and tied with a ribbon; sachet-bags; pen-wipers; dolls' clothes; small pin-cushions; and innumerable things for dolls' wear, and other knickknacks.

The boys made finger drums from cardboard boxes, and twisted a short stick in an elastic band, so that an end of it would bear on a cardboard head. By tripping the end that projected on the side of the drum, the stick would fly back and hit the drum-head with a noise

very similar to that of a drum. After a few minutes' practice with the fingers it was an easy matter to imitate the regular drum taps.

Telephones were made of cardboard boxes and string, and bean-shooters of elastic, leather, and wire crotches, although shooting with them was prohibited within the fair grounds.

Some of the most ingenious toys were the windmills, collapsible balloons, and high-fliers.

The windmills were made of short square sticks with a hole bored through them. One end was plugged and a piece of elder reed with the pith removed inserted in the other end to act as a blowpipe. A short upright stick was mounted at the plugged end, and on this the wheel was nailed.

The wheel was cut from the thick end of a broom-stick, making a thin round disk of wood on which three little pieces of wood were glued. A hole bored diagonally into the square stick under the blades of the wheel allowed the air blown through the elder reed to pass up through this small hole and cause the wheel to revolve rapidly.

Fig. 10 shows the parts of this little toy, and in the illustration of the toys the children made, a completed one may be seen.

The collapsible balloons were made of double thick tissue-paper, and were about ten inches in diameter.

They were made in the manner described for the large balloon, of sections of tissue paper glued together, and over each end where the points of the sections came together a round piece of paper was glued, in one of which a small hole was cut so the balloons could be blown full of air.

They were used to play hand-ball with, and a sudden gust of wind would blow them away, when there would be a lively scampering to recapture them.

The high-fliers were made of a piece of tin four inches in diameter, cut as shown in Fig. 11, A, and the ears were slightly bent as in the blades of a propeller.

Two holes were punched near the center and fitted the pins in the top of the spool B, which in turn was made to revolve at the top of the stick C by means of a top cord.

A quick pull on the cord wound around the spool would send the little flier spinning around, when it would leave the spool and roar up into the air until its slackening speed would allow it to descend.

Most of these little objects sold for a cent or two, and as they were all within the means of the average fair-goer, the stock on hand quickly dwindled, so that very few things were left over.

SOME OF THE HOME-MADE ARTICLES SOLD AT THE FAIR.

Almost any group of boys and girls could hold a county fair as these children did, and the money taken in could be devoted to something in which all the children are interested, such as a circulating library of children's books, the purchase of a stereopticon for winter evening entertainment. Some of the more clever of the boys with cameras could make pretty lantern slides from their plates of good subjects, while the young folk could easily devise other schemes in which all the children could take part and be equal owners.

THE GAY GRECIAN GIRL.

By Carolyn Wells.

"THIS QUEEN (BEING UP LATE AT PARTIES, PERHAPS) WAS ADDICTED TO TAKING OF AFTERNOON NAPS."

Miss Flavia Fulvia Flora Selene
Was a lady I 'm certain you never have seen;
For she lived far away and she lived long ago,
In the classical times of the Grecians, you know.

Now Flavia Fulvia Flora Selene
Was a young maid of honor to some noble queen.
The queen, I suppose, had a name of her own,
The which I 've forgotten, if ever I 've known.

This queen (being up late at parties, perhaps)
Was addicted to taking of afternoon naps;
And 't was Flavia's duty to watch as she slept,
And see that inviolate silence was kept.

This was not as easy as you might suppose,
For the queen would so often drop into a doze;
And if Flavia Fulvia failed to be there
A punishment dire was to fall to her share.

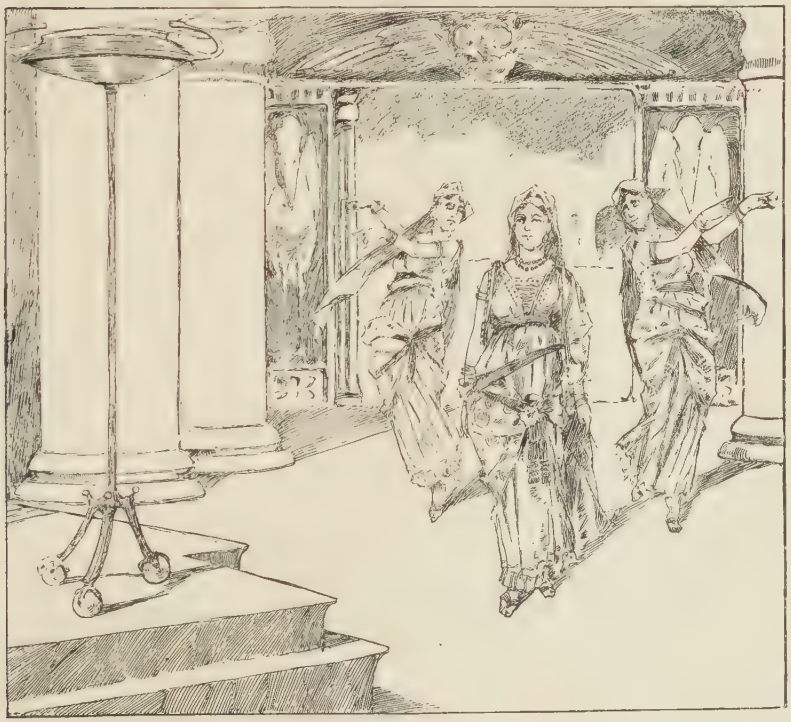
What this punishment was she had never been told,
But 't was worse than a chiding and more than a scold;
And in Flavia's mind fearful visions were rife
Of thumb-screws and galleys and exile for life.

But temptation came subtly and swiftly, alas!
The young Grecians were forming a new dancing-class,
And Flavia Fulvia wanted to go;
Inclination said "yes," but then Prudence said "no!"

The hour came. The queen was in sleep so profound
That Flavia Fulvia's heart gave a bound,
And she thought, "I 'll run over a minute or so,
And if she does n't waken she never will know."

Away to the dancing-class Flavia sped;
But as she went fearful thoughts danced in her head.
What doom would be hers if the queen *should* awake?
The pillory, ducking-stool, rack, block, or stake?

She danced with the rest. But, oh, dreadful to tell!
The queen waked and missed her! The punishment fell!
"And what *was* the punishment?" Well, I must own
That I have forgotten — if ever I 've known.



"THE QUEEN WAKED AND MISSED HER! THE PUNISHMENT FELL!"

THE CHILDREN OF ZUÑI.

By Maria Brace Kimball.

"Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
Oh, don't you wish that you were me?"

So says the well-fed, well-dressed, well-housed little Scotchman in Robert Louis Stevenson's rhyme. But I don't believe that the small Indians of Zuñi would care at all to change places with the little "me" of Edinburgh or New York. In their village of mud and stone, on the sunny plains of New Mexico, they have lived for centuries in perfect contentment. Fine houses, green parks, and merry streets would be nothing to them; hats and parasols, candies and ice-cream would make them stare; and mere cleanliness would only astonish them. Indeed, if they saw us washing our faces and brushing our hair every day, they would probably one and all cry out in Zuñi words:

"Oh, don't you wish that you were *me?*"

A ZUÑI FAMILY ON THE MARCH.

The little half-civilized children of Zuñi so aroused our curiosity that we drove through forty miles of sand and sage-brush, from the railroad at Fort Wingate, to pay them a visit. As the Indians do not provide for travelers, we took our hotel with us — tents, beds, and food — and camped just outside their village. The village looks like a huge beehive made of clay and stuck fast to the top of a sandy knoll. The hive is filled with a mass of cells—three hundred single rooms, placed side by side and piled in rows one on top of another. In each of these rooms lives a Zuñi family. There are no inside stairways leading from story to story, but if the boys and girls living in one

row wish to pay a visit to a house above them, they must go outdoors and climb a ladder. On the slope between the village and the Zuñi River are a number of small vegetable-gardens, each one inclosed by a mud wall. Zuñi has no inns, no shops, no saloons, not even proper streets, but only narrow alleys that thread their way through the strange town. As we walked through the village, all the world came out to see us. Girls and boys clustered on the roofs or sat on the ovens,—queer little cones of mud which seem to grow up out of the house-tops,—while fathers, mothers, and babies peered out from dark doorways, to stare at the visitors. When we had finished our tour of the roofs and alleys, we were hospitably invited indoors; even there the children followed us, and as we glanced up to a hole in the ceiling which served as a window, a girl's laughing face filled the opening. We must have looked strange enough in our hats and gloves and long skirts.

The Zuñi child spends his early days in a cradle. But a cradle in Zuñi-land does not mean down pillows, silken coverlets, and fluffy laces; it is only a flat board, just the length of the baby, with a hood like a doll's buggy-top over the head. Upon this hard bed the baby is bound like a mummy — the coverings wound round and round him until the little fellow cannot move except to open his mouth and eyes. Sometimes he is unrolled, and looks out into the bare whitewashed room, blinks at the fire burning on the hearth, and fixes his eyes earnestly on the wolf and cougar skins that serve as chairs and beds and carpets in the Zuñi home.

By the time he is two or three years old, he has grown into a plump little bronze creature, with the straightest of coarse black hair and the biggest and roundest of black eyes. He is now out of the cradle, and trots about the house and the village. When the weather is bad he wears a small coarse shirt, and always a necklace of beads or turquoise.

As he grows older, he adds a pair of loose cotton trousers to his costume, and, if anything more is needed to keep him warm, he girds on his blanket, just as his forefathers have done in all the three hundred years since white men first knew the Zuñis. His long hair, either flying loosely in the wind or tied back with a band of some red stuff, serves him both as hair and as hat.

His little sister, however, has a more elaborate dress. Her mama weaves it for her, as she does her own, in a rude loom. She makes two square blankets of black cotton, finishes them neatly across top and bottom, sews them together at the sides with red yarn, and the dress is ready to try on. It always fits perfectly,

A ZUÑI WATER-CARRIER.

as the part which forms the skirt is simply held in place by a sash, and the waist is made by drawing two corners of the blankets up over the left shoulder. The sash, woven in gay colors, is also the work of Mama Zuñi. A long, narrow piece of cotton cloth is draped from the other shoulder, and swings easily about, serving as pocket, shawl, or pinafore. In cold weather, moccasins, leggings, and blankets are also worn. These articles, too, are made at home. While the mother is the dress-

maker and tailor, the father is the family shoemaker. A few of the Zuñi girls have dresses like those of American girls. These clothes have come to them through the mission-school which adjoins the village.

The Zuñis have a language of their own — no very easy one for boys and girls to learn, judging from its many-syllabled, harsh-sounding words. They also speak a little Spanish, as does nearly everybody in New Mexico.

The little Zuñis amuse themselves with running, wrestling, jumping, and playing at grown folks, just as civilized children do. They have their bows and arrows, their rag-dolls,—strapped like real babies to cradles,—and their shinny sticks and balls. The children also make themselves useful at home. The older girls take care of their younger brothers and sisters, and the boys tend the goats. There are large herds of goats belonging to the village, and they must be taken every morning to graze on the plain, and brought home at night to be shut up in the corrals, or folds, safe from prowling wolves.

The little children often go with their mothers to draw water from the village well, about a hundred yards from the houses. At the top of a flight of stone steps they wait, playing about in the sand, while their mothers go down to the spring. There the women fill the jars, then, poising them on their heads, climb the hill and mount the ladders to their homes. As all the water used by the village has to be brought to it in these *ollas* (water-jars), carried on the women's heads, it is not surprising that the boys' clothes are grimy and the girls have apparently never known what it is to wash their faces.

ON THE WAY TO FORT WINGATE.

The *ollas*, which answer the purpose of family china and of kitchen-ware, are made by the Zuñi women from the clay of the river-bank. The wet earth is shaped by hand into jars of all sorts and sizes; the jars are then painted with gay colors, in queer patterns, and burned. It is a pretty sight, of an evening, to see the fires of the kilns dotted all over the terraces of the village. Each piece of pottery is shut up inside a little wall of chips, which are set on fire; when the chips are burned up, the article is baked and ready for use. The Zuñi mamas make not only the jars for family use, but also clay toys for the children, curious rattles, dolls' mocca-

sins, owls, eagles, horses, and other childish treasures.

The Zuñi has learned that American coffee and tobacco are better than Indian herb tea and willow bark. As he must have ready money in order to buy such articles, he has contrived various ways of earning a few *reales* (Spanish for shillings). When spring comes and the snows have melted, he collects the jars and bowls and trinkets that have been made during the winter, ties them up in the several corners of his blanket, and trudges off to market at Fort Wingate, forty miles away. Bows and arrows, and canes made from a singular cactus which grows near Zuñi, are also added to the stock in trade. If the Indian is lucky enough to own a burro, he and one of the boys mount the patient creature, while the family, big and little, with some of the neighbors, complete the party. Once in the garrison, the Zuñi family need only walk up and down to advertise their wares; the boys and girls help to carry the jars, while the babies follow. The group, with its bright blankets and gay pottery, soon attracts attention and sales begin on the sidewalks and verandas. Little is said by the Zuñi merchants, but when the bargaining is finished, they stand silent, waiting with a hungry look for the usual invitation to the kitchen. There, seated in a circle on the floor, they gratefully eat and drink whatever is set before them. Their store of words does not include "Thank you," but their faces brighten, and the older people politely shake hands with a "Bueno, bueno, señora" ("Good, good, madame"), while the babies munch and crumble their cake and cry for more, just as our own white babies do. The thoughtful mamas do not forget the miles of "home stretch" before the family, and wisely tuck away in their blankets the last bits of cheese and crackers.

When they have looked over the fort, tasted its bread and coffee, and sold their cargo, they cheerfully go home to their mud village and Indian habits. Old and young, they all are children, easily pleased, contented with things as they are, and quite certain in their own minds that the Zuñi way is the right way to live.

WHICH?

(*The Baby Soliloquizes.*)

By John Kendrick Bangs.

Somebody whose first name is Pa came in
my room to-day
And asked a lady he called Ma how
much somebody 'd weigh;

And then he asked her if she thought
May was a pretty name;
How soon some person could be taught
to play some sort of game;

Why some one had n't any nose
to mention; at what store
Somebody got the lovely clothes
somebody always wore.

I 've looked about the room all day,
in hopes of finding out
Who that somebody is that they
all talk so much about;

And I 've concluded that that person certainly must be
The lady whose first name is Nurse,
or else it 's little me.

A GOOSE HUNT BY STEAMER.

By Charles A. Zimmerman.

The stern-wheel packet *Time and Tide* and the propeller *Nautilus* were rivals for the passenger and freight traffic of the river St. Croix. Many amusing incidents took place in the hot and fierce competition for business when both happened to land at the same dock: one in particular I recall. During the excitement of an attempt at a simultaneous departure with the other boat, the captain of the stern-wheeler was asked by a passenger to "hold on a bit!" "*Time and Tide* waits for no man," was his lofty and prompt reply; but, espying at this instant a lady making rapidly for his boat, quickly and gallantly added, "and only *one* minute for a woman."

The boys of the St. Croix Valley were strong partizans and favored the little *Nauti*, for her timbers were of our own sturdy Wisconsin oak; besides, we had seen her grow from her keel upward on our dock at Lakeside, while the *Time and Tide* was brought from the Mississippi to share the profits. Well knowing that it was of vital importance for Captain P—— of the *Nautilus* to "pull out" promptly, we frequently helped "wood up"; this proceeding enabled our favorite to get quite a start over her powerful rival. It was but natural that the captain should entertain the kindliest feelings for his young friends; indeed, he often carried us free to neighboring towns when our business or pleasure required it.

One day during the month of October we heard the well-known whistle the captain was in the habit of using when he desired us to be on hand. We ran down to the wharf, expecting to see the *Nautilus* closely followed by her rival; but no other boat was in sight, and she landed alone.

"Boys," said the smiling captain, as he made fast the bow-line, "what would you all say to a goose hunt on the *Nautilus* to-morrow, bright and early? Her owners send her to you for that purpose, with their compliments."

With a hearty cheer we accepted his invitation, agreeing to be on hand fully armed and equipped. "Fetch along your linen dusters, light hats, a few sheets or table-cloths, and don't forget to bring your goose shot!" shouted

the captain while backing his boat out into the current.

We knew him to be an old goose-hunter, and felt sure he was able to bring us somewhere near the game; but as for hunting the wary bird with a steamboat, we all agreed he must be joking. Nevertheless we fell to preparing for the morrow.

"Why, my boy," said my big brother to me, "Captain P—— is making game of *you;* if he succeeds as well with the other geese you need not complain."

We found the little steamer there, and the decks cleared for action; the captain at the wheel, himself attired in white like the rest of us. Even Joe Rice, the engineer, with his long, old-fashioned musket, was a feeble imitation of a summer tourist.

We gathered about the captain while he explained that when passing Willow Bar the day before, it was literally covered with wild geese and ducks. "I took a sudden notion," said he, "to see how near I could approach without alarming them. We had n't a passenger aboard; the *Time and Tide* had 'scooped us' at Prescott. I hid behind the wheel and Joe kept out of sight in the engine-room. Would you believe it? — we ran this little craft within a rod or two of that 'raft' of geese before they took to flight.

"The thought struck me that it would be a very fine scheme to let you youngsters into the secret, for I knew you were fond of hunting, and when I mentioned the matter to the superintendent he at once, and quite willingly, gave his consent."

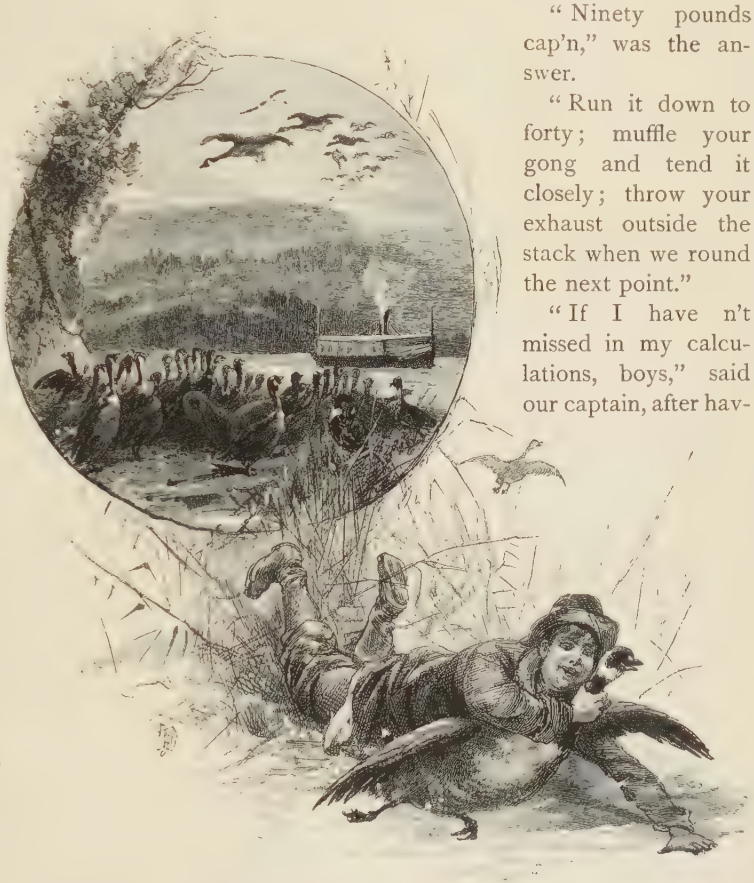
Daylight was appearing, and, in accordance with our leader's instructions, we tacked up the sheets and table-cloths about the forward guards of the boat. This furnished us an excellent breast-high blind behind which we could make observations unperceived. Our light hats and clothing blended well with the screens and color of the steamer.

"How much steam have you got, Joe?" inquired the captain of the engineer.

"Ninety pounds cap'n," was the answer.

"Run it down to forty; muffle your gong and tend it closely; throw your exhaust outside the stack when we round the next point."

"If I have n't missed in my calculations, boys," said our captain, after having delivered himself of the necessary instructions to his factotum, "we shall be busy within the next ten minutes. Around that bold point or headland yonder is Willow Bar!"



"IT WAS NIP AND TUCK BETWEEN JOE AND A 'WING-TIPPED' VICTIM." (SEE PAGE 1016.)

Breathless with excitement, and with beating hearts, we stood behind our screens and put our guns in readiness. The stillness which at this early hour rested on the river was now broken only by the subdued puff! puff! of the exhaust, and even that died away presently; for Joe,

obeying the muffled signal, had "slowed down" his engine until we merely drifted with the current. The captain still held the wheel, and guided the steamer under the frowning cliff beyond which he had informed us lay the bar. A moment later its point was disclosed and we were in full view. To our great relief and joy, the bar was alive with wild fowl! Whether it was the keen frosty air or the presence of the game that made us tremble, it would be difficult to say; but you have heard of the deer-hunter suffering from buck-ague, and the fact remains (or I shall always believe) that we, that morning, suffered from *goose-ague!*

We had approached so near that we were able to distinguish the varieties of geese as they were quietly walking about or feeding, apparently taking no notice of our intrusion. Our pilot left his wheel and joined us, armed with a heavy double-barreled gun, and Joe followed his example, somewhat awkwardly handling his old musket, which was almost as tall as himself.

"Get ready, boys," whispered our leader, and the instantaneous click-click of our gun-locks followed the command. "Don't fire," he added, "until I give the signal; that old solitary gander yonder, some distance from the flock, is their trusted sentinel, and he is getting a little suspicious."

"We don't blame him, cap'n," put in Joe at this moment, anxious to say something.

"You 'tend to him," the captain continued, smiling, "and we will do the best we can with the near flock."

"This gun 's been loaded since the Fourth of July, and it will kick like a government mule, but I can stand it if the gander can," whispered the irrepressible Joe, bringing his gun to bear, as did the rest of us, on the birds. The captain's hand now sought the whistle-cord, and with a quick pull liberated the steam. At the shrill note every goose's neck on the bar was stretched upward in sudden alarm. Just then the report of our guns burst upon the startled birds, who instantly rose honking into the air, only to receive another volley with telling effect.

Dropping our guns, we ran pell-mell through the shallow water to retrieve our game. The lifting smoke disclosed a number of the huge birds fluttering upon the sand, and an exciting race followed for the "cripples," who were rapidly making for the water upon the opposite side of the bar. It was nip and tuck between Joe and a "wing-tipped" victim, and the race was only won by the engineer through a stumble which precipitated him upon the bird and into the water and sand as well.

Joe sent up a shout of triumph as he picked himself up, now completely wet and sanded. He was a thoroughly good-natured fellow, and said he did n't mind — "it only made him feel more gritty!"

"Joe, did you kill your gander?" shouted the captain, from the steamer.

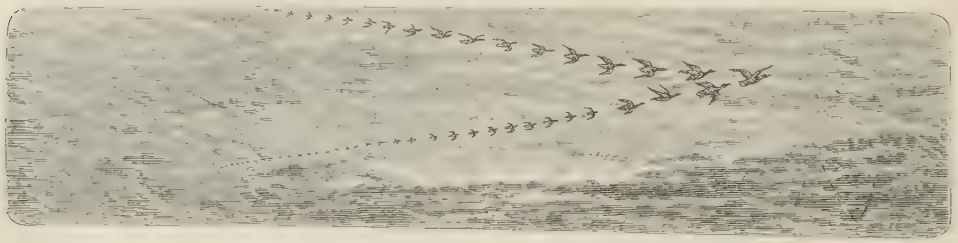
"*Kill* him!" said the wag, assuming an injured tone. "I *saved* his life!"

"How do you make that out?" queried the captain.

"He got away when I got up."

At Frenchman's Bar, a few miles farther down the stream, we encountered another flock from which we took fair toll.

Upon our return trip the captain good-naturedly allowed us to hang our "bag" of game about the guards of the boat. And thus decorated, we created quite a sensation all along the river, but particularly at Lakeside, where the *Time and Tide* was taking in fuel.



FOLLILOO.

THE Princess Faire and the great Prince True
Were heirs to the throne of Folliloo;
And through the kingdom the rumor sped
That both were minded to choose and wed.
Now Folliloo was a land of ease,
And of curious laws and strange decrees,
And in royal weddings this rule was known:
"One from the people and one from the throne."

Dear to each other were Faire and True;
They were ever together, the people knew.
And they said, "He will choose the maid,
't is clear,
Most like the sister he holds so dear;
And she the man, we can all foretell,
Most like the brother she loves so well."
So with every maid 't was a constant care
To copy and quote the Princess Faire;
And with every youth that none should be
So like to the royal prince as he.

The prince and princess, wandering through
The loyal kingdom of Folliloo,
Found about them for weary days
Shadows and echoes of all their ways.
Girls who had else been fresh and sweet,
Such as a prince might gladly meet,
With a foolish smirk for an honest smile,
Weakly followed the royal style,
And painted their cheeks and dyed their hair
To match the colors of Princess Faire.

The boys might all have been manly men,
But not Prince True right over again;
And the princess sighed and cried: "Alas!
What if their wish could come to pass?
A dreary, weary world it would be
If people were all alike," said she.
"You are your noble self, dear True,
But they are neither themselves nor you."

Eudora S. Bumstead.

"LIMERICKS."

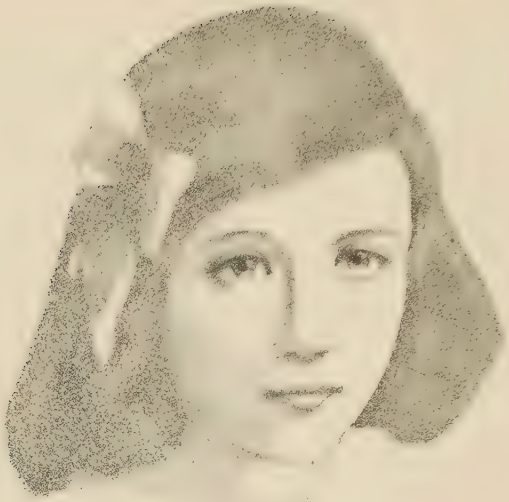
THE ACQUIESCENT SNAKE.

THERE once was a man who said, "Why
Can't I look that big snake in the eye?"
The snake said, "You can,"
And he looked at the man.
('Most any last line will apply.)

THE DISOBLIGING BEAR.

THERE once was a man who said, "Oh,
Please, good Mr. Bear, let me go;
Don't you think that you can?"
The bear looked at the man,
And calmly responded, "Why, no!"

Carolyn Wells.



NOTHING BUT A GIRL.

By S. W. Hovey.

Madge Winslow was walking up and down the cool, quiet piazza of the hotel, with Lady Jane Grey, her doll. She had been confined to her room for a week, but the day being pleasant, she was allowed to go out on the porch. Madge was enjoying a chat with her doll, when suddenly she heard a hearty laughing behind her. She gave a jump and turned quickly around. There stood her brother George shaking with merriment. Madge was too confused to speak. She flushed a deep red and said nothing. She would not have talked to her doll in that way if she had known any one was there, and, above all, her brother George. He was very fond of teasing her, and she was afraid she would never hear the last of her foolish conversation with Lady Jane Grey.

"I was only playing, you know," said Madge, in reply to his good-natured banter.

"Well, anyhow," he said, "girls are only made to play with dolls and toys, and sit around the house. You never heard of a girl getting to be a President or anything great. But come along, Sis; I won't tease you any more. What do you say to taking a walk after luncheon? Now that father and mother have gone, we have the whole afternoon to ourselves."

"That would be lovely!" said Madge, quickly, for she was not one to remember a grievance for very long. Poor Madge's feelings were often very much hurt by her brother's laughing at her, and teasing her, and telling her that, after all, she was "nothing but a girl."

They were staying in the White Mountains, and their parents had joined a party to ascend Mount Washington, leaving the two children in the care of Miss Nelson, their governess. Madge ran off at once to ask her if she might go for a walk with George.

"Where will you go?" said Miss Nelson.

"I don't know, but I think not very far."

So off they started. They romped as they went, now and then stopping to pick flowers or gather birch bark, which George promised to make into toy canoes for his sister. Finally Madge suggested that it was time to return.

"Why, we have n't gone a mile yet. And I 'm going up the mountain."

"What mountain?" said Madge.

"Mount Willard, of course. Where did you think we were going?"

"You did not tell me you were going there," said Madge.

"No, I did not. But I did not suppose you could have any objections to going up Mount Willard. In fact, I thought you wanted to go up very much."

"Let us wait until to-morrow," said Madge. "Perhaps father will come with us then."

"Oh, it may rain to-morrow, or something else happen," said George, impatiently. "Girls always do want to wait. Only think, Madge; this is our best chance, and they say the view is so lovely at the top."

Madge was puzzled. She felt it would be wrong to go any farther, but she was sorry to disappoint George, and she could not bear his ridicule, as he knew very well; so she allowed herself to be persuaded as he took her hand and drew her along in a coaxing way, saying: "Come, Sis dear, you are not going to spoil our fun. We 'll have a jolly time. After all, mother said we could go sometime, so we are all right."

George cut a good, strong stick, and presented it to his sister. "For snakes," he said, as he handed it to her.

"Nonsense, George," said Madge. "If I see any snakes, I will fly to you for protection. But thank you all the same; it is a beauty," she added, as she took the shining stick. "How delightful this breeze is! And oh, George, do look at those trees. What glorious coloring!"

They walked and climbed for more than an hour, and at last a turn in the road brought them within a stone's throw of the top of the mountain. The boy and girl started on a run, and soon were beholding one of the most beautiful views in the world.

"Is n't it almost time for us to be going home?" said Madge, presently.

George looked at his watch and replied:

"It is only a little after three, and father and mother will not get home until after five o'clock. Still, I think we may as well start."

As they walked along they noticed a path leading off to the right, and a sign-board bearing the words "Hitchcock's Flume" in large letters.

"Oh, Madge, this is that beautiful flume that those men at the hotel were talking about yesterday!" exclaimed George. "Let 's go. It will be no end of a lark, and we have plenty of time. Come ahead, Madge."

"Oh, George, we must n't! We ought to go home, and you know they said it was a very steep climb and dangerous."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said George. "It is not dangerous one bit. I wish you would n't argue every point all the time. It is just like girls. They always are so silly."

"But, George," pleaded poor Madge, "you know —"

"Come along, Madge! You are not going to spoil it all! It is n't dangerous — take my word for it; and if it is, I will take care of you and help you"; and he pulled her along.

Madge said nothing more. She did not dare to tell him how frightened she was as she looked down the steep and rough path, with loose stones and roots all along its sides. The children stepped carefully down, George giving Madge his hand over the worst places.

Suddenly George dashed ahead, saying:

"I guess this must be the place."

She looked down, and saw her brother standing on a bridge over a deep, rocky gorge. Madge was at his side in a moment. They were standing about midway over the flume. Looking up, it became narrower and narrower till the two sides met in a point; and looking down this deep, beautiful ravine, overhung by trees, at its widest point not more than fifteen feet wide, the view was glorious. Through the trees they could see over to the opposite mountain, a little stream dashing down its side the whole length; disappearing and appearing again, it looked like a narrow ribbon. Away down at the foot of the flume, she caught a glimpse of the railroad. Madge seated herself comfortably on the bridge, and was soon wrapped in silent admiration of the scene, while George walked farther on along the edge of the bluff.

She was still gazing at the enchanting view, when suddenly she was aroused by a loud cry or call. Where was George? She jumped up and looked around. The sight that met her eyes seemed to freeze her blood. There he lay on the ground, held down by the limb of a freshly fallen tree. She rushed forward, and fell on her

knees by his side, calling to him: "George, George! What is the matter?" She got no answer. She raised his head; he opened his eyes. She again asked: "What is the matter?"

He seemed rather surprised, and said: "I don't know. I guess it will pass off." He started up, but fell back with a groan of agony. "My leg! oh, my leg!"

Poor Madge was terrified. Alone in this dreadful wilderness, what should she do? She trembled all over as she saw that the hurt was very serious.

He had evidently been standing on the trunk of a birch which had projected out from the bank. Strangely enough, the roots of the tree were still attached to the earth some twenty feet or more above them. George struggled, but every movement was painful. Then Madge tugged at the heavy branch, only to find that she would have to lift the whole tree to release her brother. But something would have to be done, and done quickly.

After convincing herself that nothing could be gained in trying to lift the limb, Madge scrambled up the bank to see how securely the roots were holding. To her delight she found that the earth around the roots had been washed away almost completely, and that no doubt the tree would have fallen in the next heavy rain or high wind — so slight was the hold of the only remaining embedded root. Madge's active little brain began to work at this discovery.

Why not loosen the root entirely and let the whole tree, which was not a large one, fall of its own weight farther down the ravine?

The thought had no sooner occurred to her than she began to act upon it.

First assuring herself that in falling it would, because of the lower ground in that direction, roll *away* from George, she commenced to pick and pull the loose earth and stones from the root. This she found was not difficult, as the bank was hollow underneath and the earth yielded readily to the vigorous prodding of her alpenstock. But it was not easy work, and the little hands were well blistered when at last she was rewarded by hearing a crunching, tearing sound, at which she stepped back from the dangerous edge of the bluff. In a moment down crashed the tree, rolling over and lifting its imprisoning limb from George's leg with no further harm to him than if it had been a feather duster.

George, who had fainted, was unconscious of what was being done in his behalf. At the relief of the pressure on his leg he came to, and a few minutes later was rejoiced to see Madge bending over him.

"Dear brave old Madge, how did you do it?" was all he could say between twinges.

"Oh, it was n't hard," was the hearty answer. "And now I must go and get some one to help you. Stay here, dear George, and try to bear it."

She sprang up and flew along the path, leaping from stone to stone. It was the same dreaded path at which she had trembled coming down; but she did not think of herself now. She only thought of poor George at the foot of the path, of how he was suffering, and he had no one to help him but her. Her lips were set with determination as she flew along until she came to the road. Even then she did not stop, but rushed on. Then she heard the sound of horses' hoofs and wagon wheels and then human voices. It was a coach from the hotel! A turn in the road brought it in sight. It was full of people going up to the top of the mountain for the view. Madge called loudly, and waved her hand as they approached. A gentleman, seeing that she was in distress, jumped out, and kindly taking her hand, asked, "What is the matter?"

"My brother has hurt himself down by the flume. Oh, come to him, please, quickly!"

Another gentleman jumped out of the coach and said: "I will go with you, too. Can your brother walk?"

"No," said Madge; "he tried to, but it hurt him dreadfully."

After a few words together, the gentlemen took one of the seats out of the coach, and followed Madge down the path. She hurried along quickly, not thinking of the danger, and soon reached the place where poor George lay, but bravely kept from crying out. He was glad to see them, but he seemed afraid to have the men touch him. It was with much difficulty that they gently lifted him up, laid him on the seat, and climbed the steep path.

When the coach returned from the summit, they put the seat in its place, with George on it. Madge knelt on the floor of the coach and held his hand; no one could induce her to sit down. One kindly old lady invited her to sit on her lap; but Madge thanked her and remained with her brother, and they soon arrived at the hotel.

How Madge wished they had not gone up Mount Willard! If she had only refused, George would not have gone, and the accident would not have happened. How could she meet her dear mother? But there was no time for such reflections now. Their mother was quickly in the room, and greatly shocked at all that had occurred.

The doctor carefully examined the leg, and said that one of the bones was broken; but that the injury would not prove serious, and must be set at once.

As soon as the doctor left the room, Madge threw herself into her mother's arms and sobbed out the whole story of the afternoon's walk, casting no blame upon George, explaining how they had started for the walk without intending to go so far, and asking her forgiveness. George was too worn out with the fatigue of the walk and the discomfort of the accident to say anything, and was soon sleeping soundly.

But for days George thought over the events of that afternoon. He recalled how Madge had not wished to go without permission—she had asked him to wait until the next day; and then he thought how he had teased her by telling her that she was "nothing but a girl!" He now remembered how many times he had told her that, and how her face would flush, and she would immediately do whatever he asked. What a selfish brother he had always been! And as the events of the day passed through his mind, he remembered how promptly and bravely his sister had contrived to remove the tree from him and run for help after his fall, going over that path that had terrified her so at first, and all for him, and then explaining it all to their mother, casting no blame upon him. It was too much.

He resolved as soon as his mother came in to confess it all to her, and take all the well-deserved blame upon himself. He made up his mind that his sister needed a far better champion and companion than he had ever been to her. He firmly resolved that nothing was too good for the brave little girl, and that never again would he neglect her wise little counsels, or, by telling her that she was "nothing but a girl," try to shame her into joining with him in pranks that he himself knew would not be approved by their very best friends in the whole world—that is to say, by their father and mother.

TOM'S RETURN.

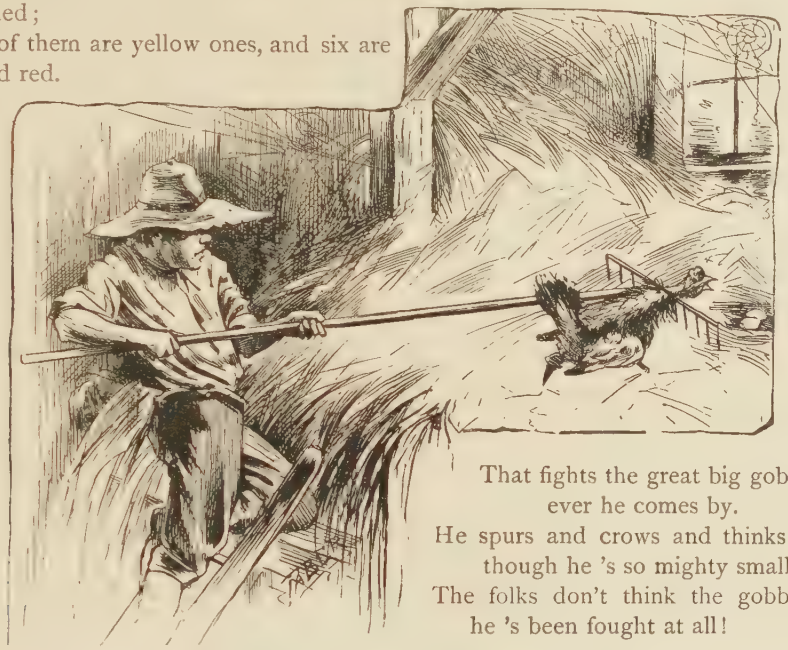
By W. C. McClelland.

Say, Fred, Tom 's home from Uncle Joe's. He lives on Sandy Creek;
Tom went down there last Saturday, and stayed about a week.
He says that Uncle Joe 's a most uncommon sort of man,
And that the miller says "few folks can bolt him to the bran."
I don't know what the miller means, but Tom he knows a sight;
And since he 's been to Uncle Joe's he says the miller 's right.

Tom says that Jim, the big hired man, one hot midsummer day,
Just tossed him clean up on a great big, moving load of hay.
He says that Uncle Joe has got some most surprisin' things
About his house and in his barns: he has a mouse that sings;
His oxen they can do big stunts besides "gee," "haw," and "whoa";
And he has a great long-leggèd horse that once was in the show.

You ask that horse if he likes oats, he nods; if you say "bread"
He knows the difference at once, and always shakes his head.

Tom says if uncle tells "Old Bones" to put back his left ear,
He 'll put the right one forrerd, an' I think that 's mighty queer!
And Uncle Joe has weathercocks on every barn and shed;
And some of them are yellow ones, and six are painted red.



He has a pet 'coon and a fox, a 'possum and a crow
That won't be friends with any one exceptin' Uncle Joe.
He 's got a hen that steals the eggs the other pullets lay,
And Jim's boy had to take a rake to keep that hen away.
And there 's a little banty fowl about six inches high
That fights the great big gobbuler whenever he comes by.
He spurs and crows and thinks he 's great, though he 's so mighty small
The folks don't think the gobbuler knows he 's been fought at all!

Aunt Annie blows a big tin horn to call the men to meals,
And Tom says "pie three times a day" puts ginger in your heels.
They 've dumplings too, and roasting ears, and doughnuts round and square,
And cider, and — oh, goodness me, I *wish* that I was there!

AMERICAN MEMORIALS IN LONDON.

By Julian King Colford.

Many American boys and girls visit Europe nowadays, but perhaps few even of these fortunate young folk are aware that the greatest of English cities contains memorials to five distinguished Americans: a President, a patriot, a poet, a preacher, and a philanthropist. These five great men are Abraham Lincoln, James Russell Lowell, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Matthew Simpson, and George Peabody—five names written high in the Hall of Fame, names immortal in life and letters, names forever illustrious in character and achievement.

The older boys and girls among St. Nicholas readers may be interested in a brief account of the London memorials to these famous Americans. This imperial city, moreover, seeks only imperial men upon whom to lay the wreath of her high honors. Therefore, surpassing honor and dignity rest upon the life immortalized within this throne-room of the nations; and the young life of the Western World has already put its stamp here in the five memorials to men recognized on both sides of the Atlantic as sages, statesmen, or benefactors.

"With charity for all and malice toward none"—these well-known words of the great, brave, sagacious Lincoln—appear in large lettering in the creed of Christ Church, Westminster Road. It is fitting, then, that the imposing tower of this superb structure, costing over sixty-two thousand pounds ($310,000), should be dedicated to the liberator of a race. Rowland Hill, whose name is linked with the world's great preachers, founded Surrey Chapel eighteen years before the close of the eighteenth century. Newman Hall was one of his successors, and under his leadership the church secured this splendid temple and center of Christian service. When the building was still in the hands of the architects, Dr. Hall conceived the idea of dedicating the tower to Abraham Lincoln, the martyred President of the United States; and to-day within the tower you may read the following inscription:

LINCOLN TOWER.

Inaugurated 4th July A.D. 1876, by
Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton Bart.
The memorial stone was laid 9th July 1874,
By the American Minister to this country.
The cost (£7000) was defrayed equally by English
and American contributions obtained by the
Rev'd Newman Hall LL.B.
It was built in commemoration of the abolition
of slavery effected in 1865 by
PRESIDENT LINCOLN;
And as a token of international brotherhood.
GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

Following on from President to patriot, we make our way to Westminster Abbey, England's Temple of Fame. With a spirit of worship we pass through the old gray cloisters, whose jagged columns bear the marks of time, until we come to the chapter-house, the "cradle of all free parliaments," as it has been called. Here England's Parliament assembled for three hundred years; here the abbots and

monks used to sit in solemn council; here in later days the state records were kept.

On the right as you enter this historic hall, with its octagonal walls, a stained-glass window commemorates America's patriot-poet. There are four sections to this massive window. The left panel holds a shield borne by angels with the arms of the United States of America, angels bearing a shield with the arms of Harvard University, angels bearing a shield with the arms of the United Kingdom, angels bearing a shield with the arms of Westminster. The two subjects of the next section (to the right) are those of St. Botolph, and the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. The third panel holds a massive figure of Sir Launfal, the Angel with the Holy Grail, and Sir Launfal and the Leper. The last section contains figures of St. Ambrose and the emancipation of slaves. Below the level of the

THE LINCOLN TOWER OF CHRIST CHURCH, WESTMINSTER ROAD.

THE LONGFELLOW BUST IN THE POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE LOWELL WINDOW AND TABLET IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

window there is set in high relief the head of the poet, with the inscription:

This tablet and the window above
were placed here in memory of
James Russell Lowell
United States Minister at the Court of St. James
From 1880 to 1885—
By his English friends.

VERITAS.

Born 22 Feb. 1819
Died August 1891.

Great and noble and loyal as were Emerson, Hawthorne, and Longfellow, yet Lowell by his pen and voice did more than any other of America's great writers for the cause of Freedom. His "Biglow Papers," with their keen thrusts of Yankee wit and shrewdness, were a power in those stirring days; and he wrote also many fervid poems against slavery, including those ringing lines:

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right;
And the choice goes by forever, 'twixt that darkness and that light."

Lowell welcomed the battle-scarred veterans when they returned from the front, and his song lives on to-day, and for all time. He reached the climax of popular favor while ambassador to Great Britain. This high place was thrust upon him. He was selected as the one fittest man for the post; he obeyed the call, though, as he himself lamented, at the cost of literature.

Linked in fellowship, friendship, and song were Lowell and Longfellow. These men were neighbors in the home-land; they were, and are still, the two prime ministers of American poetry—gentle Longfellow, impetuous Lowell, master singers both.

So let us retrace our steps into the mysterious awe of the silent abbey, sublime in its stateliness, inspiring in the memories it recalls. Here we are surrounded by the names and the bones of the mighty dead. Grouped lovingly in the Poets' Corner are poets, dramatists, and authors. Here rest Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden, Dr. Johnson, and Macaulay. Amid this great assembly loving hands have placed a bust of Longfellow, the most widely known of American men of letters. And thus it is that Lowell and Longfellow are neighbors still. Here, too, within a few feet of the white marble face of the American poet who loved the sky and was alive to the tender influences of the seasons, they brought Tennyson—to hold silent companionship with his fellow-singer from across the sea.

Before we leave this hallowed place, let us read the chiseled words on the Longfellow bust:

This bust was placed amongst the memorials of the Poets of England by the English admirers of an American Poet. 1884.

Next, we must betake ourselves miles away from Westminster Abbey to the Nonconformist Chapel in City Road, founded and built by John Wesley in 1778. Those days marking the close of the eighteenth century saw the beginnings of the Methodist Church. When its great founder and preacher died in 1791, the number of Methodists had reached 119,000. When the Ecumenical Council was held in City Road, the old cradle of the church, in 1891, the number of its members had increased, within one hundred years, to the vast total of 24,899,421.

The old pulpit from which John Wesley preached is still used there. The interior, however, has been greatly modernized. Two of the columns supporting the gallery are contributions from American Methodists; and not long ago Mr. Joseph H. Choate, the American ambassador, unveiled a stained-glass window as a memorial to Matthew Simpson, one of America's greatest Methodist bishops. This memorial is the inspiration of Bishop Vincent and the Rev. Charles Kelly. The window was made in Munich, and in glorious colorings represents St. Paul preaching at Athens; at the lower left corner there is a head of Bishop Simpson. At the bottom of the window are the words:

Erected by American Methodists to the memory of Bishop Matthew Simpson. He was born June 21, 1811, and died June 18, 1884. He was a holy man, an eloquent and mighty preacher, and a great Bishop.

Bishop Simpson was a friend and adviser of President Lincoln, and his patriotism, fervor, and eloquence were ever active in the cause of the Union. His name and fame are cherished in Methodist hearts the world over. It is fitting, then, that his memory should be perpetuated in the earliest home of his church.

THE NONCONFORMIST CHAPEL, CONTAINING THE MATTHEW SIMPSON MEMORIAL WINDOW.

And alongside the preacher we may well honor the great philanthropist. The right use of wealth becomes a benefit to the whole human

race; and George Peabody was indeed one of the greatest of philanthropists. He lived on both sides of the Atlantic; he wrought on both shores; and his name is held in honor by the toilers of two great nations. Born in a humble four-roomed, two-story house in Danvers, Massachusetts, a poor lad, he made his way from the clerkship of a grocery store to wonderful financial achievement. Finding a home and establishing a business on these far shores, his banking-house became one of the commercial features of the metropolis. It was Peabody who negotiated a sale of Maryland bonds when all other financiers failed, and then gave his commission (forty thousand pounds) to the State. It was Peabody who aided his home government when the red flame of war blazed on her fair fields. This man had a genius for making money; he had also a genius for bestowing it upon others. He lived for the glory of God and the good of his fellows. To Danvers he gave a library and equipment costing $250,000. Amid the awful stress of London's poverty his princely heart came to the rescue. Five hundred thousand pounds ($2,500,000) he expended for the housing of the poor of London. These buildings furnish nearly twelve thousand rooms and shelter some twenty thousand people. It was George Peabody who sent Dr. Kane after Franklin, lost amid the snows of the far North. Queen Victoria offered to make him a baronet and dignify him with other honors. The simple-hearted man said, "No; all I want is a letter from the Queen that I can carry back to my native land." The letter came, also a beautiful and costly miniature portrait of the Queen. For the enlightenment and upbuilding of the freed slaves of America Peabody gave seven hundred thousand pounds ($3,500,000), and the Congress of the United States voted him a gold medal.

THE STATUE OF GEORGE PEABODY.

On the 4th of November, 1869, he laid all earthly honors down. His funeral was held in Westminster Abbey, the highest earthly honor England can give the sons of men. The Queen

paid him the tribute of sending his body home in the British war-ship *Monarch*.

America opened wide her arms to receive the dust of her well-beloved son. In 1869 W. W. Story, the distinguished American sculptor, completed a marble statue of him. The Prince of Wales—now King Edward VII—unveiled it. This statue is located in the very heart of the world's mightiest city. The simple wording on the granite base is eloquent:

GEORGE PEABODY.
MDCCCLXIX.

His name is eulogy enough. As the poet says:

"And tongues to be his bounty shall rehearse
When all the breathers of this world are dead."

The fascination of these memorials, the veneration we feel for the men whose names they bear and whose character helped to shape the destinies of two worlds, brings us back to the glorious old abbey for a look at our loved Longfellow, and our hearts repeat his own familiar, oft-quoted and simple verse:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

THE KILLING OF STORM.

(*A True Story.*)

By Mabel Clare Craft.

THAT a stormy night that was!—with wind in gusts and the rain in splashes! We had heard a mournful cry in a deserted causeway, and at the door found a woolly puppy, rolled up like a hedgehog, very wet and shivery. But at last the long black curls dried out, the big overgrown feet spread sleepily over the hearth-rug, and the blue eyes closed in a puppy's glad dream.

The children fed him by hand on minced bread and milk, and soon his puppyhood waxed into doghood. In the daytime they coaxed him into the garden. One excursion up and down the stairs tired him so that he was glad to sleep for hours, and so was out of mischief. The cat, who was taller, towering over the newcomer by a head, abused him shamefully, and the children had to look sharp to keep her claws out of his eyes. For all of this the dog repaid her with interest, later on, when the tables of size were turned. When he came his neck could be spanned by a gold bracelet. At six months he had attained the dignity of a collar and tag, for he was now large enough to be attractive to the dog-catchers.

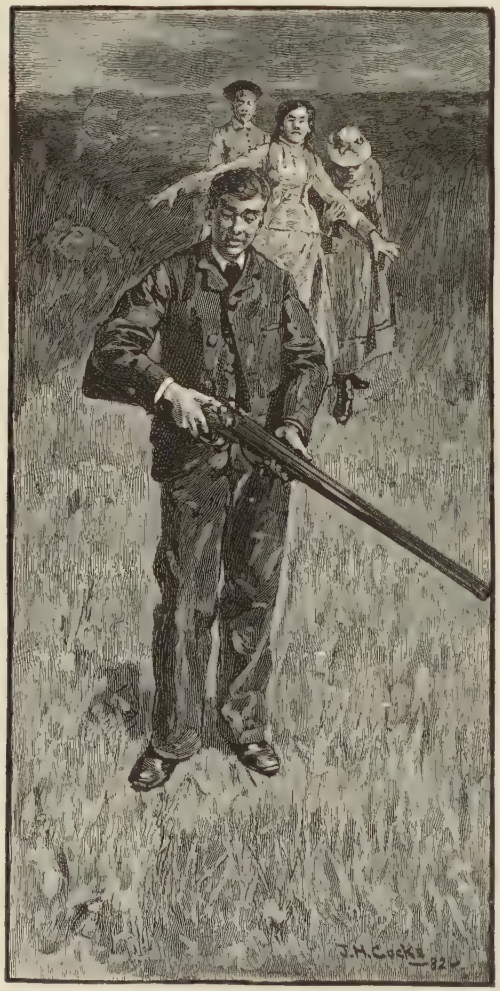
They called him Storm, because he came in one; and when he bit holes in the stockings and playfully tore the clothes from the line, or dug up the roses in his hours of ease, looking for a last week's bone at the root, and capped the climax of his mischief by chewing up the shawl a guest had hung before the fire to dry, his mistress thought him well named.

He was certainly a bouncing fellow. When the children were at school, he rode like a monarch on the seat of a coal-wagon, barking ferociously at all dogs afoot. But however far he was from home, he never failed to meet the children at the gate at three o'clock. He had a regular engagement, and a marvelous sense of time.

As years went by Storm reached the limit of his infirmities. He was so crippled that he could scarcely walk. In his sleep he groaned dismally. One day a family council was called, and it was decided that it was cruel to let poor old Storm live longer. All the dog-powders and remedies had been tried. There had been all

sorts of dog-cakes, and finally the family doctor had been called in.

The mistress declared that Storm's groans made her heart ache, but she hastened to add that she could not act as executioner. The boys made excuses to leave the room, and



"HE MARCHED UP BOLDLY TO WHERE STORM WAS LYING."

came back coughing ostentatiously. The neighbors were appealed to, and at last one with a sufficiently hard heart was found. This was the grown son of a farmer who lived too far away to have known Storm at all well.

He came down one morning armed with his father's double-barreled ducking-gun. He marched up boldly enough to where Storm was lying, but, stranger as he was to the dog, he could not withstand the pathetic look of appeal that came from the soft eyes of the faithful old animal. He lowered his gun and valiantly faced those few of his friends who had followed him to the yard because they knew his nerve would fail him in the end.

It was finally decided that poor old Storm should die by prussic acid. This was chosen because it was quick and certain, and the girl-messenger cried all the way to the drug-store and back. The druggist said that a single drop on the tongue would be enough—so deadly and powerful was the poison.

Storm was taken into the back yard, and we all fancied we could see the reproachful look in his eyes. He was being betrayed, and he knew it—we said.

A gulp, a swallow, and it was all over! Storm fell over at the feet of his mistress, and the tears were flowing down the faces of those who loved him. They wished with all their hearts that they had not done it, but had let him live out his days with all his aches and pains. They left him lying there, and walked around the house to find the prettiest place in the garden in which to lay him. They chose a spot where, as a puppy, Storm had loved to lie in the dappled shade. In half an hour the grave was dug, and they came back to bury Storm.

He was not there!

Instead of lying stiff and cold, he actually trotted toward them, briskly wagging his tail!

He pranced, he twirled, he pawed them. He frisked and leaped as if he were a young dog again.

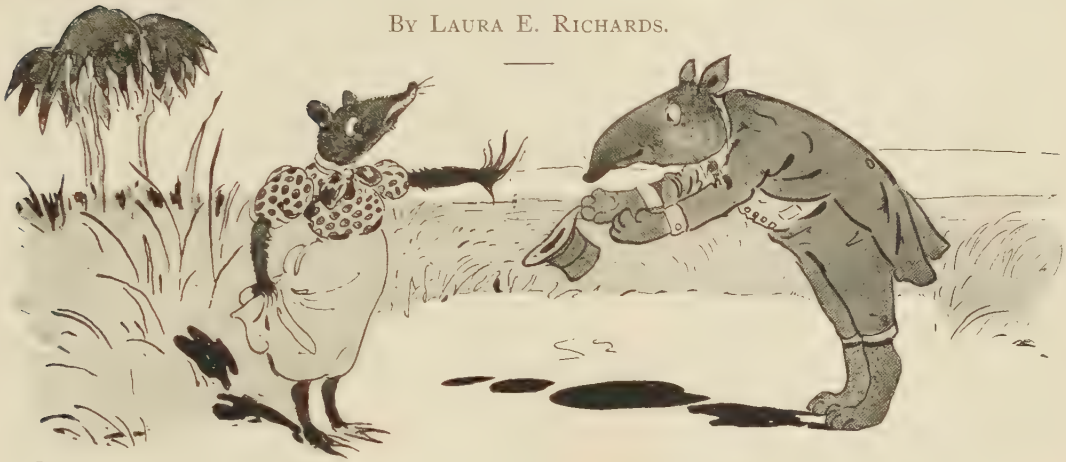
And his family? They covered him with embraces, and all sat down and cried over the dog who had miraculously come back to life!

The neighbors are still trying to explain it. Most people think that the druggist made a mistake, or that he liked his little joke and did n't give us prussic acid at all. But if that is so, why should Storm have fallen over like a dead dog, and what became of his rheumatism? The druggist declares that it *was* prussic acid, and the family doctor declares that Storm took enough to kill a dozen horses. But certain it is that Storm did not know what was expected of him.

THE ENTERPRISING TAPIR.

(*A nonsense jingle of the jungle, where good English "is n't spoke."*)

By Laura E. Richards.

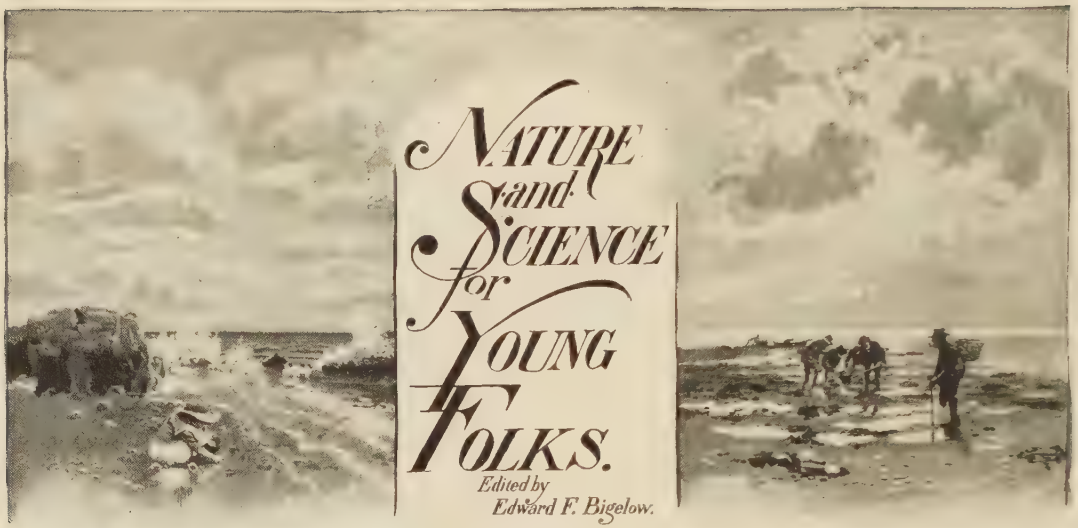


Once an enterprising Tapir
Started out upon a caper
Through the jungle, jungle, jungle
  In the island of Ceylon;
And upon his joyous route he
Met a charming young Agouti,
And he said unto the beauty:
  "Shall we fare together on?"

Said the enterprising Tapir,
"Life is fleeting like a vapor,
But 't would brighten, lighten, brighten
  If I passed it at your side.
Oh, my charming young Agouti,
You shall live on tutti-frutti,
  If you 'll only
  Be the lonely
Tapir's bright and blooming bride!"

But the Agouti "did n't see it" —
Said "not much she would n't be it";
And she mocked him, shocked him, mocked him,
  Till he felt inclined to faint.
And he raised an anguished clamor
At her woeful lack of grammar
When she said: "What! marryin' tapirs?
  Well, I rather guess I ain't!"

And his grief was so tremendous,
And his rage was so stupendous,
That he darted, started, darted
  Through the jungle with a yell;
And perhaps the Gongo got him,
And perhaps the Shongo shot him.
  You cannot be
  Informed by me;
I promised not to tell!



"AS FLAT AS A FLOUNDER."

FLOUNDERS are among the commonest, best known, and most remarkable of salt-water fishes. While most abundant in northern

NEWLY HATCHED FLOUNDERS.
They are entirely transparent, except the eyes, and swim vertically, with the head toward the surface.

waters, they are found also in the temperate and tropical regions, and are so widely distributed that there is scarcely a sea-shore or bay anywhere in the world which does not have one or more representatives of the flounder family. The largest and most important of the flounders is the halibut, which attains a weight of four hundred pounds, and is much sought by the fishermen of the United States, Canada, Great Britain, France, Norway, Japan, and other countries of the north temperate zone. The flounders are bottom-loving fishes, and pass most of their lives lying on one side, either on or partly buried in sand or mud, at depths ranging from a few feet to several thousand feet. As the food of flounders must always be sought above them, and as their enemies always come from above, these fishes would have no use for an eye on their under side, hence both eyes are on one side of the head. The under surface of the body, being out of sight, has no marked color, while the upper surface is richly pigmented, the shade and pattern of coloration corresponding with the nature of the bottom on which the fishes may rest.

The expression "as flat as a flounder" has become proverbial, but it does not apply to

THREE STAGES IN THE LIFE OF A YOUNG LEFT-SIDED FLOUNDER.
In the bottom figure the right eye is seen coming around the front of the head to take its place beside the left eye.

THE YOUNG OF THE WINDOW-PANE FLOUNDER.

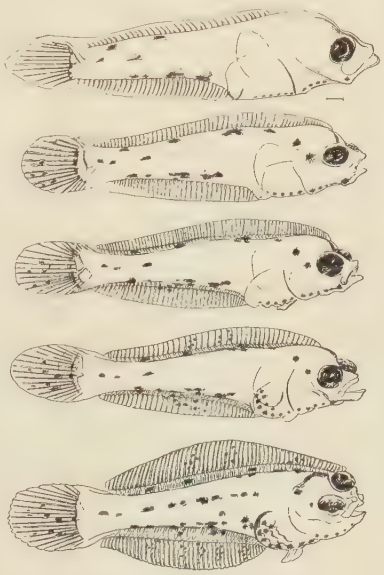
This is a left-sided species. In these figures the right eye has begun its passage across the forehead to the left side. The dark spot below the right eye in the upper figure is the left eye seen through the transparent head.

very young flounders, which differ so much from the adult ones that they can hardly be recognized as belonging to the same family as their parents. Most boys and girls are familiar with full-grown flounders, but very few of them, and few older people, know anything about the appearance of young flounders and the wonderful transformations they undergo. In spring and summer it is possible for young nature students to secure specimens of newly hatched flounders by dragging a fine-mesh net on sunny days when the water is smooth. Such specimens may easily be kept alive in dishes of salt water, and examined from time to time with a low-power microscope.

The flounders begin life as do ordinary fishes. When they first emerge from the egg they swim vertically, with the head turned upward. Their bodies are symmetrical, and their eyes are on opposite sides of the head. Gradually the position of the body changes from vertical to horizontal, and the fish remain thus for some time, swimming like ordinary fishes; but while still very small there is foreshadowing of the bottom life they are destined for, and they enter upon a series of remarkable changes. The most striking of these changes is in the position of the eye. The eye of one side or the other slowly but steadily moves over to the opposite side of the head and takes a place beside the other eye. In some flounders the eye moves around the front of the head; in others it moves directly through the head. This shifting of the eye's position is accompanied by a change in the position of the body, which ceases to be upright and becomes more and more oblique. The side of the body from which the eye is moving gradually becomes inferior to the other, until by the time the change of the eye is complete the fish swims with its blind side underneath, and this position is ever after maintained. The flounder then ceases its free-swimming habit and sinks to the bottom.

Some species of flounders are right-sided and others are left-sided. In the right-sided forms, the left eye moves to the right side, and the left side becomes undermost. In the left-sided species the opposite conditions prevail. It rarely happens that right-sided species have left-sided individuals, and vice versa. In a few species both right-sided and left-sided fish occur in about equal numbers.

Soon after hatching, the flounder's color begins to appear in the form of small star-shaped masses of pigment on the body, head, and fins. These increase in number as the flounder grows,



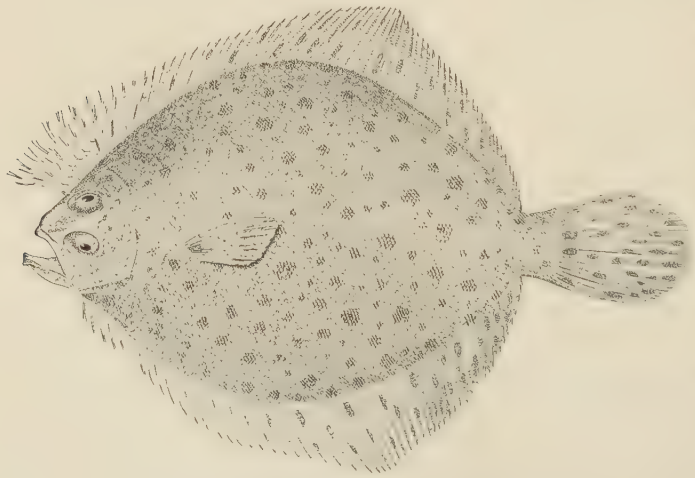
STAGES IN THE LIFE OF A YOUNG RIGHT-SIDED FLOUNDER.
Showing change in the position of the left eye.

THE WINTER FLOUNDER (*PSEUDOPLEURONECTES AMERICANUS*).
A typical right-sided flounder of the Atlantic coast of the United States, and an important food-fish in New England and New York.

and finally run together and give to the fish its peculiar pattern of coloration. The pigmentation of the under side begins to disappear soon after the eye changes its position, and when the bottom-living stage is reached no color remains on the blind side of the fish.

U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, Washington, D. C. HUGH M. SMITH.

The flounder fishery is carried on chiefly during the winter and spring months, large quantities being taken. As a food-fish the winter flounder holds a very high rank; the flesh is white, firm, and of excellent flavor. Next to the halibut it is the most important flatfish of our Atlantic coast. This species has been more extensively propagated than any other member of the family. The United States Fish Commission obtains the eggs at Woods Hole, where its propagation fills in the time between the taking of the cod on the one hand and the lobster on the other. The number of fry hatched in 1900, at Woods Hole, exceeded 87,000,000, which were planted at various points along the New England coast.



THE WINDOW-PANE FLOUNDER (*LOPHOPSETTA MACULATA*).
A typical left-sided flounder of the east coast of the United States. It is called "window-pane" and "daylight" by fishermen because it is exceedingly thin and transparent.

MISS SUSAN FACING-BOTHWAYS.

FROM "Pilgrim's Progress" we learn that Mr. Facing-bothways lived in the town of "Fair-speech." Miss Facing-bothways seems a good name for this—or these daisies. Together, they intend evidently to see all there is to be seen; but how do they manage to face the sun after the manner of other daisies?

It is hard to tell whether they are good friends who mean to back each other up through life, or are enemies giving each other the "cold shoulder." Their success in blooming, however, shows that they are very good friends.

THE BLACK-EYED SUSANS.

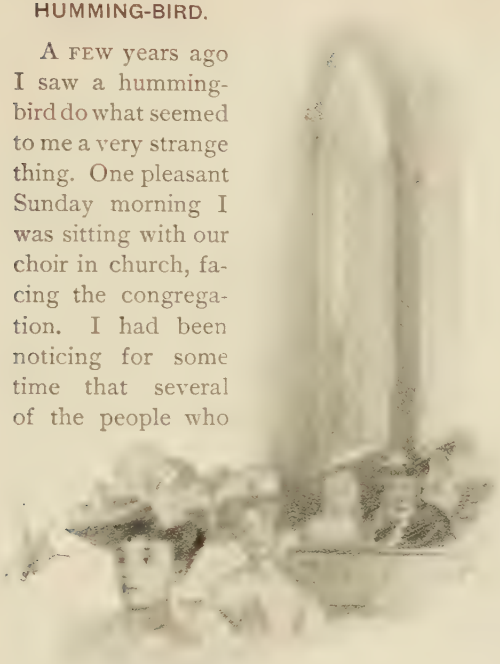
Goethe advised scientific men to study unusual and abnormal growths to find out how nature works. These flowers are already made up of hundreds of smaller flowers that have been packed into single heads and adapted to life in a community. Does this double community prove that in some future ages even the communities will unite and become a sort of nation? Will all daisies become one?

But, however that may be, the great puzzle is the one already mentioned—how can both face the sun, or how can either thrive without facing the sun? Who else has found these twin daisies?

TUDOR JENKS.

THE DECEIVED HUMMING-BIRD.

A FEW years ago I saw a humming-bird do what seemed to me a very strange thing. One pleasant Sunday morning I was sitting with our choir in church, facing the congregation. I had been noticing for some time that several of the people who



THE DECEIVED HUMMING-BIRD.

It made the mistake of thinking that the artificial flowers on the ladies' hats were a real flower-garden, and very naturally went seeking for honey.

happened to be seated near the windows were smiling and looking interested about something. As I glanced in their direction again I saw the innocent cause of their amusement, and did not wonder that they were not as serious and attentive to the sermon as usual.

A humming-bird had come in at an open window, and, deceived by the bright flowers on the ladies' hats, was trying to extract honey from them, going from hat to hat all over the church, choosing the brightest-colored flowers. As I sat facing the people, I could hardly help noticing the start of surprise that several ladies gave when the little creature darted unexpectedly round to the front of the hat, where they saw it for the first time. There were natural flowers on the pulpit and organ, and the humming-bird visited them several times, getting, I hope, more honey from them than from those on the ladies' hats. The next day our minister's son found the poor little thing exhausted and nearly dead lying on a window-sill in the church. He took it home and fed it a little honey, and, when it got strong enough to fly, let it go to seek its home nest.

MARY AUGUSTA.

AN EGG-SHELL GARDEN.

IT is easy to have an egg-shell garden. Carefully cut off the end of the egg for about one third of its length, treating it with more respect than the cook does, for she breaks it in two in the middle by cracking it on the edge of the cup. Fill the shell with good earth, and plant almost any seed that you like. If the plant-food supplied in tablets by Nature and Science is used, the shells may be filled with sawdust or with gravel. Plants artificially fed in sawdust do not seem to require so many roots as when they grow in soil. With the limited space in the egg-shell, sawdust and the plant-food are therefore preferable to soil. It is not difficult to have plants grow in sawdust until they are more than two feet high, although there is so little space in the shell for the roots.

To support these unique, round-bottomed "flower-pots," it will be found convenient to have a board with holes bored in it just large enough to have the egg-shells set firmly, one in each hole. Don't get the holes too near together. Punch a small hole down through the shell for drainage.

AN EGG-SHELL GARDEN.

The egg-shells are filled with sawdust. The plants that grow so luxuriantly are corn, oats, millet, lupines, and sandy vetch. The last is the climbing plant in the rear.

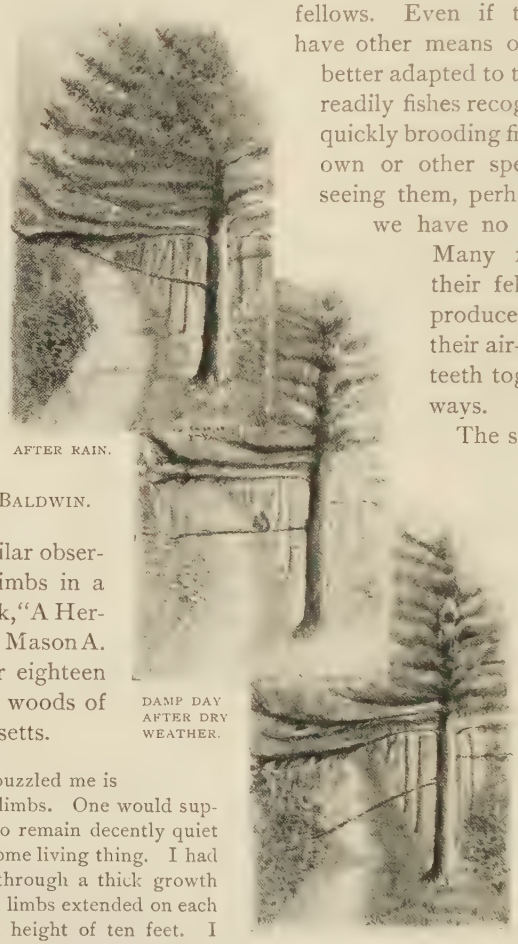
"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

MOVEMENT OF A DEAD BRANCH.

BANGOR, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last summer in my daily walks through near-by woods I was in the habit of passing by a certain tree, and I noticed that in damp, foggy weather, or after a rain, I could pass under a dead branch which reached across the path without even bowing my head; but in dry weather I had to stoop quite low to get under it. The branch was on a spruce-tree, and grew on the tree at about the height of my head. Sometimes on wet days the spruce-trees would look as if they were being pulled up by their roots, so straight up would the branches be drawn. Can you explain the reason for this? Yours truly,

DOROTHY A. BALDWIN.



AFTER RAIN.

DAMP DAY AFTER DRY WEATHER.

VERY DRY.

I find record of similar observations on the dead limbs in a recently published book, "A Hermit's Wild Friends," by Mason A. Walton, who lived for eighteen years in a hut in the woods of Gloucester, Massachusetts.

Another thing that has puzzled me is the behavior of dead pine-limbs. One would suppose a dead limb ought to remain decently quiet and not move about like some living thing. I had occasion to make a path through a thick growth of small pines. The dead limbs extended on each tree from the ground to a height of ten feet. I broke off the limbs so I could pass under them without trouble. After the path was completed it turned cold for two days. When I undertook to pass that way during the cold spell, the dead limbs were so much depressed that I was obliged to break the path anew.

I experimented on dead limbs at different times, and found it was a fact that lifeless pine-limbs will fall in cold and rise in warm weather. I am unable to give a reason for this movement.

Here is an excellent new field for observation. Professor Ganong, an eminent botanist, has recently discovered that movements of living branches are due to changes in temperature.

CAN FISH TALK?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can fish talk to each other? Please answer in Nature and Science. I have four goldfish. I like so to watch them. One day when I was changing the water, Silversides rubbed against my finger.

GEORGE B. PATTERSON (age 8).

Fishes undoubtedly communicate with their fellows. Even if they cannot "talk," they have other means of communication that are better adapted to their needs. We know how readily fishes recognize their mates, and how quickly brooding fishes repel intruders of their own or other species. Something besides seeing them, perhaps some sense of which we have no conception, may do this. Many fishes communicate with their fellows by means of sounds produced through the medium of their air-bladders, by grinding their teeth together, and in various other ways.

The sense of touch is highly developed in many fishes, and doubtless enables them to communicate. The sense of taste, located all over the skin in some fishes, in the fins in others, and the sense of smell, strongly developed in some forms of submarine life, also must be aids to communication.

These queer locations of the sense of taste have recently been very carefully studied.

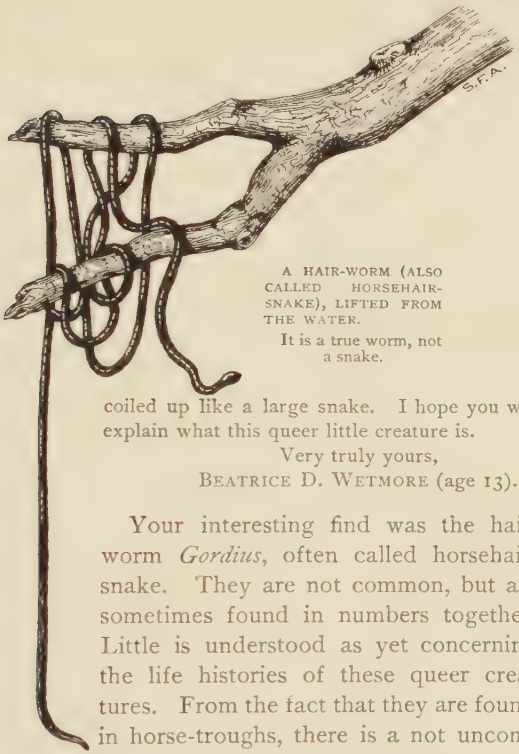
A WORM — NOT "A HORSEHAIR TURNED TO A SNAKE."

BROADMOOR, COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was wading in one of our mountain streams a few days ago, and would often reach in the water before me with a stick. As I lifted the stick from the water, a queer little black thing, about eight inches long, hung over the end. It greatly resembled a horsehair, being very little wider. As I first looked, I thought it was a piece of black thread, and was about to throw it back into the water, when one end moved a very little.

I then laid the stick on the bank and examined the

tiny snake closely. It proved to have a head about the size of the head of a pin, and once on the ground, it



A HAIR-WORM (ALSO CALLED HORSEHAIR-SNAKE), LIFTED FROM THE WATER.
It is a true worm, not a snake.

coiled up like a large snake. I hope you will explain what this queer little creature is.

Very truly yours,
BEATRICE D. WETMORE (age 13).

Your interesting find was the hair-worm *Gordius*, often called horsehair-snake. They are not common, but are sometimes found in numbers together. Little is understood as yet concerning the life histories of these queer creatures. From the fact that they are found in horse-troughs, there is a not uncommon notion among less intelligent folks that a horsehair thrown into the water will turn into a slender "snake." This, of course, is entirely incorrect. The worm has nothing whatever to do with a horsehair.

DO ANTS CALL FOR HELP?

ROXBURY, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about some ants I saw last summer. I was out in the yard one morning, when I noticed some little black ants crawling along on the top of the fence. There were a great many of them traveling in both directions, and when one ant met another it would double itself up and stop an instant, just as if they were saying good morning to each other. While I was watching these interesting little creatures, I saw one that was walking along suddenly stop and seem to call for help. Several other ants came hurrying toward this one at once. They felt it all over and rubbed its head; then sent away one of their comrades, which soon returned with another ant, a doctor, I imagined. This one stayed a few minutes, then went away, while the remaining ants stood up straight around the poor helpless one and appeared greatly distressed. In a few minutes they carried this little ant away to their home. I suppose he must have died. This sounds like a fairy story, but it is true.

I should like very much to know why these ants double themselves up when they meet each other.

Your interested reader,
ELSIE FISHER STEINHEIMER.

Ants often get assistance, but by what means has not been discovered.

An ant will frequently leave its prize and search for the way to the nest, returning to the load when the way is found. If an ant makes a find that it cannot at all handle, it will often gnaw off a portion and carry it to the nest.

ANTS BORING IN WOOD.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I was walking under some trees the other day, I saw that something which looked like sawdust was falling from a tree near me and covered the ground nearly a foot outward on one side of the tree. I thought that a branch had been cut off from the tree and that some of the sawdust was still being blown away.

As I looked up I saw instead some black ants. Most of them, I think, were over half an inch long. They were going in and out of two small crevices in the tree. I was immediately interested, and stopped to watch them. One after another they came from the two crevices, and, going out far enough so that the particles would not fall on the tree, they dropped them to the ground, and then went back after more.

It was four days ago that I was watching these ants; but I noticed this afternoon, after it had been raining, that some of the ants were picking up the small particles of wood that were sticking to the tree and were dropping them to the ground.

They evidently have something that is sharp about them to be able to work into a tree. I should like to know what kind of ants these are and why they make their nest in a tree instead of in the ground.

CARPENTER-ANT CARRYING A DEAD ROACH.
The ant will take it to the top of a weed in its efforts to locate the nest or to find the path to the nest. Upon reaching the top, after a deal of trouble, it will bring its burden down again on the other side of the weed.

I am glad that you have so interesting a Nature and Science de-

AN ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE A BIG PRIZE.

Black carpenter-ant attacking a caterpillar. Though this may prove too great an undertaking, even with assistance close at hand, the fearless ant never hesitates in making the attack. In a few minutes a dozen or more ants may swarm upon the poor caterpillar and tear it to pieces.

partment to which we may come with questions on these subjects. I hope that you will be able to tell me about the ants. Sincerely your reader,

MARY H. FERRY.

Ants are social insects, living always in a colony, and they frequently make their nests in beetle-borings in wood, and also are able to cut holes into wood.

ANTS CARRYING BABY ANTS.

WEBSTER GROVES, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to ask you a question: Why do ants, when moving, always carry something white from one place to another, and, when they get there, go down in their holes and bring up a lump of dirt? Ants are sometimes more polite than we are.

Yours truly, HUGH FELLOWS.

The mother ant is the queen. She rarely leaves the nest. The building, preparing, or extending of the nest, the gathering of the food, and the caring for the young are carried on by the workers, who constantly labor for the welfare of the whole colony. The food generally consists of insects or other animal matter (and, with some species, of seeds and vegetable matter). When this food is collected the workers prepare and feed it to the baby ants, little white grub-like larvæ, which they also protect and move about as occasion demands. It is these grub-like larvæ that you describe as "something white."

ANTS DRAGGING INSECTS.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When walking from school I saw an ant which had a big bug about three times as large as itself. The ant crawled backward and pulled the bug along by one of its many legs. It pulled it along the sidewalk for a few yards and then went into the grass, where another ant came and pulled it, while the other ant went, I think, for assistance, but none came while I was there. I think the ant that pulled the bug last was a mother, because it went fast, and as it was near dinner-time, she thought she would have to get something ready for her children. Sometimes she would have very hard times getting the bug over a stick, and sometimes I put it over for her. One time the bug fell into the gutter, and down went the ant after it. I guess that if she lost this bug she would be punished when she got home. From what I have seen of ants, I think they must be very strong for their size.

Good-by.

KATHARINE BROWN (age 12).

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While walking in Prospect Park the other day I saw something which might prove of interest to you and the young observers. A large ant was dragging away an insect nearly twice the size of itself. The insect, which looked like a bee, was attached to a splinter of wood about seven eighths of an inch long. The ant struggled with its burden, sometimes pushing and at other times pulling, until it had gone about ten feet across the gravel path. I now touched the ant with my pencil, and it ran away for a few minutes, but soon returned to its work and commenced to tug its prize in another direction toward a tree.

When it had reached the foot of the tree, it made its way into a small hollow space at its root. Here it was met by three or four other ants, and, with their help, it soon pushed the insect into a hole and followed it in. I saw no more of either the ants or the insect. Before pushing it in the hole, the ants took the splinter of wood from the insect. I like your Nature and Science department very much indeed.

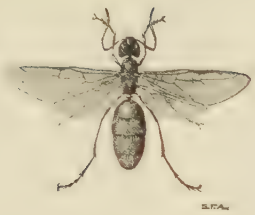
Your observing reader,

MARION H. TUTHILL (age 12).

IMMATURE ANTS.

Larva, pupa, and cocoon of the black carpenter-ant (*Camponotus Pennsylvanicus*).

Ants are the queerest combination of wisdom and foolishness with which naturalists are familiar. They do the brightest and the silliest things imaginable. When we study them closely, the manner in which they manage their affairs commands our admiration. But chance observations of some of their queer ways has



QUEEN OF THE BLACK CARPENTER-ANT (*CAMPONOTUS PENNSYLVANICUS*). (MAGNIFIED.)

brought the ant character and intelligence into ridicule. Mark Twain has written an excellent description of the foolish things that ants do:

During many summers, now, I have watched him [says Mr. Clemens], when I ought to have been in better business, and I have not yet come across a living ant that seemed to have any more sense than a dead one. . . . I admit his industry, of course; he is the hardest-working creature in the world,—when anybody is looking,—but his leather-headedness is the point I make against him. He goes out foraging, he makes a capture, and then what does he do? Go home? No,—he goes anywhere but home. He does n't know where home is. His home may be only three feet away,—no matter, he can't find it. He makes his capture, as I have said; it is generally something which can be of no sort of use to himself or anybody else; it is usually seven times bigger than it ought to be; he hunts out the awkwardest place to take hold of it; he lifts it bodily up into the air by main force, and starts, not toward home, but in the opposite direction; not calmly and wisely, but with a frantic haste which is wasteful of his strength; he fetches up against a pebble, and instead of going around it, he climbs over it backwards, dragging his booty after him, tumbles down on the other side, jumps up in a passion, kicks the dust off his clothes, moistens his hands, grabs his property viciously, yanks it this way, then that, shoves it ahead of him a moment, turns tail and lugs it after him a moment, gets madder, then presently hoists it into the air and goes tearing away in an entirely new direction; comes to a weed; it never occurs to him to go around it, he must climb it; and he does climb it, dragging his worthless property to the top—which is as bright a thing to do as it would be for me to carry a sack of flour from Heidelberg to Paris by way of Strasburg steeple; when he gets up there he finds that it is not the place; takes a cursory glance at the scenery and either climbs down again or tumbles down, and starts off once more—as usual in a new direction. At the end of half an hour he fetches up within six inches of the place he started from and lays his burden down. . . . After continuing this charmingly aimless work for some time and meeting another ant and fighting him about nothing, each starts off in a different direction to see if he can't find an old nail or something else that is heavy enough to afford entertainment and at the same time valueless enough to make an ant want to own it.

This, of course, humorously tells us only of the foolish doings of ants. Owing to the fact that ants have little or no sight, possessing only the sense of smell to guide them, they can have no broad knowledge of their surroundings and of direction such as bees and hornets have, and thus they depend on following paths to and from their nests. When away from these paths they must wander about to find them again, and if they have found a bulky prize this often means a series of laborious and seemingly needless adventures. They turn first this way, then that, come to an obstacle, and, having no information about its size, surmount it instead of going around it. Thus they will climb a weed or a fence-post, going up one side and down the other, taking hours in the effort, when an inch or two would have gotten them around it.

But from another point of view we may regard them as very wise little creatures. Ants have a colony organization superior to bees or, in fact, to that of any other animal, except man. Some species make war, or mutually observe conditions of peace with those of adjoining colonies. Others capture and keep slaves and depend upon their labor. Many kinds keep or protect herds of plant-lice for the honeydew. Others harvest crops of seeds; and one species has been observed to prepare the ground and plant the seed for the crop.

CARPENTER-ANTS ASSISTING (?) EACH OTHER WITH A DEAD SPIDER.

Each ant has its own notion as to the direction of the nest, and these ideas frequently differ. A good-natured tug of war follows, and little progress is made until the prize is torn apart or one ant becomes discouraged.

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY HUGH SPENCER, AGE 10. (GOLD BADGE.)

GOOD-BY!

BY MARY TRAVIS HEWARD, AGE 15. (*Gold Badge.*)

THE rose that swayed all summer long
Has fallen from its stem,
And hushed is now the linnet's song,
Yet we remember them.
The smile of many a summer sun
Still lingers in the sky,
But autumn weather has begun—
O summer days, good-by!

Now many another stranger face
Shall throng the school-house door,
And other maids shall take the place
Of those who went before;
And only the fast-fleeting years
Can tell the reason why,
For Time has changed the smiles to tears—
O happy days, good-by!

Now wintry looks the world to me,
And wintry blows the blast,
But in the golden dawn we see
The faces of the past.
The stream that looked so deep before
Now shallow seems, and nigh;
The ship is waiting at the shore—
O summer world, good-by!

THE incidents of the Louisiana Purchase accepted for League publication this month are all very interesting. Of course, they have been selected from many different sources; and some of them, no doubt, are purely traditional.

Here and there, also, may be found contradictions, for it is not possible to get precise truths about a matter, and the incidents relating to it, when so many years have gone by, and when so much even in the beginning was hearsay.

Yet the articles we have selected are in keeping with the known facts, and might have happened, even if they did not.

What we do know certainly is that the vast territory once called Louisiana, bought for fifteen million dollars, has become a land so rich that all the nations of the earth could not purchase from our country even a small part of it to-day.

In making selections of contributions for the St. Nicholas League there are several things to be considered. The League is a part of the magazine, and must be interesting, even to those who do not belong to it (and there are many such), yet who like to read the stories and poems and enjoy the pictures and other features. So, besides selecting for merit according to age, we must select for general interest and variety.

"PORTRAIT." BY W. CLINTON BROWN, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

In the Louisiana stories there were a number of authors who told the story of the purchase quite as well as any whose work was selected, but the stories chosen contained some little incident of especial interest which gave them preference. Selections for the big magazines are made in the same way. Merit, interest, variety, and (if written matter) length are all to be considered, as well as appropriateness to the publication. Many an

excellent writer or artist fails time after time because he does not consider the last-named, and offers pictures or stories or poems to just the wrong periodical, perhaps wondering why they are refused. Writing and drawing are professions (or trades), and there are things to be learned even by the most talented. It is the work of the League to teach these necessary details, and that is why the above is written, and that is why we have rules.

LEAGUE PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 57.

In making awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Mary Travis Heward** (age 15), Brighton Ave., Kearny, N. J., and **Blanche Leeming** (age 14), 221 Cedar St., Michigan City, Ind.

Silver badges, **Georgiana Myers Sturdee** (age 10), 248 State St., Albany, N. Y., and **Alice Trimble** (age 8), Moylan, Pa.

Prose. Gold badges, **Margaret Minaker** (age 15), Gladstone, Manitoba, Canada, and **Helen J. Simpson** (age 14), 396 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Elizabeth R. Marvin** (age 12), 232 York St., New Haven, Conn., and **Margaret Bull** (age 10), Naugatuck, Conn.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Hugh Spencer** (age 16), St. Cloud, Minn., and **W. Clinton Brown** (age 15), 331 S. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.

Silver badges, **Lydia Caroline Gibson** (age 12), Cove Neck, Oyster Bay, L. I., **Isador Levitt** (age 14), 1121 High St., St. Louis, Mo., and **Marjorie Hendershot** (age 6), 2555 Quincy St., Ogden, Utah.

"WHAT WE LEFT BEHIND." BY DOROTHY E. WEBER, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

Photography. Gold badge, **Dorothy E. Weber** (age 15), 149 P St , Salt Lake City, Utah.

Silver badges, **Alice Wangenheim** (age 8), Hotel del Corona, San Diego, Cal., and **Mary F. Underhill** (age 12), 41 Summit Ave., Brighton, Mass.

Wild Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Opossum," by **Mary Thompson** (age 12), Greenville, Del. Second prize, "Wild Geese," by **Grover T. Corning** (age 17), 58 Hamilton Ave., Lynn, Mass. Third prize, "Hoot-owl," by **J. Struthers Dunn** (age 13), 46 E. Sedgwick St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Mary Salmon** (age 16), Mt. Olive, N. J., and **Louise Fitz** (age 14), Peconic, L. I.

Silver badges, **Marion Pond** (age 17), Atlantic Hill, Nantasket, Mass., and **Marian P. Toulmin** (age 11), Haverford, Pa.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Eleanor Wyman** (age 13), Nunica, Mich., and **Benjamin L. Miller** (age 14), 129 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Silver badges, **Dorothy Knight** (age 13), Delphi, Ind., and **Florence Alvarez** (age 14), care Dr. L. F. Alvarez, Cananea, Sonora, Mex.

A NOVEL RANSOM.

BY HELEN J. SIMPSON (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

In 1763 France, by a secret treaty, ceded to Spain that territory, then known as Louisiana, which lay west of the Mississippi River, together with the city of New Orleans.

When the French inhabitants found themselves under Spanish rule, they were considerably astonished, and some went so far as to rise up against the Spanish government.

The leader of these was Pierre de Valvier, a man of noble descent. Unfortunately (or, possibly, fortunately for his neighbors), Valvier was captured immediately.

Had Valvier been a single man, we might excuse him for this foolish attempt to become rid of Spanish rule. As it was, he had a wife and two children dependent on him for means of support. However, they loved him none the less for his rash imprudence, and, when word arrived that he was captured, great was the grief in the tiny cottage where dwelt the sole survivors of the once splendid family of Valvier.

Amette Valvier, Pierre's eldest, was a child of ten, and, strange as it may seem, she resolved to obtain her father's release. She lay awake that night considering various plans. Presently a happy thought struck her, and getting out of bed, she opened a drawer and took out a velvet jewel-case. This she carried to the window, where the moonlight streamed in brightly. The child opened the case and displayed several glittering and valuable jewels, which were strangely out of keeping with the humble appointments of the cottage.

As has been stated, the Valviers were descended from a long line of noble ancestry, and the jewels were the only relics of former splendor.

There was an antique gold bracelet, a pearl cross, a ruby ring, and a pearl necklace of extraordinary beauty.

This last Amette wrapped neatly in tissue-paper. She then replaced the other articles and crept into bed.

Amette was up betimes next morning, and, leaving a note, she set out for the Spanish headquarters, which she reached in a short time.

She was admitted into the governor's presence, and a smile gradually broke over that gentleman's countenance as the little French girl with dark, curly hair and snapping black eyes asked, in the most businesslike manner, if he would exchange Pierre de Valvier for the necklace.

The governor agreed, and father and daughter started homeward to gladden the hearts of their loved ones.

The pearl necklace has been carefully preserved by the governor's descendants, and is now in the possession of Ronald Tracy of Baton Rouge.

"WHAT WE LEFT BEHIND." BY ALICE WANGENHEIM, AGE 8. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.

BY MARGARET MINAKER (AGE 15).

(*Gold Badge.*)

MONSIEUR DAULAC stepped on to the wide piazza that ran the length of the long white house, and spoke quickly to his wife, a fair, dainty lady with high coiffure and stately mien. "The priest has told me, as I rode through the village, that all negotiations with Napoleon Bonaparte have been settled, and these," motioning to the wide fields of their Louisiana home, "no longer belong to dear France, but to America."

Madame clasped her hands in an attitude of despair. They were pretty white hands that had done little or no work save embroidering and painting. But why should Madame Daulac work? Was she not a "grand dame" of France, who had come over to this big, sunny land with her husband? And had she not half a hundred negroes at her command? She was, in truth, a little queen, and when she thought her small kingdom was to be taken from her no wonder she cried in dismay: "Ah, it cannot be! The cruel Americans will take from us our pretty home. That I cannot bear! Louis, oh, take me back to la France!"

"The Americans will surely allow us to remain at 'Maison Blanc' as before," he reassured her. Then, catching sight of the eager, upturned face of his little daughter as she stood by her mother's chair, he said, "And what will you do, *la petite?*"

The little maiden thought a moment. Her small oval face surrounded by a mass of golden hair and her aquiline features showed her a descendant of a lordly line.

"Sire," she said, dropping a low and graceful curtsy, "I will endeavor to be as good an American as my grandsires and grandames were French."

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried her father, slapping his satin knee in delight and turning to his wife, "the child has answered her question well!" Then, bending over his daughter's little hand, he said solemnly, "A great and good country this is, and I, too, will endeavor to become here, as my fathers were in France, faithful and true to their land until the last!"

FAREWELL TO VACATION.

BY BLANCHE LEEMING (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

A CANOE moored in the marsh-land, where the grass grows thick and tall;
A paddle in the hollow, where the sunset shadows fall;
A skim across the waters in the gloaming of the day;
The white-throat sparrow's warbling of his sweetest minstrel lay.
And while I rest me, drifting with my dreams and with the tide,
I hear the crickets chirping from the gloom on either side.
To me 't is sweetest music of September and its lore,
These callings from the water and those answers from the shore;
So I drift and drowse and dream, and am joyous while I may,
Then sadly bid farewell to this my last vacation day!

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE IN ST. LOUIS.

ELIZABETH R. MARVIN (AGE 12).

(*Silver Badge.*)

IN St. Louis something very exciting was happening. The Spanish flag had been taken down and the French flag had been put up in its place. Oh, the French flag—how the simple-hearted people loved it! There was much gaiety in the town that night—not that these people disliked the Spanish rule, but what could you expect of them? for they were French themselves.

But one afternoon, unnoticed by the people, four men came from across the Mississippi and went straight to the governor's house. They were going to give St. Louis into the hands of the Americans, and they were getting the papers ready to sign. Napoleon had sold Louisiana to the Americans because he needed money to carry on the war with England. In a little while the men came out from the governor's house and went down to the flagstaff, where they took down the flag which the French people loved so well.

"PORTRAIT." BY ALINE J. DREYFUS, AGE 13.

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY MELVILLE C. LEVEY, AGE 16. (FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)

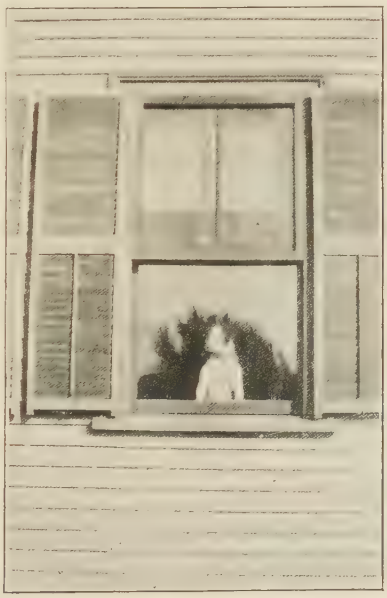
Then they put up the Stars and the Stripes, America's flag. Lo and behold! the colonies had made a leap across the Mississippi, and had now twice as much territory as before. The people were standing around the flagstaff in amazed groups, when suddenly three cheers came up from the crowd. But they were from the Americans, not from the French. Sadly the people filed away to their respective homes, for something great had happened and changed their lives entirely. If you had passed by on the street that night you would have seen them out on their piazzas, talking things over. These people had enjoyed a serenity ever since Pierre Laclede's settlement forty years before. But now everything was changed, for there was activity everywhere. There were discoveries being made, and the lead-mines improved, and many other things done for the good of the colony. The men thought it best to learn English, so gradually the old tongue died out. Everything is changed; the old houses are now gone, and there is nothing left to tell that St. Louis was once a French colony, except now and then you hear the French tongue spoken.

GOOD-BY!

BY GEORGIANA MYERS STURDEE (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

GOOD-BY, good-by, O shady trees,
That I have loved so well.
Good-by, good-by, dear brooklet,
That gurgles through the dell.
Good-by, good-by, dear little nest
In yonder apple-tree;
How oft I 've climbed with eager feet,
And looked and gazed at thee!
I 'll have to say good-by to you,
And to the hill and lea,
For I am going far away
To lands beyond the sea.
My heart is very heavy
To have to part with home,
For I will travel far away
And through the world will roam.
But though I leave my pleasant home
With many a tear and sigh,
I 'll be as happy as I can,
And bravely say, "Good-by!"



"WHAT WE LEFT BEHIND." BY MARY F. UNDERHILL, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE PURCHASE OF LOUISIANA.

BY MARGARET BULL (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

OUR possession of that great territory lying west of the Mississippi, known to us as the Middle West and in 1803 as Louisiana, is due to the forethought of two men—Livingston and Monroe. It contains an area of 1,171,931 square miles—all of Louisiana, Arkansas, Indian and Oklahoma Territories, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Montana, part of Colorado, and really all of Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington—seventeen States and Territories in all.

In 1800 Spain secretly ceded Louisiana back to France. This was kept secret as long as possible, but when it did leak out the French settlers were delighted and felt sure that the great Napoleon would soon come. The Westerners were very indignant at this act, for now their farms were of no value because the Mississippi gateway was lost to them.

Napoleon's ministers and agents tried to show him how impossible it would be to hold Louisiana against the United States, as there was likely to be war and the United States would surely win.

It had been Napoleon's idea to build upon this continent a nation which would beat England on the seas; and so far as I know it has: but he thought of building a French colonial empire here.

Jefferson, then President, and a lover of peace, wrote to Livingston, then minister to France, and asked him to get Napoleon to sell New Orleans to the United States,

and even sent Monroe to his aid. Napoleon not only offered to sell New Orleans, but all of Louisiana, for $15,000,000; for he was a great statesman and a still greater soldier, and he saw that no matter how large his army might be, he could not hold land to which he had given up the key position.

Laussat, French colonial prefect in Louisiana, says that the justice in Louisiana was "worse than in Turkey."

On April 30, 1803, it was ceded to the United States, and on December 20, 1803, we took possession of it.

This purchase was sneered at very much. But surely we should be thankful to those two men for the prosperous territory we own, which is now celebrating its one hundredth anniversary by a wonderful fair at St. Louis.

GOOD-BY!

BY ALICE TRIMBLE (AGE 8).

(*Silver Badge.*)

GOOD-BY, O happy summer,
As you go on wings of song,
With your daisies and your buttercups
A-bloom the whole day long.

Good-by, good-by, O summer;
And do you know the rill
That came from far-off mountain
A-trickling down the hill?

It came from wood and mountain,
And is on its way to the sea,
And will never, never come again
To visit you and me.

"Good-by!" the birds are saying,
And they will go away,
To come again next summer
And make as long a stay.

"SEPTEMBER." BY LYDIA CAROLINE GIBSON, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

BY SIBYL KENT STONE (AGE 14).

FAREWELL to thee, summer, and autumn, now welcome,
With elves and with fairies, a jubilant host.
They 'll deck thee, old oak-tree, and 't will not provoke thee
Of red and of scarlet to find thou canst boast.

The grass is all silver with dew, white and sparkling,
A curtain of hoar-frost bedecks each tall tree,
And autumn's bright flowers now fill summer's bowers
With pale-purple asters beloved by the bee.

We miss thee, dear summer, but autumn is lovely,
With brilliant dominion of goldenrod bright;
We will not forget thee, yet do not regret thee,
For all autumn's pleasures yield joyous delight.

Next year we will see thee, and hail thee with gladness,
But now thy successor holds revelry here;
We lift up our voices, for autumn rejoices
Because she is queen o'er the wane of the year.

LOUISIANA PURCHASE INCIDENT.

BY ADELAIDE WEBB-FRYAR (AGE 13).

A MEMORABLE incident of the Louisiana Purchase times was the hoisting of the American flag in New Orleans three days after Christmas, 1803.

Forty years previous, articles of peace were concluded in Paris, France giving up all possessions in America, save a few small fisheries and a couple of islands, England being granted all the country east of the Mississippi that formerly belonged to Spain.

Spain and England had been engaged in war, the latter capturing Havana, which she exchanged for Florida.

In 1801, during Jefferson's administration, Spain closed the port of New Orleans to United States commerce. It was soon found that Louisiana had been receded to France.

The President at once made arrangements to purchase a strip of territory on the eastern bank of the Mississippi River, so the intercourse would not be interfered with.

The emperor did not wish to sell it, but there was war between England and France; a British fleet was situated in the Gulf, endangering the French possessions, so Napoleon I offered the territory called Louisiana—which included all west of the Mississippi and east of the Rocky Mountains, more than a million square miles—to the United States of America for fifteen million dollars. Our minister to France hesitated about agreeing to such a proposition, because the Constitution was not prepared to buy new territory.

However, Louisiana was at last sold to the United States of America. The French in New Orleans did not enjoy it at all, and hardly realized what had happened until the Spanish flag was hauled down and the American hoisted in its place; there was great cheering among the American troops that had come with the flag. While the French loved freedom, they were fond of the pomp of kings, so joined in with "Vive Napoleon," but refused to recognize the flag. They danced and sang, made fun of the Americans, sang in French while they broke egg-shells filled with ashes over the soldiers' heads; the bonfires burned brightly along the river-banks; the men in the river-boats sang. This lasted nearly all night, but at daybreak all was quiet again.

"OPOSSUM." BY MARY THOMPSON, AGE 12. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

"WILD GEESE." BY GROVER T. CORNING, AGE 17. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

A DREAM.

BY JULIA S. CLOPTON (AGE 9).

SOMETIMES I dream when I was young
And I 'd a-fishing go;
Sometimes I dream of grandpa's stream,
In which I used to row.
Sometimes I dream of meadows green—
The cows that graze therein;
Sometimes I dream of speckled Pol,
Who was our old lame hen.

FAREWELL.

BY FRANCES PAINE (AGE 12).

FAREWELL to bright vacation days,
For school has come once more;
Farewell to summer's sunny rays
And nature's fairest lore.

Farewell to bright vacation days,
To playing hare and hound;
Farewell to all our romps and plays,
'Till Christmas comes around.

CONNECTED WITH THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

BY GERALDINE McENERY (AGE 15).

THE years 1802 and 1803 are memorable ones in the history of our family. Great-grandfather Tillotson was then a middle-aged farmer, with a prosperous farm situated about a hundred miles from New Orleans.

In April, in the year 1802, when he was preparing the bateau for the yearly trip to New Orleans, he received news of the ceding of Louisiana by Spain back to France. However, this news did not change his mind, and a few days later he set out for New Orleans.

On the way they met several other bateaux belonging to neighboring farmers, and on the whole the trip was a pleasurable one. When they were approaching New Orleans they heard that the Spanish intendant had ordered the "right of deposit" to be withdrawn from the Americans. After coming this long way from Cressy, my great-grandfather was in no amiable state of mind when he heard this news.

The settlers for miles around were put into a rage by this state of affairs, for their produce was now ready for market, and what other market could be reached but New Orleans? As my great-grandfather was well known in these parts he took counsel with the leading settlers as to what ought to be done. The outcome of these consultations was the sending of a delegation to Washington, with the demand that New Orleans should be seized by American troops.

My great-grandfather was to be the chief spokesman, but, as my grandmother's stories to me show, he found it very hard work. When they reached Washington, and the appeal was presented to Jefferson, he received them courteously, and although of course he could not accede to their demands, they were entertained royally, being invited to the White House on several occasions. But what always pleases me the most was that great-grandfather, with only one other delegate, was invited by the President to a private dinner, in which Mr. Jefferson toasted my great-grandfather.

As every one knows the outcome of this mission,—how Jefferson obtained the consent of Congress to buy New Orleans and a part of

"HOOT-OWL." BY J. STRUTHERS DUNN, AGE 13. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY ISADOR LEVITT, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

western Florida, and how Monroe, with R. R. Livingston, United States minister to France, effected the purchase not only of this territory but the whole of Louisiana for $15,000,000,—I have no need to go into details.

BABY DOT'S GOOD-BY.

BY NATALIE D. WURTS (AGE 16).

By the little garden gate
  Austere sunflowers grow,
And bright hollyhocks look up,
  Stiffly, in a row.
Baby, ere she visits aunt,
  Wishes them good-by;
Tiptoes near, and whispers low,
  Gives a little sigh:
'Good-by, flowers; grow and grow,
  For I 'm comin' back, you know."

Dot is now a woman grown,
  Fair, and wise, and true;
Many miles away is she,
  Across the ocean blue.
Often on still summer days
  I pass the garden gate,
And the flowers, as I think,
  Still for baby wait.
"Good-by, flowers; grow and grow,
  For I 'm comin' back, you know."

THE PURCHASE OF LOUISIANA.

BY RUTH BOSWORTH (AGE 15).

JEFFERSON had been President for only a short time when the news came, "Spain has ceded Louisiana to France!"

What might not happen? They had heard of Napoleon before.

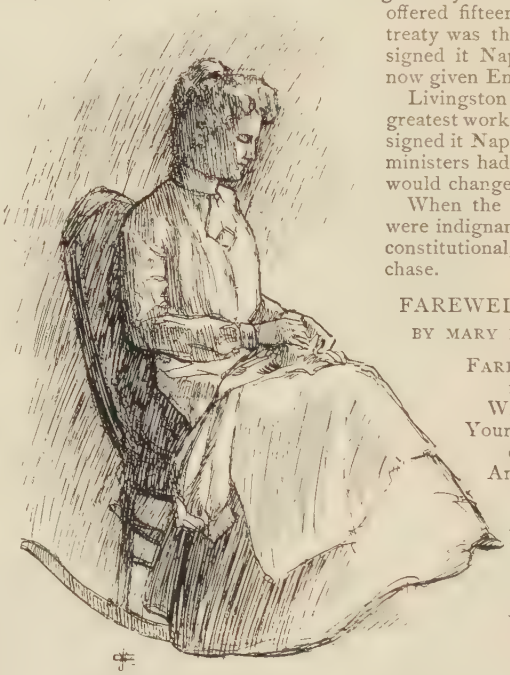
If he had possession of Louisiana could he not seize more if he chose? Besides this, the boats going down the Mississippi to trade at New Orleans had been stopped by the Spanish who had not yet left. What was the use of owning part of the house if another owned the front door?

President Jefferson sent Monroe to assist Livingston, our minister to France, in negotiations for the purchase of New Orleans from the French. But in the meantime France and England were preparing for war. Napoleon knew the value of Louisiana, but, fearing that England would seize it, he called a meeting of his chief advisers. They discussed the question all night. The next morning he asked Barbé Marbois, his chief adviser, for the latest news from England. He replied that they were making extensive preparations. "Then," cried Napoleon, "this is no time for irresolution. I *know* the value of Louisiana, but I renounce it. Begin negotiations immediately, and report each step."

Livingston was astonished when, shortly after, Barbé Marbois asked him, "What will you give for Louisiana?" "But," he objected, "I have authority for the purchase of New Orleans only." Monroe soon arrived, and as the French feared the English might capture it, and also needing money for the coming struggle, they offered fifteen million dollars, and the treaty was then signed. After he had signed it Napoleon declared, "I have now given England a rival on the seas."

Livingston said of it, "This is the greatest work of my life." After he had signed it Napoleon regretted it, and the ministers had to hurry away for fear he would change his mind.

When the people heard of it, some were indignant and declared it was unconstitutional, but most upheld the purchase.



"PORTRAIT." BY HELEN E. JACOBY, AGE 16.

FAREWELL, SUMMER-TIME!

BY MARY E. PIDGEON (AGE 13).

FAREWELL, farewell, dear summer-time!
  With all your golden days,
Your dandelions and buttercups
  And fields of yellow maize,
    Farewell!

Farewell, farewell, dear summer-time!
  With all your happy hours,
Your birds and bees and butterflies
  And all your pretty flowers,
    Farewell!

Farewell, farewell, dear summer-time!
  How can we let you go?
For bees and birds and butterflies,
  Oh, we shall miss you so!
    Farewell!

Farewell, farewell, dear summer-time!
  Farewell, vacation dear!
We 'll let you go, content to know
  You 'll come again next year.
    Farewell!

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

BY FERN L. PATTEN (AGE 17).

ST. LOUIS is the Mecca toward which all eyes are turned during these days. But while numbers of our Leaguers are gasping for air among the hot buildings, listen while I tell you of another little piece of this great purchase.

I will take you along a country road over which I often drive.

Starting from my own front gate, shaded by big, soft maples, we spin down the level road, past the orchard.

The cherries are vain in their bright June red; and the peach-trees are full of little green, woolly peaches, growing so close to the branch that they look as though they might have been glued there by hand. Now we are shut in by the osage-hedges bordering the road. How pretty they are in their glossy leaves!

Along the roadside are pink-and-white primroses. And there is a small patch of wild strawberries with a few ripe berries still left. Here the hedge is trimmed low, and a delicious breath is borne across from the field of red clover. From this small hill we have a clear view across the fields for over a mile. We could see farther, were it not for the hedges and groves. At one side is a field of flax, blue with its dainty blossoms, and also a field of wheat just turning yellow. On the other stretches away a large field of corn. See the heat-waves throb and shimmer over it.

"WHAT WE LEFT BEHIND." BY WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON, AGE 12.

One can almost imagine the corn is tiptoe to meet them.

We are coming now to Dry Branch. Its banks are covered with big trees—sycamore and oak.

How cool and woodsy the air smells, on coming from the hot sun! Up there on the topmost twig of the highest tree sways a redbird, calling:

"Pretty, pretty, pretty. Co-me. Co-me."

Now we are out in the sun again, and there is a district school-house, a fine, white one with a big bell in the tower.

And all this is a tiny bit of the Louisiana Purchase—the land that caused so much debate and anxiety for the good men one hundred years ago.

"Shall we buy it?"

"Do we need it?"

"Will it ever be settled?"

If they could only have had a glimpse of what the great land was to be, how surprised they would have been!

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY MARJORIE HENDERSHOT, AGE 6. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE LAST FAREWELL.

BY MABEL E. FLETCHER (AGE 17).

(*Winner of Former Prizes.*)

DEAR home, good-by. Along your silent halls
The little, laughing children trip no more;
A spider gray has draped in black the walls
And spun a silver thread down to the floor.

Here by the threshold fairy ferns once grew,
And here the poplar, to our childish eyes,
Stood green and sharp against the shining blue,
And touched its swaying top against the skies.

Dear house, good-by. I know not what you think
As here you stand, so empty, bare, and tall.
House, can you feel it when the rafters sink
And plastering comes crashing from your wall?

My childhood's home—oh, never, never more
Will lights flash forth, or merry voices ring,
Nor hand of guest be on the sagging door!
Oh, can it feel, this empty, living thing?

"PORTRAIT." BY DOROTHY BERRY, AGE 13.

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

BY MABEL DEAN (AGE 11).

LOUISIANA then belonged to France; for at that time the United States only reached as far as the Mississippi River. Now, as New Orleans stands near the mouth of the river, the French could say what vessels should go out to sea, and what should come in. We were like a man who owns a house, while some other man owns the principal doors to it. One man could stand on the steps, and if the other man wanted to go in he would have to pay. Jefferson saw that with the French holding it we could n't send our cotton down the river and across the ocean to Europe. He said that we must have that door, no matter how much it cost. After Thomas Jefferson became President he sent over to Robert R. Livingston (one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence) to see if he could buy New Orleans for the United States. Napoleon Bonaparte then ruled France. He said that Thomas Jefferson

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY W. R. DE LAPPE, AGE 16.

could have it, and Louisiana besides, for fifteen millions of dollars. President Jefferson thought that was cheap, so, in 1803, he bought it. Now we have twice as much land as before.

SUMMER'S FAREWELL.

BY MAUD DUDLEY SHACKELFORD (AGE 15).

(*Winner of Former Prizes.*)

NOT by the freshness of the morn,
Not by the gray of evening's gloom,
Not by the flowers early shorn,
Or silver rim around the moon;

Not by the leaves that strew our way,
Or rustle of the dying trees,
Not by the scent of new-mown hay
That comes to us upon the breeze:

Not by these signs alone I tell
That summer's bud and bloom have passed,
Though in my heart I know too well
That warmth and sunshine cannot last.

But yestere'en, upon the sky,
I saw a swiftly moving throng
Of birds, that through our meadows fly,
With joyous notes, the summer long.

And as I watched them, overhead,
Fade in the twilight chill and drear,
This message in their flight I read—
The summer 's gone and winter 's near!

THE LOUISIANA TANAGER.

BY ABIGAIL E. JENNER (AGE 12).

IN 1803 President Jefferson bought of Napoleon all the land west of the Mississippi, as far as the Rocky Mountains.

In 1804 he sent Captains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark to explore this unknown, vast, new region.

I have not time to tell of their wanderings across the prairies and through the great primeval forests toward the sea. My story is of how, on the sixth day of June, 1806, when they were camping in Idaho, they saw a gorgeously beautiful bird dart out of the bushes. It was black, yellow, and red.

The yellow in the sunshine, if they had but known, would have probably seemed to them an omen of the gold that lay beyond in what is now California. Small wonder they shot the beautiful thing and sent the skin to Alexander Wilson, who mounted it and gave it the name of the Louisiana Tanager.

NOTICE.

The St. Nicholas League membership is free to all readers of the magazine. A badge and membership leaflet will be sent on application. The rules for competitions will be found on the last League page.

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

BY MELICENT ENO HUMASON (AGE 15).

FAREWELL, O summer bright and gay;
Farewell each warm and sunny day;
Farewell, sweet rose that blushes red,
And meadow grass with cobwebs spread.

Farewell, yon pretty brooklet fleet,
That dances on with twinkling feet;
Farewell, ye summer clouds up high,
That sail so peacefully the sky.

Farewell, O butterfly e'er bold—
How I shall miss thy glint of gold!
Farewell, each flower, bird, and bee—
Oh, no one knows how I love thee!

Farewell, each brook and leaflet dear,
For winter, bleak and cold, is near;
I 'll hold you all in memory
The winter through. Farewell to thee!

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

BY PERSIS PARKER (AGE 14).

WHEN, late in the winter of 1803, the rumor of the San Ildefonso treaty (commonly known as La Granja) was confirmed, President Jefferson and his cabinet were greatly alarmed. They knew of Napoleon's wonderful success, of his high ambitions, and also that it was his wish to reëstablish French claims in North America. It was decided that if the government could buy the two Floridas and New Orleans the danger would not be so great. Communications were at once sent to Livingston, our minister to France, to negotiate for this territory. Napoleon needed money to carry on a war with England, and decided to sell, not only the two Floridas and New Orleans, but the entire province of Louisiana, with the same boundaries which had been ceded to France by Spain in 1800. All influential men in France were opposed to the sale of this land; even Napoleon's two brothers, Lucien and Joseph, opposed most vigorously this action. The morning of the 2d of May, the very day on which the papers closing the purchase were signed, Lucien and Joseph went to Napoleon, thinking perhaps they might influence him. Both went to the Tuileries, and reached the palace just as the First Consul reached his bath; however, their brother granted an audience, and listened to

them from the scented waters. Lucien reasoned quietly, while Joseph spoke rapidly and argued hotly. Bonaparte heard them in silence for a few minutes, then told them it was useless to say anything more, for nothing could dissuade him from his purpose. Joseph lost his temper and told his brother it would be best to keep his plan to himself, for he (Joseph) would lead the opposition in Parliament. This amused Napoleon, and he replied that it made no difference who opposed, he *would* sell Louisiana, and France, too, if he pleased. Within a few hours the papers were signed which made the province of Louisiana the property of the United States of America for the paltry sum of $11,250,000, and the United States assumed debts amounting to $3,750,000, a total of $15,000,000.

A DAY-DREAM.

BY EUNICE CLARK BARSTOW (AGE 15).

A CASTLE stands upon a hill;
Without all 's dreary, cold, and still.
Bright sunbeams fall upon the wall
Of this grim castle's banquet-hall,
With leaves and roses festal made—
A royal feast will soon be laid.
The hall 's now filled with joyous crowd,
And all, you 'll find, are justly proud.
On ivory chair I sit in state,
Two pages for my wishes wait.
Grand lords and ladies round me stand,
A great king sits at my right hand,
A knight—but what is this I hear?
"Come, dinner 's ready, daughter dear!"

ROBERT LIVINGSTON AND THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

BY MARY PEMBERTON NOURSE (AGE 12).

I FIND it very hard to "relate some incident connected with the Louisiana Purchase" that is not already generally known; for this purchase was such a great event in our history that there has been much written about it, and all its details have been told in the various ways of the many historians.

But there is one incident which, I think, is not so generally known as the rest, or, at least, I do not find it mentioned in as many different accounts of this great event.

The incident to which I allude is that Mr. Livingston advanced a part of the purchase-money.

While he was in Paris with Mr. Monroe, trying to purchase the island of New Orleans and the right of navigation on the Mississippi River, he met Robert Fulton, who was then working on his steamboat. Mr. Livingston had formerly been interested in this new mode of navigation, and after his meeting with Fulton he became more convinced of its powers. He felt strongly the importance of his country's owning the Mississippi River; and, as I have said, so much so that he willingly advanced a part of the money for the purchase.

Mr. Livingston had no idea how much good he was doing his country in buying the tract of land west of the Mississippi. His only idea was what could be done by steamboats on the river. This is plainly shown by what Mr. Hale (in his "Memories of a Hundred Years") quotes from a conversation between Livingston and Jefferson. He tells us that Livingston told Jefferson that he had already secured such promises that we could "recoup" ourselves and get back all our fifteen million dollars by selling again everything west of the river. But, thanks to our far-sighted statesmen, this was not done; and we still own this great middle country, which is the doorway to the West and its riches, and our Pacific trade.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose contributions would have been printed had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Frances Benedict
Margaret Stuart Brown
Mildred S. Martin
Doris Linton
Catherine H. Straker
Katharine Norton
Elsa Clark
Mildred Stanley Fleck
Elizabeth C. Beale
Eleanor R. Johnson
Naomi Hale Cook
Marguerite Stuart
Marguerite Borden
Olga Maria Kolff
Joseph E. Larkins
Dorothea M. Dexter
Lucia Beebe
Stella Benson
Ruth A. Wilson
Dorothy Kerr Floyd
Teresa Cohen
Gertrude Madge
Lydia Bigelow
Harold R. Norris
Josephine Whitbeck
Lawrence Johnson
Esther Hopkins
Helen Potter
Isabel D. Weaver

VERSE 2.

Alice Braunlich
Abigail R. Bailey
Katherine Kurz
Mary Frank Kimball
Wylda Aitken
Magdalene Barry
Dorothy Walcott Caldwell
Harriet R. Fox
Helen Read
Janette Bishop
Marguerite K. Goode
Maria Leonor Llano
Jacob Schmucker
Dorothy Kuhns
George Haig
Mary A. Wood
Thoda Cockroft
Helen Lombaert
May B. Flint
Alice R. DeFord
Margaret Norton
Bernice Brown
Dorothy Ferrier
Mary Blossom Bloss
Helene Mabel Sawyer
Barbara Cheney
Joan Cotton
Frances C. Minor
Lucy Pedder
Helen Hudson
Edith Brooks Hunt
Margaret E. Grant
Helen E. Searight
Lois M. Cunningham
Frances A. Gosling
Florence G. Hussey
Josephine E. Swain
Madeleine Fuller McDowell
Gladys Nelson
Margery Eldredge
Constance Whitten
Aurelia Michener
Frances Morrissey
Margaret Drew
Alice Pearl Blucher
Marjorie Wellington
Margaret Alleyne Starr

PROSE 1.

Elizabeth Toof
Edith Hulberg
Hermann Schussler
Effie Geron
Frank Hertell
Berkeley Blake
Marjorie DuBois
Elizabeth Palmer Loper
Stella Elizabeth Roraback
Mary Hughes
Beatrice Adele Voorhis
Mary Louise Smith
Harry Funk
Lura Adgate Beckwith
Ray Murray
Allan Seymour Richardson
Leonora Branch
Carolyn Wood
Cornelia Needles Walker

PROSE 2.

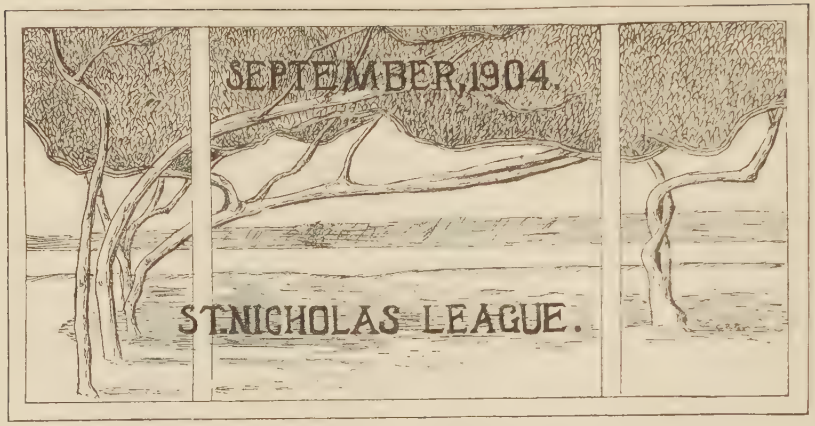
Dorothy Felt
Helen Hinman
Hubert H. Gibbs
R. Olive Hartt
Rachel Bulley
Marie V. Scanlan
Dorothy Cooke
Helen Lorenz
Beatrice Frye
Mary T. Palmer
Mildred Lillias Armour
Lillian Galloway
Dorothy Cummins
Kathryn E. Hubbard
Bessie L. Davis
Morris Gilbert Bishop
Clara R. Shanafelt
C. Hazel Martin
Elizabeth Love Godwin
Vincent Connolly
Louise Robert
Roscoe Brinton

DRAWINGS 1.

Mildred Curran Smith
Alice T. Wing
Margaret Corwin
Emily W. Browne
Herbert W. Landan
Lena Towsley
Margaret R. Richardson
Ruth Parshall Brown
Edwina Spear
Phœbe U. Hunter
Inez Marie Day
Ruth Felt
Marjorie Hubbell
Frances Keeline
Elsie E. Seward
Mabel Whitehead
Louise Robbins
Florence Gardiner
Anita Moffett
Julia Halleck
Rachel Wyse
Dorothy Barkley
Grace Noble

DRAWINGS 2.

Dorothy Ochtman
Helen M. Brown
Eleanor Hinton
Lucy E. R. Mackenzie
Minnie Gwyn
Ella E. Preston
Helen A. Fleck
H. V. Kinney
Margaret Spencer Smith
Harriet Park
Margery Bradshaw
Mary Hazeltine Fewsmith
Eliza Stockton
John A. Ross
Anna Zucker
Muriel R. Ivinney
Bessie T. Griffith
Shirley A. Rich
Irma Jessie Diescher
Ethel Messervy
Stanislaus E. McNeill
Bertha V. Emmerson
Genevieve A. Legerwood
Martha E. Fleck
Olive Lane
Gladys Pattee
D. M. Shaw
Louise Gleason
Helena R. Flynn
Annette L. Brown
Mildred Willard
Ruth Evelyn Hutchins
Roger K. Lane
Margaret Winthrop Peck
Lawrence Straker
Blanche Cuthbert
Alex Seiffert
Susan J. Sweetser
Alice Delano
Gertrude Atwell
Arthur White
Frances Russell
Muriel Jewson
Sarah L. Coffin
John Sinclair
Margaret G. Rhett
Margaret Pilkington
Marjorie Newcomb Wilson
Carl Wetzel
Delphina L. Hammer
E. Mildred Snyder
Joan Spencer Smith
Eleanor Welsh
John Schwartz
Margaret McKeon
Mary Taft Atwater
Harriet Eager
L. Fred Clawson
Mary Scarborough



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY HELEN WATERMAN, AGE 13.

Robert Hammond Gibson
Mary Helen Stevens
Walter Burton Nourse
Nancy E. Barton
Elizabeth Randall
Helen Drew
Lorraine H. Cornley
Dorothea Thompson
Mary Daniel Gordon
Frances Lehmann
Anne B. Richardson
Helen Whitman
Marguerite McCormick
Helen M. Baker
Louis Irving Beach
John Butler

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

H. Maynard Rees
Pauline Schaefer
Olive A. Granger
Bessie C. Hirsh
Fulvia Varvaro
Frank Damrosch
Eleanor C. Hamill
H. Ernest Bell
Dorothy Arnold
Gladys E. Chamberlain
William S. Doty
Lois Williams
Ethel Osgood
Melchior R. Beltzhoover
Margaret Adams
Janet Horatia
Otis Chabot
George Prochazka
S. B. Murray, Jr.
Hamilton Alport
Fred Scholle

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Horace J. Simons
Charles Jackson
Zeno N. Kent
Benjamin Hitz
J. C. McCune
Virginia Witmer
Kendall Bushnell
George William Gail
Phebe Hart Smith
Sidney Scudder
Clarence Simonson
Richard Dana Skinner
Donald Myrick
Muriel Ives
Walter Creigh Preston
Ruth Garland

PUZZLES 1.

Donald Baker
Alice Knowles
Harry W. Hazard, Jr.
E. Adelaide Hahn
Doris Hackbusch
Mary E. Dunbar
Emerson G. Sutcliffe
Martin Janowitz
Phillip J. Sexton
E. Y. Dodsworth
Madge Oakley
Gretchen Neuburger

PUZZLES 2.

Florence Mackey
Helen Carter
Edward S. Greenbaum
Stanley C. Low
Richard Watson
Anna Zollars
Gertrude V. Trumplette
Margaret P. Dorsey

NEW LEAGUE CHAPTERS.

No. 752. Lillie Schmidt, President; Hanna M. Douglass, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Summit Ave., Elmhurst, L. I.

No. 753. Edgar Kohlhepp, President; Armin St. George, Secretary; seven members. Address, 214 Bowers St., Jersey City Heights, N. J.

No. 754. "The Cozy Corner Club." Elinor Gooding, President; Isabel Foster, Secretary; three members. Address, 10 Midde St., Portsmouth, N. H.

No. 754a. "Four-leaf Clovers." Sarah Fox, President; Zonee Adams, Secretary; four members. Address, 4225 North Stevens St., Tacoma, Wash.

No. 755. "Twister." Ruth Wright, President; Helen Barton, Secretary. Address, 16 Lexington Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

No. 756. Angela White, President; Rose Bergmann, Secretary; eight members. Address, Myrtle Ave., near Locust St., Corona, L. I.

No. 757. Frances L. Ross, President; Annie Highley, Secretary; three members. Address, Conshohocken, Pa.

No. 758. "Yellowstone," John Schwartz, President; Hazel Hill, Secretary; thirty members. Address, Billings, Mont.

No. 759. "Nimble Fingers." Beth Spring, President; Margaret Bull, Secretary; ten members. Address 253 Church St., Naugatuck, Conn.

No. 760. "Companions." Five members. Address, 145 W. 97th St., New York City.

No. 761. John Mullen, President; John Horgan, Secretary; five members. Address, 48th St., East Cambridge, Mass.

No. 762. Sophie Ruppel, President; Addie Morgan, Secretary; ten members. Address, Hoffman Blvd., Elmhurst, N. Y.

No. 763. "Mixed Pickles." Bessie Coat, President; Hazel Croft, Secretary; eight members. Address, Mason City, Ill.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have returned home from my trip abroad. I thought I would write and tell you about it. We had quite a rough voyage home.

We spent about six weeks in Hastings.

While I was in Hastings I visited the home of two other League members, Margery and Freda Harrison. I spent a very pleasant afternoon at their home. They have a beautiful home.

I liked Hastings very much, it is such a quaint place.

I like London very much.

While I was there I visited Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, Mme. Tussaud's, the Tower of London, and various other places. We also visited Brighton, and various other places.

Of all the places we visited, I liked Hastings the best.

The scenery of Ireland is also very pretty.

In fact, I liked England very much. I think London is a very nice city.

It has many interesting places. They have no trolley-cars in London; they have busses and tramways. Neither are there such tall buildings as we have.

I hope this letter will be published, as a friend wishes a copy of ST. NICHOLAS with my letter in. Will you kindly publish it soon?

BESSIE MARSHALL.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You came to me as a present when I was sick. I take great interest in the League department and read it the first thing. I will tell you about the party given at the White House to the army and navy children. Our carriage was driven up to the east wing, and there we found a man whose duty it was to open the doors of the carriages; then we went into a large room where there were several nurses whose business it was to take charge of the children's wraps; then my sister and myself went up a long flight of stairs to another room, where we were introduced to the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. Next we went into a room where a souvenir was given to each child, after which we went into the State Parlor, where a concert was given by the Rodney boys of Chicago. Then we went to supper where was a large Christmas tree lighted up by red, white, and blue lights, and ate a delicious supper. Next there was dancing, but I did n't stay to it, so I went and got my wraps and we were driven home. Good-by!

From your devoted reader,

SUMMERFIELD MCCARTENEY (AGE 11).

WEBSTER, COLORADO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like to read the letters in your magazine and thought I would write you one.

I am a little boy eight years old. My little brother Cyrus and I live with papa and mama almost at the top of the Rocky Mountains, nine miles from Webster and 12,000 feet above the sea.

There has been about three feet of snowfall in the last two days. Cyrus and I had lots of fun snow-shoeing this morning. We heard mountain quail this morning and saw one sitting on a rock near the house.

They are white as snow in the winter and in the summer they are speckled and almost the color of the ground.

I will send a picture of a beaver house. The beavers have built this house and six or seven dams about half way between here and Webster.

One of your League members, EVERETT STREET.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write and tell you about my trip abroad. I enjoyed myself very much. We spent about six weeks at Hastings, England. While I was at Hastings I spent a very pleasant afternoon at the home of two other League members, Margery and Freda Harrison.

I also had the pleasure of meeting their father and mother. They have a beautiful home. I liked England very much and should like to visit it again.

I think that London is a nice city. I should like to have stayed there longer.

I think Hastings a very beautiful place. It is near Battle Abbey, where the great battle of Hastings was fought. There are also the ruins of an old castle. I did not care much for Brighton. Eastbourne is a pretty place.

We had a pleasant voyage over. It was quite rough on the homeward voyage. From ELISABETH S. MARSHALL.

COPPER, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When I was coming to school I killed a rattlesnake and he had fourteen rattles.

Our home is near the Sierra Nevada Mountains and Table Mountain and the Stanislaus River. There is an asbestos mine near our home. They make bricks and clothes out of it and it will not burn. The man that owns it says he will put up a mill to make clothes and bricks for San Francisco.

Your friend, WILLIE BOWIE.

Other appreciative and interesting letters have been received from Robert S. Platt, Christine Schoff, W. B. Huntley, Florence C. O'Rourke, Clarence George Questo, Nellie Foster Comegys, May Smith, Charles Irish Preston, Muriel C. Evans, Hazel Shrubb, F. G. Sutcliffe, Jean A. McGill, Dorothy Sturgis, Lorraine Ransom, Hervey Hubel, Gladys Carroll, Dorothy M. McBurney, Ida W. Kendall, Florence Elwell, Luzette Ryerson, and Clara B. Shanafelt.

KNOX, CLARION CO., PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received the May ST. NICHOLAS to-day. I like the ST. NICHOLAS so much that I can scarcely wait until it comes. I always read everything in it.

I was pleased to see my name was on the roll of honor. I did not expect to find it there. I know I make a great many mistakes, but I am determined to make my writings worthy of being printed, no difference how much work it may take.

I am not personally acquainted with any of the League members (except my brother Kenil), but I like to read the stories and see the nice work some of the children are capable of doing. It always makes me glad to see children gain prizes who have written stories before and not received anything for them. Some of the writings I liked best were written by Philip Stark, Alleine Langford, Ruth Peirce Getchell, Fred S. Hopkins, and Mabel Fletcher.

Your faithful reader,
TWILA AGNES MCDOWELL.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I belong to Chapter 750 here.

We have agreed that every member must contribute every month to your League. If they don't they have to pay a fine of two cents. The money will probably be kept for the entertainments.

Besides the regular League badges we have special ones marked T. T. T. Club. We change officers every three months.

Dear ST. NICHOLAS: You do not know how much pleasure your League has given me, and I hope sometimes I can win the badges. I must close now.

Your loving little reader, ELEANOR L. HALPIN (age 11).

SAWKILL, PIKE CO., PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Words cannot express my delight at receiving the longed-for cash prize. The long months of hard work and patient waiting have at last been rewarded by the best of success — my beautiful prizes, and what I needed far more — hearty encouragement. In this, the proudest moment I have spent at League work, let me thank you for the help and sincere encouragement you have given me. No other magazine can ever give me the pleasure in its pages that I will always enjoy in the best friend of my childhood — ST. NICHOLAS. Again thanking you for the beautiful prizes, I am Gratefully yours, PHILIP STARK.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On the 2nd of May our Chapter, No. 610, took a May Basket to the Children's Home.

The basket was a large one, covered with white crape paper with a rose border, and inside were boxes of crackers, candy, fruit, a bunch of Mayflowers, and a bunch of violets.

After taking it to the home, we went to one of the members' houses, had supper there, and played games till eight o'clock.

Our chapter has a great many new members and has had its name changed to "Thistledown."

We have meetings every Monday night and elect officers once in three months. Your very interested reader,
DOROTHY THAYER.

STONINGTON, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I don't think I can ever thank you for the prize and the pleasure it gave me. After I had sent the poem the days seemed each forty-four hours long, until at last came April, and then it was nearly May, and still no ST. NICHOLAS. I haunted the post-office, for down, way down, in a corner of my heart was a little, little hope — hardly a hope, merely a wish — that it might be printed even if I got no prize. When I really saw it printed with the magic words "Gold Badge" above it, I was so astonished and delighted that I knew then that I had never really hoped for even my name on the roll of honor. I cannot tell you all that it really means to me, for I have tried so hard for even a little success, and it does not seem possible that I have won the gold badge.

Thanking you again and again for your kindness, I am, as always,
Yours sincerely,
ANNE ATWOOD.

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER."

BY KATHERINE HITCHCOCK, AGE 14.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 60.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. This does not include "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners.

Competition No. 60 will close **September 20** (for foreign members **September 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for December.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title: to contain the word "Reward."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words to relate some episode in Russian history.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Home Again."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "My Playmate" and a Heading or Tailpiece for December.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself* — if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month — not one of each kind, but one only. Address:

The St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

AFTER VACATION, NATURE BOOKS. MANY of you have been abroad in the world during the vacation months, and have possibly come back with plenty of unsolved questions in mind. You have been among the trees, the flowers, the birds; you have been on the shore or in the mountains. So now is the time to read with keenest interest those books that deal with the life outdoors. A list of some of the best of these was given in this department not long ago, and from that list you may select such as will answer your questions regarding your summer experiences. How many of you have ever dipped into White's "Selborne" or Walton's "Compleat Angler," to find out why these have ever been held dear by naturalists? Or how many have read the lives of Audubon, or Agassiz, or Wilson, or Darwin? These men were readers of the book of nature, and without their labors we might have fewer men telling about that glorious realm, "all outdoors," that book from which so many other books are written.

TRACING AN OLD QUOTATION. A YOUNG correspondent sends us the fruits of his research in seeking for the origin of the proverb, "All that glitters is not gold." Apparently he has convinced himself that looking for the first use of a popular proverb is a difficult matter. It is like tracing that road of which it was said that "after running into a wood, it changed to a footpath, then to a squirrel-track, and ran up a tree!" — where, no doubt, it took a flying leap into some other tree, as the squirrels' highways will do. This young scholar found the proverb as early as 1300, when it was written "by Cordelier," "All is not gold that glisteneth in bed." But — who was Cordelier? We should be ashamed to inquire, except that he does not appear in any ordinary books of reference, and our young correspondent also failed to find him. Chaucer has the proverb in slightly changed form, and then Cervantes has it in the same form Shakspere uses in the "Merchant of Venice," changing "glitters" to "glisters." There are other uses of the proverb by Spenser, Quarles, and Gray, besides a number more mentioned in Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations."

And this last authority, by the by, throws light on Cordelier, giving the name "freire Denise Cordelier," which shows that the Cordelier is not a personal name, but means that Denise was a member of the order of Cordeliers, established by Francis of Assisi, in 1223, a friar. Bartlett is an excellent authority on such matters, and it is often very wise to consult him first, since the book has been so often and so carefully revised that it is both very full and very complete. And if our correspondent wishes to know more about "Denise, Cordelier," he might go to some large library in Boston (he writes from Brookline) and see whether he can consult Wadding's history of the Franciscans — a book mentioned by the Britannica as very exhaustive. We must beg pardon for this item, but this department wishes to commend the use of reference-books by young people, for the wisest educators admit that the modern scholar cannot expect to carry in his head full information on every out-of-the-way subject. The books of reference are so much superior to even the best of our memories!

A SUGGESTION FROM A FRIEND. A YOUNG girl in Maine sends us a pleasant letter telling how some young friends studying to become public-school teachers decided to read books from lists recommended in this department. One brought "Water Babies," the book by Charles Kingsley concerning which there has been some discussion in these pages, and declared it to be "too foolish even for nonsense." Nevertheless "Water Babies" was read aloud by the little group, and at the conclusion the same critical young lady announced an entire change in her view. She said "it had been so delightful that every subject it had touched on or even hinted at had gained new interest for her." Here was a change indeed!

Our correspondent then says: "Could not 'Books and Reading' suggest *reading together* as a help to enjoying things other people like?"

To which we humbly reply that it so suggests.

Reading together often proves the old adage that "two heads (or more) are better than one." One will see one merit, another will explain away an apparent fault; and where two or three join in appreciation the effect is greatly increased. We advise little clubs or groups for reading good books together; but we also caution you not to be too severe in your rules. The love of good reading should cultivate the broad sympathy from which comes kindly tact. We must not leave this courteous correspondent's letter without borrowing the little bit of wisdom with which she concludes: "While we cannot all like the same things, it is well to cultivate a liking for as many good things as possible." The writer is hereby awarded a vote of thanks for her note.

HOW OLD IS MRS. GRUNDY? We often hear the expression, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" but few know who the critical lady is. If there ever was such a person, she must have been long dead, for she dates from an old play written in the eighteenth century. The title of the drama is "Speed the Plough," and it was written by Thomas Morton, an English dramatist. Mrs. Grundy, however, does not appear even there, being merely referred to by an old farmer annoyed by his wife's always wondering what this neighbor will have to say. As the play was produced over a century ago, we may all comfort ourselves by remembering that at least Mrs. Grundy's day is over.

WRITING YOUR COMPOSITIONS. Some young readers may be glad of a practical hint about "reading up" subjects when they have to prepare compositions. The hint is this: when you take notes, write them on separate slips of paper or such cards as are used in card-indexing. This plan has two advantages; it enables you to group your information together by putting similar notes on the same card; and then, when you come to the writing, you may change about your notes until you have placed them in the right order for your composition. This plan was recommended by Edward Eggleston after he had learned that it was easy to be "lost in one's notes." There is no need to buy the cards, as a small pad will serve every purpose by tearing off the leaves as you fill them or finish one part of your subject. Let the leaves be small or you will put too much on each.

PREFACES AND NOTES. It is to be hoped that you do not skip everything outside the mere text of a book. We admit that to a lover of Scott's stories it is discouraging to find one's self shut off from Chapter I by a thick hedge of Introductions, Prefaces, and so on, as the Prince was kept from the Sleeping Beauty in the fairy-tale. But you are more fortunate than he. He had no other way to enter the palace than by forcing his passage through the hedge, while you may leave the hedge until you have entered the palace, married the princess, and been established in your kingdom. In other words, you may read the story first, and then may turn back or forward to learn what Sir Walter would like to say in addition. In "Kenilworth," for example, you will find notes telling how Lord Leicester furnished the great castle where Elizabeth was so royally entertained with feasts, fairies, fireworks, and other gaieties. Postpone all these if you like, but do not skip them, or you will miss some incidents quite as interesting as any in the story itself. The notes to Scott's poems, too, are full of delightful bits. And the same truth applies to the works of many another good author; so do not omit the explanatory parts without at least a trial.

AN UNNECESSARY DISTINCTION. The two expressions "by and by" and "by the bye" are really derived from the same original word, and the words "by" and "bye" have the same general sense. But the spelling "bye" has long been used in the second of these phrases, without any real reason for the change. We should not speak of a bye-law or a bye-path, and yet many are careful to write "by the bye" and "by and by." In "good-bye" there might be some reason for keeping the final *e*, since it stands for the word "ye" in the shortened form of "God be with ye"; but where so much has been dropped, the *e* is hardly worth keeping, especially as the old meaning is seldom recalled.

WHAT IS THE DATE OF THIS YEAR? Of course you would say 1904; but if that is meant to denote the number of years since the Christian era, it is probably wrong. Look in some good authority and see if this year should not rightly be at least 1908. It is worth your investigation if it happens to be a subject you have not yet carefully considered.

THE LETTER-BOX.

WARREN, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a number of years, but have never before written to you. I have a little black pony whose name is Tom. We ride and drive him a great deal.

I was much interested in "Denise and Ned Toodles," and am glad to renew their acquaintance. Ned Toodles would resemble our Tom in looks and actions to some extent. In the summer we stay on our farm, which is on the banks of the Allegheny River. Wishing you success, I must close. Ever yours,

MARY MCNAIR TALBROTT.

CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very much interested in reading the letter from the little girl about the old monastery near the Euphrates River. She was nine years old and I am eight, but I have crossed the Euphrates River twice and I thought you might like to hear my story about the great river.

The last time I crossed it we spent the night at Kenur Khan, where the river makes a bend and enters the great rocky cañon before going over the great rapids. It is a lonely place, no houses or life of any sort in sight, only the rushing river and the dark gorge beyond. As we came in the early morning along the banks of the river to Isoglon, the place of the ferry, we passed a herd of one thousand buffaloes being driven up from Mosul to the north to be sold. The Arabs who were driving them, in their very picturesque costumes, on foot and on horseback, were as interesting as the buffaloes. One of the buffaloes was lame, and being near the steep bank of the river, the crowding herd pushed it in and it sank out of sight. It was so lame and seemed so weary that I think it was glad to find rest in the river.

These are not the same animals that we call buffaloes in America, but are like those we see in the pictures of life in India, and are more like great black oxen, only with longer heads and necks. They are used as beasts of burden everywhere in Turkey.

At the ferry there is a little Kurdish village of eighteen or twenty houses without a single pane of glass in the windows. In the winter they paste up sheets of oiled paper to keep out the cold and to give light. The ferry-boat is just like a great big dust-pan with high sides. It is made of rough planks rudely spiked together; the rudder is fastened to the high end of the dust-pan, with a pole for a handle longer than the boat itself. At the other end there is a great log to keep the water from washing in, and two large rough bars are fastened on either side near this log. The wagons and animals are driven in, and the passengers go on. The steersman mounts the little platform at the stern. The oarsmen take their places, and the boat moves slowly across. If it is very heavily loaded and the current carries it in crossing too far downstream, a rope is thrown out to a man on the bank and the boat is towed to the landing-place.

In winter when the river commences to freeze the boat often gets frozen in the ice that forms first near the shore, and the post and travelers have to wait sometimes four weeks for the river to freeze solid enough for the wagons and animals to cross. This ferry is in the main road between Constantinople and Bagdad.

Sometime I will write you some more of my experiences in the interior of Turkey, where my papa is United States consul and where I lived for two years. I enjoy ST. NICHOLAS so much, and watch eagerly for its coming every month. Your faithful reader,

ROBERT AMES NORTON.

ANDOVER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A lady gave you to me for a Christmas present and I think it is a very nice one, for I enjoy reading them very much, and it does not take me long to read one through. I am very much interested in the "Comedy in Wax."

I have two pet kittens; one is yellow, black, and white, and the other is all black. They are very playful; the oldest one will play hide-and-seek if I hide in certain places.

I am in the eighth grade at school, and I am twelve years old. Your loving reader,

GERTRUDE BEATRICE RANDALL.

EAST HOUSE, KODAI KAUAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You were a Christmas present to me last Christmas. I love you. I think that you are the best magazine I have ever had. I like "A Comedy in Wax," and I think it is very, very interesting. Every time I come in from play I don't know what to do with myself, and then I see ST. NICHOLAS on the table, and off I run and settle down to read the most interesting magazine that was ever printed.

We have the two darlingest, sweetest kittens; one is perfectly white with about ten little black hairs in the middle of its forehead.

I learned how to ride a bicycle in twenty-six turns. By that I mean we have a tennis-court and my friend Pauline Jeffery taught me how; two or three times Pauline had to help me off and on, but after a while she said that I must learn how to get off, and I have learned.

Good-by; I must stop. Your very interested reader,

MARTHA M. VAN ALLEN.

BERKELEY, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a little joke I thought the readers of ST. NICHOLAS would like to hear.

The teacher at school caught the children coughing when they wanted to speak to each other, so she said, "Any one that coughs will have to stay after school." The next day a little boy came to school with an awful cough, and of course the teacher kept him after school; but he said that he had an awful cough, so she let him off that time. I am nine years old. My name is

JANE BIRDSALL BANGS.

BATH, ME.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think you are the best paper I have taken. My aunt gave you to me. My papa took you when he was a little boy, and he had his bound, and we read them.

I love to read the letters, and hear what other little boys and girls are doing.

I am going to take you as long as I can. I love you very much. Good-by.

HELEN MOSES.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Mayor. 2. Above. 3. Yokes. 4. Overt. 5. Rests.

ZIGZAG. The United States of America. Cross-words: 1. Ottoman. 2. Achieve. 3. Central. 4. Unicorn. 5. Anemone. 6. Climate. 7. Attempt. 8. Earnest. 9. Edifice. 10. Mastery. 11. Itemize. 12. Amateur. 13. Attract. 14. Cremate. 15. Isthmus. 16. Oblique. 17. Afflict. 18. Blazing. 19. Amiable. 20. Evident. 21. Brevity. 22. Spirits. 23. Octagon. 24. Arbiter.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Polka. 2. Orion. 3. Litre. 4. Koran. 5. Anent.

ZIGZAG AND FINAL ACROSTIC. From 1 to 2, John Hay; 3 to 4, Emerson. Cross-words: 1. Judge. 2. Totem. 3. Hinge. 4. Enter. 5. Holes. 6. Ratio. 7. Yearn.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Millions of merry harlequins, skipping and dancing in glee,
Cricket and locust and grasshopper, as happy as happy can be.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Constitution. Cross-words: 1. Sextant. 2. Equator. 3. Potency. 4. Trifler. 5. Epitaph. 6. Mention. 7. Boorish. 8. Espouse. 9. Reading.

CHANGED HEADS. Ulysses S. Grant, Andrew Jackson. 1. Us, as. 2. Low, now. 3. Year, dear. 4. Said, raid. 5. Sat, eat. 6. Ear, war. 7. Sack, Jack. 8. Sir, air. 9. Gap, cap. 10. Rid, kid. 11. Aërial, Serial. 12. Nat, oat. 13. Took, nook.

CHARADE. Pi-lot.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. Jefferson, Cleveland. Cross-words: 1. Journeyed. 2. Recommend. 3. Affiliate. 4. Shuffling. 5. Perpetual. 6. Shivering. 7. Treatises. 8. Flute-stop. 9. Companion.

NOVEL ZIGZAG. From 1 to 2, Independence Day; 3 to 4, Thomas Jefferson. Cross-words: 1. Ignorant. 2. Unsought. 3. Undevout. 4. Remember. 5. Carapace. 6. Easiness. 7. Ejection. 8. Insnared. 9. Effected. 10. Infernal. 11. Bedecked. 12. Exterior. 13. Indorsed. 14. Cardamom. 15. Yataghan.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Frances Hunter — Dorothy Knight — Leonard C. Talpey — Benjamin L. Miller — Emily P. Burton — "Chuck" — "Allil and Adi" — Eleanor Wyman — Nessie and Freddie — Elizabeth Thurston — Harriet Bingaman — Paul R. Deschere — Lucille Craig Dow — Jean, Clare, and Roswell — Virginia Custer Canan — "St. Gabriel's Chapter" — Grace Haren — "Johnny Bear" — Florence Alvarez — John P. Phillips — George T. Colman — Eleanor F. Malone.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from M. Hoard, 1 — D. Nevin, 1 — G. D. Ferguson, 1 — H. G. York, 1 — L. Eisendrath, 1 — M. Harding, 1 — V. Martin, 1 — D. Mercer, 1 — E. Clement, 1 — Louise Chalmers, 2 — C. E. Hodges, Jr., 1 — S. Brown, 1 — No name, Marysville, 1 — H. Shaeffer, 1 — Marie Barringer, 5 — P. B. Noyes, 1 — D. Hungerford, 1 — M. Walker, 1 — E. Darden, 1 — M. C. Nelson, 1 — J. Metcalf, 1 — Polly and Peggy, 1 — Elinor M. P. Price, 1 — Florence Goldman, 3 — E. Moses, 1 — M. Saltonstall, 1 — M. C. Troy, 1 — J. S. Crandall, 1 — Arthur T. Cort, 6 — Myrtle Alderson, 6 — M. H. Peabody, 1 — F. H. Moeller, 1 — Margaret C. Wilby, 6 — Frederica and Lawrence Mead, 3 — E. F. Harrington, 2 — Lucile Doty, 1 — N. Gindrat, 1 — H. Bowman, 1 — A. G. Peirce, 1 — Euphemia Cruger, 1.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. LAND bordering on the sea. 2. Possessor. 3. A feminine name. 4. To snatch. 5. Plants of the largest class. ANNA C. HEFFERN (League Member).

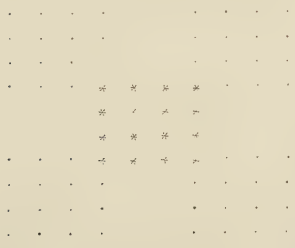
CHARADE.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My *first* is in music — that much I 'll tell;
My *last* will sometimes be in trade;
And you don't want to buy or sell
Unless you know my *whole* is made.

MARY SALMON.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. An infant. 2. The agave. 3. Part of a spoon. 4. Part of an egg.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A long stick. 2. Unreserved. 3. To loan. 4. Stops.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Cattle. 2. Anything worshiped. 3. A cozy corner. 4. Large deer.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Inactive. 2. An act. 3. A metal. 4. A whirlpool.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To pierce with a pointed weapon. 2. A narrow woven fabric used for strings. 3. Mimics. 4. Most correct.

MARGARET GRIFFITH (League Member).

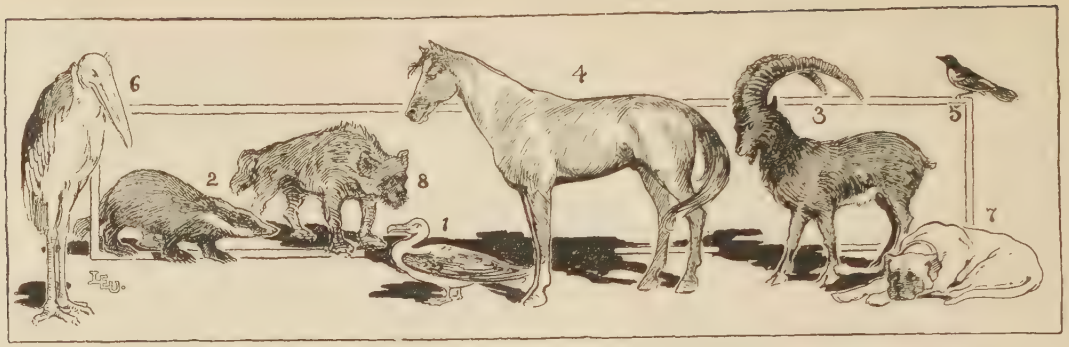
TRAVELING PUZZLE.

BEGIN each word with the final letters of the preceding word. Sometimes two letters are used, sometimes three. Example: Boston, once, centipede, Detroit, etc.

I went from Chicago to Venice one year,
And the fare that I paid was exceedingly dear.

1. A fairy that mischief can make.
2. What a doctor prescribed for an ache.
3. A dreamer of power.
4. A beautiful flower.
5. A blunder, perhaps a mistake.
6. A man skilled in eloquent speech.
7. The home of the sweet, juicy peach.
8. Very warm, I confess.
9. To involve in distress.
10. To judge well and kindly of each.

ANNA M. PRATT.



ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC.

WHEN the eight objects in the above picture have been rightly guessed, and the names written one below another in the order given, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell a holiday.

DIAGONALS.

(*Silver Badges*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

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I. CROSS-WORDS: 1. A large peninsula of North America. 2. The calendula. 3. A month. 4. A feminine name. 5. Crouching. 6. A famous British dramatist who was born in September more than a hundred and fifty years ago. 7. Pertaining to a continent. 8. What Shakspere says is "for remembrance."

Diagonals, from 1 to 2, a holiday. MARION POND.

II. CROSS-WORDS: 1. A musician. 2. The Christian name of a woman who became famous during the Crimean War. 3. Temporary forts. 4. Puzzles of a certain kind. 5. To reclaim from a savage state. 6. A single, unvaried tone or sound. 7. Robbery. 8. A day of the week.

Diagonals, from 1 to 2, something dear to every American. MARIAN P. TOULMIN.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

THE following words are of unequal length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the first row of letters, reading downward, will spell a season, and the second row, reading upward, will spell a month.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A coral island. 2. Long-continued practice. 3. A head-dress. 4. Unsightly. 5. To ponder. 6. Part of the neck.

CORA SMITH (League Member).

LITERARY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of eighty-three letters and form a quotation from a poem by J. G. Saxe.

My 37-6-66-24-81 was the founder of the English novel. My 41-68-63-10-55-46 was a blind poet. My 73-21-13-48 was an English poet and essayist. My 72-40-57-51-16-30 was an eighteenth-century publication founded by 35-4-39-28-53-23. My 61-53-37-69-12-1-27 is the author of "Marjorie Daw." My 76-1-55-20-47 was a famous writer, and 29-60-74-3-5-8-70 was his most famous book. My 15-67-30-38-52-11 is a Southern writer. My 49-9-82-2-33-42 was an English lyric poetess. My 19-55-7-34 was a famous poet of the eighteenth century. My 56-62-78-36-1-58-80-17 was the literary partner of Beaumont. My 77-18-71-37-65 is a modern English novelist. My 25-32-59-51-37 was an American journalist and poet. My 44-21-83-26-64-75 was the name of the author of "Pride and Prejudice." My 45-31 is a conjunction. My 79-43-9-75-11-50-38 was a celebrated English poet of the sixteenth century. My 14-74-54-63-24-22 was an American poet and traveler.

CAROLUS R. WEBB (League Member).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals name a State and my finals name its capital.

CROSS-WORDS (of unequal length): 1. A contrivance for admitting fresh air. 2. The chief river of Burma. 3. A monstrous bird of Arabian mythology. 4. Showy. 5. A phrase peculiar to a language. 6. A negative. 7. Pertaining to India. 8. To augment.

J. DONALD KINDERDINE (League Member).

TRANSPOSITIONS AND ZIGZAG.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

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1. TRANSPOSE bellows, and make deliberate. 2. Transpose forces in, and make the god of war. 3. Transpose moving with pain or difficulty on account of injury, and make flour. 4. Transpose a collar-button, and make powder. 5. Transpose duration, and make to give forth. 6. Transpose to spring, and make an entreaty. 7. Transpose a lineage, and make a small measure of land. 8. Transpose an entrance, and make a perfume. 9. Transpose a girl, and make among. 10. Transpose to ponder, and make large Australian birds. 11. Transpose unites firmly, and make situation.

When the transpositions have been rightly made and the words placed one below another, the zigzag (as shown in the above diagram) will spell the name of a Revolutionary patriot who was born in September, 1722.

LOUISE FITZ.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

133-134.

"CHAO CHAHNG STRUCK HIM A SWEEPING SIDE BLOW WITH HIS TRUNK." (SEE PAGE 1064.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

Vol. XXXI. OCTOBER, 1904. No. 12.

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Any one who thinks the elephant a slow, clumsy beast would have cause to change his opinion on seeing him at work along the rivers of northern Siam. The rainy season, which begins in April, is the time when the teak logs, cut during the dry season in the forests about the upper waters of the Menam River, are floated down to Rahang, where they are caught and rafted to Bangkok. Instead of red-shirted, spiked-shoed "river-drivers" such as handle the logs in their downstream journey to the sawmills on the Penobscot and Kennebec in Maine, the "lumber-driving" of the Siamese rivers is done by barefooted, half-naked men on elephants, and the "bone" labor and much of the thinking involved in the operation are done by the elephants.

The middle of June, some years ago, found the drive of teak logs that I was taking down the Me-ping River about half-way on its journey from the cuttings to Rahang. My crew consisted of twenty elephants with their Shan and Lao mahouts, or keepers, who drove the logs, and as many bullock-drivers, choppers, and men-of-all-work to attend to the camps and haul supplies. Boats were needless, for there was no water too deep or current too strong for the elephants, who went up and down the steepest slopes and over rocks like great cats as they patrolled the river, rolling into the current with heads, trunks, and tusks the logs stranded along the channel, or wading out into cataracts to break a forming jam. All these elephants were tuskers, except my riding elephant, Lala, and the biggest and strongest and most docile of all was Prahada's elephant, Chao Chahng, the

"STRETCHING BOTH FORE LEGS STRAIGHT OUT BEFORE HIM, HE WENT SLIDING DOWN THE SLOPE." (SEE PAGE 1063.)

chief, who stood ten feet high at the shoulder. Prahada was a northern Lao, a thorough *maw chahng*, or elephant-master, who, like all good mahouts, was on the best of terms with his animal, and I had learned that the two were to be depended upon to carry through the hardest jobs that by any chance might come up in the day's work.

In camping in the forest it was not unusual for us to find, of a morning, the tracks of some wild animal which had reconnoitered the camp during the night. Such a discovery excited no particular alarm, as the prowling beasts of Siam commonly avoid man, and the worst that was looked for from a tiger or panther was that he might spring upon a straying buffalo or goat. Hence it was the unexpected which happened, when a tiger one evening, with the whole camp awake, seized a man who had gone a few steps from one of the fires to fetch wood to replenish it. At his outcry and the sound of the tiger's growl, the Shans and Laos, realizing at once what was to be done, caught blazing brands from the fire and rushed to their comrade's rescue. A brand flung at the tiger struck him in the head, causing him to drop the man and sneak away in the darkness. The tracks of the tiger showed him to be a very large as well as bold one; but after his experience with the firebrand, he was not likely, so the men assured me, to venture into the camp again while fires were burning there. The man was not dangerously hurt, and we hoped that our troubles from wild beasts were ended, as they had begun, with this visit.

But we were not to be rid of the tiger so easily. He was lurking along our line of work on the river next day, as the alarm shown by the elephants on several occasions testified. When night came on and most of the men and elephants were back in camp, Prahada, who had been sent that day far upstream, had not returned. Presently the crashing sound of an elephant coming at full speed was heard in the forest, and soon Chao Chahng appeared in a state of great excitement, and Prahada was not on his back. He halted among the other elephants, and then we saw that his back was torn by a tiger's claws. I made up a searching-party, and by the light of torches we went

back over the elephant's trail for half a mile. Then rain began to fall, ending our search, as it blotted out the tracks, and we returned, having found no sign of Prahada.

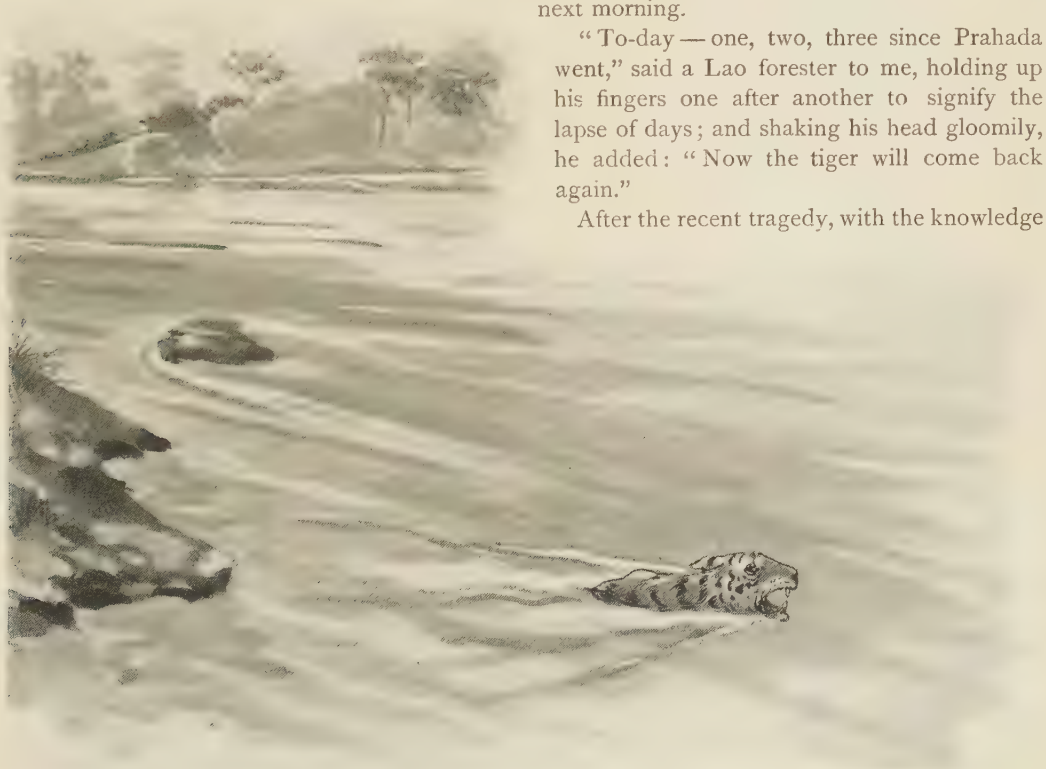
The story of the tragedy we never learned except as it was written in the wounds on Chao Chahng's back. The claw-marks showed that the tiger had leaped on him from behind, and, as was to be expected, he had run away, for an attack from that quarter will throw the bravest and steadiest elephant into an uncontrollable panic. Whether Prahada slipped to the ground, was pulled down from his seat by the tiger, or was brushed off by the big elephant's running under a tree could only be guessed at, for no trace of him was ever found. That the tiger which killed and carried him off was of uncommon fierceness was shown by his leaping upon an elephant so formidable in size as Chao Chahng.

There was reason to fear that the big elephant, having felt the tiger's claws, and missing the mahout to whom he was accustomed, might refuse to work again on the river; but Prahim, a cousin of Prahada, took Chao Chahng out next day with the others and put him through his tasks without trouble. It was evident that the great creature mourned for his dead master, as was shown by his restlessness at night, and by his utterance of a moaning sound from time to time, very different from the grunt and snort of the other elephants. That the great, patient creature was to be the avenger of his slain master no one in the camp could have thought or dreamed.

The tiger gave no further sign of his presence either by day or night about the camp, where, for precaution, fires were kept burning from sunset to daylight. The following day some of the elephants working above the camp showed fear of something that they saw or scented in the undergrowth on the river-bank; but as I sent them out now in companies of three together, the tiger, if he was lurking about, did not venture to attack any of them. But he prowled near the camp that night, as we saw by his tracks next morning.

"To-day — one, two, three since Prahada went," said a Lao forester to me, holding up his fingers one after another to signify the lapse of days; and shaking his head gloomily, he added: "Now the tiger will come back again."

After the recent tragedy, with the knowledge



that the tiger which carried Prahada off was awaiting his chance for the next victim, it was a matter of course that both elephants and men should become demoralized and that work should lag. Several of the men, two with elephants, quit my service under various pretexts, but really from fear of the tiger, and I knew that if another man were carried off by him it would mean a general stampede of my force. With the purchasing firm at Bangkok impatiently awaiting the news of the arrival of the logs at Rahang, I had to see my work hindered and in danger of coming to a standstill through one murderous brute, which could not be killed or frightened away, unless by some accident, which was not at all likely. I carried my repeating-rifle on my trips from the camp, partly in the hope of catching a "snap-shot" at the tiger, but more to inspire my men with courage and confidence; and further to inspirit them I added fowls to their ration of rice, made presents of fancy cloths and tobacco to the subforemen, and promised that every elephant-driver should receive five silver coins beyond his stated pay if the logs were all down at Rahang by the first day of July.

The tail of the drive was lodged at some rapids five miles up the river, and by clearing these it would be practicable to move camp a day or two later, which might take us below the ranging of the tiger, who had made his presence known to us in every instance from somewhere above the camp. None of the men or elephants liked to be sent in this direction, and so for this work, on the third day, I detailed four of the best tuskers and drivers, and accompanied them on my riding elephant. My presence, with the rifle slung to my riding-pad, gave courage to the men, which was imparted to their elephants, and they worked so well that by the middle of the afternoon the rapids were cleared.

Below the rapids the river broadened into a long pool a quarter of a mile wide, and of a depth of three or four feet except where the current had cut a deep channel along the foot of the high eastern bank. At the edge of the rapids on the east side, as I waited for Chao Chahng to push the last log into the current, I called to the three mahouts across the stream to keep on down the west bank, intending myself to take a forest path leading to the foot of the pool on the east. They had disappeared round a bend in the shore, and Lala was leading the way up the east bank from the river, when my rifle slipped from its slings and fell upon the rocks. At his mahout's command, Chao Chahng, coming on behind us, picked it up with his trunk and passed it back to me, when I found that the hammer was jammed by the fall and so would not work. We got upon the high ground, and I was hoping as we went on that the tiger would not take this time to show himself, when we heard the three elephants across the river all trumpeting together. Something in their note our animals seemed to understand, for at the sound Lala opened out her ears like fans and quickened her pace, and I could hear the big elephant gathering speed behind her. Another minute and Chao Chahng, acting as if he were beyond all control of his mahout, rushed past us and soon was lost to view among the trees ahead.

Suspecting the cause of the trumpeting, I told my mahout to keep as close after Chao Chahng as he could, and we hurried along until, in making a cut-off from the path, we came in view of the river, and the mahout, bringing Lala to a sudden halt, pointed with his hand out upon the pool. Above the surface near the opposite bank was the black-and-yellow head of a swimming tiger, the ripples of his wake widening back to the low, wooded shore, while after him into the water came the three elephants with their mahouts urging them on. They had discovered the tiger crossing the river, and knowing that in the water he was helpless to attack them, the mahouts had not hesitated to put their elephants at him. The tiger, realizing his disadvantage, was swimming fast for the eastern bank, with excellent prospects, as far as we could see, of making it safely, for Lala was of no use against him, and Chao Chahng, who might possibly have headed him off in the water, had run away.

With my rifle useless and believing that Lala would bolt as soon as the tiger touched the shore, I was thinking of following the big elephant's example, when I heard him coming back. He had been running, not from fear, but

to search out a place where he could get down to the water without breaking his neck, and now he emerged from the woods at the brink of the high bank in line with the course in which the tiger was swimming. He advanced, testing his footing, until the dirt at the edge, crumbling under his feet, began to rattle down to the water; then stretching both fore legs straight out before him, he curved his big body over the brink, and went sliding down the slope. The tiger, seeing him coming, turned back toward the middle of the stream. The bank fell fifty feet down to the water, and was very steep, and how Chao Chahng avoided turning a somersault or two on the way is a mystery; but somehow he kept "right side up," and, with Prahim hanging desperately to the girth to save himself from dropping over his head, he plunged into the water. From a fountain of mud and spray his trunk emerged, and then the top of his back, moving out into the river, with the mahout climbing to his place on the neck. Like a monitor in a running tide the elephant propelled himself across the deep channel, and, gaining his footing in the shallower water beyond, he loomed up, confronting the tiger, which turned and swam to a great boulder that rose some three feet above the water's surface, and scrambled upon it. Here he bristled and roared, while the four elephants came up and lined themselves around him. At my command, the mahout turned Lala back toward the cataract, and fording the river there, forced her out into the pool above the other elephants, where she took a position from which I could see all that went on.

Had my rifle been in working order I could have settled matters with the tiger where he stood, for no hunter could have asked for a surer shot than he presented. With my rifle disabled the situation was quite another thing. On the rock the tiger stood level with the shoulders of the elephants, and for them to close in upon him where his spring would land him squarely upon the nearest one's head was too much to expect of elephants or mahouts. From a safe distance away they trumpeted and threatened him with their trunks, but came no nearer, while the tiger, facing one and another in turn, made feints of springing upon each, but refused to quit the rock. Even Chao Chahng, who plainly was there for business with the tiger, was not disposed, with the scratches still fresh on his back, to give him a second chance to find a

"HERE HE BRISTLED AND ROARED, WHILE THE FOUR ELEPHANTS CAME UP AND LINED THEMSELVES AROUND HIM."

foothold there. And all the while we were so near the tiger that I could see the line of singed hair along his head where the firebrand had struck when he tried to carry away the man at the camp a few nights before.

After a half-hour of waiting, with nothing gained, I was debating with myself whether a fire-raft would be more likely to dislodge the tiger than to stampede the elephants, when the muddy water grew more turbid and I could see that it was rising round the rock. A rainfall somewhere up the river was the cause of the change, which might indicate a trifling rise or a sweeping freshet. The elephants already were quite deep in the pool, and if the water kept on rising it was certain that they would not stay until it was high enough to force the tiger from the rock. In five minutes, however, the water had risen a foot, and the elephants now were looking anxiously from the tiger up to where the rapids were beginning to roar with the coming flood. Every tropical beast stands in supreme dread of an inundation, and the tiger turned from his besiegers to sniff and growl in a new key as the roar of the cataract grew louder and the rising water washed up against his paws. With the stream surging against their shoulders, the elephants shifted about in their tracks so as to face the current, and the mahouts had to keep up a continual shouting, and work their great-toes vigorously against the backs of the flapping ears, to prevent the uneasy animals from returning to the shore. Only Chao Chahng held his ground, facing the tiger, while Lala, shuffling round uneasily, seemed undecided as to whether her safer course were to remain under his protection or to take to her heels.

Something drifted past me toward the rock — a great teak log that the rising water had brought down from somewhere upstream. As it scraped along the rock the tiger several times seemed on the point of stepping upon the log. He hesitated, but just as its rear end was passing he glided upon it. The heavy log, floating deep in the water, sank lower beneath his weight as, crawling to the middle of it, he was borne from the rock. While the other mahouts vainly tried to force their elephants to the log, Chao Chahng, at Prahim's word, pushed swiftly forward upon the tiger, who, balancing himself upon his unsteady support, could move only forward or backward. At sight of the tusks and upraised trunk above him, the tiger, turning, with a whine of fear crept swiftly back on the log, evidently hoping to regain his place on the rock. But Chao Chahng, following his movement, struck him a sweeping side blow with his trunk that sent him flying into the water. The other tuskers, no longer to be restrained, were plunging for the shore, and Lala bolted after them. I caught one glimpse of the big elephant rushing upon the tiger struggling at the surface, and after that, while Lala took the rocks and holes at the bottom, I was kept too busy holding myself by the ropes to the pad to turn my head until we were at the shore. Then, looking back, I saw the water swirling over the rock, and above the surface only the floating log, and Chao Chahng stalking shoreward through the flood with the air of having just discovered that the river was rising.

We made our way down the shore to the camp, where the men, on learning that the man-eater was killed, built bonfires in rejoicing, and, to the accompaniment of flute and pipe, sang songs for half the night in celebration of Chao Chahng and his victory over the tiger. The river rose five feet in an hour, and when it had subsided next day the tiger's body was found a mile below the pool, stranded on a bar. It had been too long in the water for the skin to be worth saving, but I wore one of his claws on my watch-guard at Rahang on the Fourth of July, which day found our camp there, with all the logs in boom, ready for rafting.

THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN." (See page 1150.)

AN INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.

FATHER TOLD JIMMY TO GO INTO THE LIBRARY AND PUT HIS COPIES OF ST. NICHOLAS IN ORDER. COMING IN AN HOUR LATER, THIS IS WHAT FATHER FOUND.

ELINOR ARDEN, ROYALIST.

By Mary Constance Du Bois.

(*Begun in the August number.*)

Chapter VII.

ELINOR TO THE RESCUE.

As Elinor paused, breathless, unable to push her way farther, the crowd before her divided, and she beheld the prisoners and their guard. She gazed anxiously at the soldier, whose face was grimly resolute, and whose erect, powerful frame looked unyielding as a rock. He still kept a heavy hand on the shoulder of François, whose clenched fists and fiercely gleaming eyes told of a desperate struggle, in which he was scarcely yet subdued. And Marie? It was difficult to believe that the poor, cowering peasant-woman was really a fair and proud lady. She had sunk down on the grass, her head drooping, holding the child close in her arms.

Pushing and jostling in their eagerness, men and serving-maids and village folk gazed and gaped, whispering to one another and gesticulating. Now and then one of the bolder spirits would put a question to the soldier on guard, and receive a growling answer which promised ill for the prisoners.

Bits of conversation came to Elinor's ears.

"Tush! 'T is but a poor gipsy pair—what harm can they do? Let 'em go, say I."

"What harm, say you? The vagabonds! The man will hang for a thief, I warrant."

"Nay, an ye 'd heard that fellow speak, as I did! 'T was the very fiend's jargon. I tell ye, the man's a wizard."

"Ay, and the woman a witch! Best to the pond with 'em, and see whether they sink or swim."

Was there any hope left? Poor Elinor grew sick with fright.

Suddenly a voice beside her said, "Well, whatever they be, I trow Captain Lawrence will give them their deserts."

Captain Lawrence! Of course it was for him that they waited. Starting out of her bewilderment, she struggled back through the crowd, and ran to the house. Fairly tumbling against Dame Hester, who stood with Rachel and Bess on the threshold, and slipping from her aunt's detaining hand, she hurried indoors, and upstairs toward the guest-chamber.

At that very moment Captain Lawrence was coming down the hall with the soldier who had brought him news of the arrest. A quick pattering of feet sounded on the stair-case, and an eager little figure came flying up to them, and almost into the captain's arms. Almost breathless, the child called:

"Captain Lawrence—stay! Oh, please, please let me speak to you!"

"Why, why, how now! Mistress Elinor! What 's this?" exclaimed the young officer.

"Let them go! Oh, *pray* let them go! It 's not their fault—it 's mine! I did it—I hid them!"

"What? Who? The prisoners?"

"HE STILL KEPT A HEAVY HAND UPON THE SHOULDER OF FRANÇOIS."

"Yes, yes! And they 're innocent—truly they 're innocent. Oh, let them not be harmed!"

Captain Lawrence looked in amazement at the child, as she paused for breath, panting, almost sobbing with excitement.

"Come," he said, "I must know the mean-

ing of this." And he led her to the hall below.

"So—now we 're alone. Now tell me all about it," and the captain smiled encouragement. "You know them, you say? You hid them?"

"Oh, sir! 'T was for the baby's sake. It was so late, last night, and they had nowhere to go—and Pierre had no supper—and Marie was so weary. They 're on their way to France, you see, and they 'd walked miles and miles, and could go no farther. And she told me they were poor servants, and begged me to help her. And I could not leave them out there in the woods all night—not with the baby, —so I hid them in the old chapel where the sheep are kept in winter. And—I dared not tell Aunt Hester. And they were going away just now, only your men caught them—and you see they were doing no harm! And oh, sir, the folk are all so fierce against them! They think the man 's a wizard, when he 's only speaking French! But you *will* save them? Oh, say you will!"

"'WHY, WHY, HOW NOW! MISTRESS ELINOR! WHAT 'S THIS?'"

The young officer looked down at the flushed, pleading face. He felt the clasp of the little cold fingers, as in her earnestness she caught his hand in hers.

"Save them? Two poor wayfarers and a babe—was 't not so? No, my little maiden, the war deals not with such. I must, in sooth, look into the matter. But never fear! Come, you shall see for yourself."

The crowd on the lawn was growing impatient, and not alone to learn the fate of the prisoners, for those who had been absent on the previous day were longing for a sight of the captain himself. When he appeared there was a general pressing forward to see the wounded hero. Now he stood before them, erect and tall, his sword at his side; but the arm that should have wielded it hung helpless in a sling, while an earnest little maid, her shyness all forgotten, held fast to the uninjured hand.

"So, Master Goodwin, whom have we here?" he demanded, as the prisoners were led forward.

The soldier guarding them saluted. "Sir, we found this fellow, with the woman here, hiding like unto thieves i' the building yonder, and have therefore arrested them as suspicious characters. The knave showed fight, sir. He seemeth to be a desperate wretch. He speaketh naught save in his own pagan tongue."

Captain Lawrence studied the Frenchman closely. "So, thou fellow," he said at last, "hast not a word to answer for thyself? Knowst thou aught of what 's said to thee? Come, speak out, or it may go ill with thee."

The reply was an outburst in the prisoner's own language, accompanied by earnest gestures, plainly showing that he would have answered if he could, but that he did not

understand a word. In the moment of breathless waiting which followed, Marie fell on her knees before the officer.

"Ah, m'sieur, m'sieur, mercy!"

But he cut her short. "Thy cause hath been pled already." Then he turned to the men-at-arms. "Since here be neither our Goliath nor he of the scarred face, release the prisoners."

The soldiers drew back, and Marie rose slowly from her knees, seeming hardly to realize the joyful truth.

"These persons are to go their way, free and unhindered." The captain's voice was clear and resolute as he addressed the people. "For, hark ye all, whoe'er this man be, he is not one of those we seek. If you would know what like they are, one is a six-foot giant with the strength of two in his arm." He glanced at the slight figure of the Frenchman. "The other hath a sword-cut on his cheek, from brow to lip, whereof this fellow bears no mark. Nor are these evil-doers of any sort, but a poor serving-man and wife, who, finding no other shelter, rested here last night. And this I have *from one whose word I can trust.* So, friends, since they have done no one any harm, I doubt not you will see them out of the town in all peace and quiet. And there 's an end on 't—saving only to beg your pardon, Mistress Bradford, for this disturbance upon your land."

Various degrees of surprise, disappointment, vexation, or relief appeared on the faces of some thirty anxious people, while Captain Lawrence turned again to the prisoners, and said: "Here is that will help ye to reach Dover ere nightfall"; and, drawing something from his wallet, he pressed a silver coin into the woman's hand.

Chapter VIII.

TIME FOR REFLECTION.

As Elinor watched the travelers plod away she saw Marie look back at her with a happy, thankful smile. Regardless of every one but her friends, Elinor nodded, answering the smile, and then, with sudden daring, waved her hand. As she did so a pair of loving little arms were held out to her in return, and baby also waved good-by.

They were safe—safe! Elinor cared for nothing else. The crowd soon left the lawn, and there remained only a few servants and the men-at-arms, to whom Captain Lawrence was giving some last instructions. Yet even then she was far too happy to think of herself, until she heard, "Come hither, Elinor," and found her aunt waiting for her with a very sober face.

"Wilt thou never learn to conduct thyself as a maiden should?" Aunt Hester spoke slowly and gravely. "I am amazed at thee. Thou shouldst have known better than to go running about in that harebrained fashion—and following after Captain Lawrence himself! 'T was most unseemly! Holding his very hand, too! What must he not think of such frowardness! And what madness set thee waving at that woman?"

"I 'm sorry, aunt," began Elinor, wondering if she were to escape with only a reproof for bad manners.

Before she could say more, Aunt Hester turned away to order one of the serving-men to look well about the stables, for she had no doubt that the vagabonds had stolen what they could lay hands on.

"Oh, Nell! Was that the secret?" Rachel asked in a loud whisper. She had been watching with questioning eyes, and now that her mother's back was turned, she could be silent no longer. "It is! I know it is! You came from there! You *did!* You knew they were there all the time!"

Here Rachel stopped and looked, and Bess looked, and Elinor looked. Mistress Bradford had finished her orders, and caught the last words. She stood before the children with a face so shocked and stern that both little daughters hung their heads, and her niece turned very white as she met her aunt's steady gaze.

"Elinor, didst *thou* know those people were there? Answer me."

"Yes, Aunt Hester."

"Then why didst not tell me at once?"

Elinor did not know what to reply, and, as Aunt Hester waited in grim silence, looked

helplessly at Rachel and Bess, and finally at the three soldiers beyond. The men-at-arms were moving away and the captain himself was approaching. "Why didst thou not tell me?" Aunt Hester repeated.

Captain Lawrence reached the group in time to hear the question. He saw the culprit turn to him a frightened, imploring face.

"Prithee, Mistress Bradford, blame her not," he hastily put in. "She came to me this morning with the whole story. A pretty coil we should have had to untangle had it not been for her; but the little maid spoke out right bravely, and I thank her for it."

Rather taken aback by this sudden interference, Dame Hester looked at the young officer as if she considered him an impertinent boy who had taken it upon himself to instruct his elders.

"You are kind, Captain Lawrence," she said, "to look thus lightly upon such ill behavior, but I cannot let it pass. Elinor, *when* didst thou find those people there?"

"I did not find them there, Aunt Hester." The girl breathed quickly, but her voice was firm. "I found them in the woods last night. They were afraid, and knew not where to go. And so—the baby, Aunt Hester—it was for the baby—I brought them to the sheep-cote."

"Thou didst *hide* them there? Elinor! Thou shouldst have come straight to me and asked my leave. I would have helped them had I seen fit. Now, go to thy room at once! Thou shalt breakfast on bread and water to-day. Go!"

In her aunt's opinion Elinor crowned her bad behavior with a show of defiance, for she walked into the house with her head thrown proudly back and a look which seemed to say, "I will not ask pardon." But she bit her lip only to keep it from trembling, and bravely fought back her angry tears.

"Father would have told me to do so," she said to herself. "He 'd have called me his brave little Royalist—I know he would!"

Then in a flash she remembered the buckle. She had left it on the baby's neck, and in the excitement of the last hours it had been quite forgotten. It was gone—her precious keepsake! Would she ever see it again? Her courage gave way and she broke down and sobbed. And yet who had her jewel now? Who, but a baby princess? Father had meant her always to keep the buckle; yet he would, she felt sure, have been glad that she should give it up in such a cause as this. And, although the tears would come, she tried to be happy in the thought that she had lost it in the service of her king.

For a while it seemed as if every one had forgotten her, but presently she heard clattering feet outside her door, and a voice called, "Nell, Nell, are you there?"

It was Rachel—Rachel who had blurted out the whole secret and brought down punishment on her cousin. Now Bess was calling, too.

"Nelly, are n't you there?"

Not a word from Elinor. But for those two vexatious little marplots there would have been no trouble at all. They might call until they were tired, it made no difference to her.

There was a sound of whispering. Then, "Nell, I 'm so sorry!" The voice was plaintive. "I did n't mean to tell!"

"You *did*, just the same!" burst out Elinor.

"But I could n't help it. I forgot, and I 'm really sorry." And the choke in Elinor's voice was answered by a doleful sniff outside the door. Next she heard the sisters run down the hall.

"I 'm glad they 're gone! I don't wish anybody!" she said to herself. But as the hours dragged slowly along she grew ready to forgive them both if only they would return.

Aunt Hester came, as Elinor knew she would, and talked a long time. Aunt Hester found her niece in a rebellious mood, positively refusing to own herself sorry. For Elinor was glad of what she had done, and only two things troubled her, neither of which she cared to explain. She had lost her beloved jewel and she had deceived.

Again and again she argued the matter over with herself. It could not have been a lie. She had merely told Captain Lawrence that the woman had *said* she was a servant. Even that was true, for was she not serving her queen? Yet not for the world would Elinor have had him guess the truth. Yes, she had meant to deceive him. And he had believed

her—he had said so before every one, and he had set the prisoners free. How good and kind he was! He ought to have been a Cavalier. With all her heart she was grateful to him, and yet she wished that he would go away, so that she need not face him with that secret on her conscience.

The long dismal day was over at last, and at bedtime the three little girls "made it up" together and kissed one another good-night. Next morning, when Elinor came out from her disgrace, she and her cousins were as good friends as ever. The past day's discipline seemed to have transformed her into so thoughtful and obedient a maiden that Dame Hester began to hope that her madcap niece had at last learned her lesson, and would yet do credit to her aunt's training. Indeed, poor Elinor had no heart for play, with the loss of her jewel fresh in her memory; and when she saw the kind eyes and merry smile of Captain Lawrence, she could only turn away with a guilty color in her cheeks and the secret weighing heavily on her mind.

Chapter IX.

CONFESSION.

A few days later the village was again aroused—this time by the news that the baby princess, Henrietta, had been stolen away from Oatlands Palace by her governess, Lady Dalkeith, and carried no one knew whither, but some thought to France, to her mother, the exiled queen.

As Elinor was now sure that the royal fugitive was safe, and that she was no longer bound to keep the secret, she began to feel that her confession must come. More than once she was on the point of telling the whole story to Captain Lawrence, who had become the friend and playfellow of all the children; yet the fear that, when he knew the truth, he might be angry with her, always held her back. At last the captain's health was quite restored, and he was ready to take the field again—and still she had not spoken. The day before his departure she felt that she could be silent no longer, and yet she was glad of every task or errand that delayed the dreaded moment.

At sundown she saw him in the garden all alone. Next morning at daybreak he would ride away. This was her last chance, and she must be brave.

"Captain Lawrence, I think I ought to tell you something."

"Really? It must be something very important." As he saw her earnest face, the captain's eyes twinkled so mischievously that Elinor was confused and could not go on.

"Well, what is it? Has Dick been lost in the hop-field again, or has Fox chosen the bantam cock for his supper? No? Then you must have been singing one of those awful Cavalier songs again, wherein you cry vengeance on the Roundheads."

"Pray don't tease me, Captain Lawrence! I really ought to tell you. Those people, you know—that I hid that night. They—they—I only told you the woman *said* she was a servant. I 'm sure that was no untruth. Well, the baby—you remember the baby? It was not really Pierre—it was—the princess!"

"What!" The captain started, and looked as if he thought that she had lost her senses. "The princess! What mean you, Elinor?"

"Yes, the Princess—I know 't is true. I found it out that morning. At first, I thought of course they were only poor French folk, and I hid them because Marie said they were serving a Royalist lady, and they feared the soldiers. But next day, when I came to fetch them their breakfast, I heard Marie telling the baby not to cry, because she would soon be a princess again."

"It cannot be! No, no, child! You mistook. That hunchback creature!"

"She was no hunchback, but the fairest lady I ever saw, and the hump was naught but a bundle of rags. She was frightened when she saw me and would not tell me who they were, but said I must think of them only as Marie and Pierre, and I must keep the secret faithfully. But now they must be safe in France, and every one knows they 're fled, so I 'm sure I ought to tell you. And you 're not angry with me, are you? For I 'm a loyal maid, you know, and if I were a man, I should be fighting against you and for King Charles!"

It was hard to tell the story, for the captain

looked at her as never before. She saw his face flush and his brows contract as he listened, while his eyes grew so dark that she was frightened. "You are sure of this?" he asked, when she had finished.

"Oh, yes! Quite sure!"

That he was angry she saw plainly enough. Was it because the poor little princess had escaped from the hands of her enemies? No, surely the kind-hearted soldier could not be so cruel as to wish her back again. He must, then, be angry with Elinor herself—but not, she thought, for having done her duty. It could be only because he, too, felt that she had deceived him.

She watched him pace back and forth, never once looking at her, seeming to forget that she was there. She did not know what to do, and yet she would not leave him while matters were in this troubled state. So she stood, helpless and unhappy, carelessly plucking both flowers and leaves from a rose-bush, and scattering the leaves on the path.

Presently, as his walk brought him near her, the captain glanced at her in surprise.

"Still there, Elinor?" he asked.

She looked up from under her drooping lashes, her lips pouting in a way that made it seem as if she was cross, but which meant only that she was distressed.

"What a doleful face to wear over a victory!" he said.

Victory! Had the Royalists won a battle, thought Elinor, and was this his way of telling her?

"The day was yours, was it not? You helped your princess on her way to France, despite us all. 'T is too late now to bring her back again." His frown was gone and his old, winning smile had returned. He was not angry with her, after all. Her face grew bright with pleasure.

"But you are glad, too, Captain Lawrence, are n't you? You *must* be glad she 's safe!"

He thought a minute before replying.

"Elinor," he said at last, "had I guessed the truth that day my duty would have been to hold the prisoners in the name of Parliament. They had been a worthier prize than the rogues we chased hither in vain. 'T would have won me high commendation, too—mayhap from General Cromwell himself." And there was a touch of bitterness in his tone. "Lady Dalkeith had marvelous courage, truly, thus to bear away the princess in very defiance of the order! She would have paid dearly had she failed! But ay, Elinor, such captures are not to my liking. Since she had come so far and braved so much—with all my heart I 'm glad she is safe and free."

"IT WAS NOT REALLY PIERRE—IT WAS—THE PRINCESS!"

Elinor clapped her hands, laughing with delight; and then, suddenly remembering the dignity of her thirteen years, she stepped forward demurely to bid the captain good-night.

"You are such a wise little maid," he said as they parted, "and know so well how to keep a secret—you would not find it hard to keep this one still longer? Then best say naught

about it to any one. Good Mistress Bradford would be sorely grieved if she knew. 'T would but give her needless vexation. And should the story get abroad, it might bring heavy trouble upon us all. You must wish me Godspeed to-night, for I shall be off to-morrow at dawn. Will you promise me, before I go, still to keep *our* secret faithfully?"

"I promise," Elinor answered. "Yes, I 'll keep it always—faithfully."

"Farewell, then, my little Royalist." And he stooped and kissed her cheek, for the wistful earnestness of the upturned face told him what a lonely child she was, and how hard had been the battle in which she had served her king.

Chapter X.

WHEN THE KING CAME TO HIS OWN.

As the years went by, the last hopes of the Royalists faded, and one dreary winter's day King Charles was led forth from his long imprisonment to die upon the scaffold. To loyal Elinor he was now the "martyr king," and even among the Puritans there were those who felt grief and indignation over that cruel death. Then came the days of the Commonwealth of England and the end of the Civil Wars.

In the time of peace that followed, Captain Lawrence, now a colonel, again visited Bradford Grange. There he found his high-spirited little Royalist a gentle, thoughtful maiden of nineteen. They often spoke together of that visit of six years before, and of the secret, which she still kept faithfully. And before another year the colonel brought Elinor Arden, as Mistress Elinor Lawrence, a bride, to his home at Cliffland Hall.

Here she led the quiet, useful life of a matron in those Puritan days. Nevertheless, Elinor felt the blood of the Cavaliers stir once more in her veins, when at last there was hope that the wandering Stuart prince might return to his father's throne. The death of the great Cromwell was followed by a time of confusion and distress, and the nation was soon ready to welcome back its king. On the twenty-ninth of May, in the year 1660, Charles II entered London in triumph, greeted by the shouts of the joyful people. No one was more truly glad than Elinor; while Colonel Lawrence, seeing that the cause for which he had fought no longer lived, now laid aside his sword and became a willing subject of the new ruler.

Late in the fall of the Restoration year came the news that the queen mother, with her daughter, the Princess Henrietta Anne, had sailed from France to visit her son, King Charles. The royal girl made her journey from Dover to the palace of Whitehall in a far different manner from that in which she had left the kingdom, in the stormy days of her babyhood. Now, loyal crowds gathered to see the lovely princess, and the thunder of cannon welcomed the exiles home.

Elinor, far away at Cliffland Hall, felt that between her and the king's young sister lay a bond such as none in that exulting throng could know. And when her husband, whose own affairs called him at that time to London, proposed that she should go with him, she was as full of eager joy as if she had been a girl again. So it happened that Colonel Lawrence, with his wife, and their little son and daughter, left their country home and came to visit London. There, more than once, Elinor's wish was gratified with a glimpse of a fair young face as the royal carriages passed by.

There, too, she found a noble friend to welcome her. Lady Lyndhurst, in whose castle she had once made her home, was delighted to see again her favorite of years before; and even forgave Colonel Lawrence his having fought on the rebel side—for the sake of the maiden whose heart he had won.

It was Lady Lyndhurst herself who, early one afternoon, surprised the family by an unexpected visit to their lodgings. The midday meal was over and *little* Elinor had climbed into her mother's lap, while Geoffrey, standing by his father's chair, was hearing about a proposed walk along the river to Whitehall Stairs, where the king's barge lay. A knock sounded at the door, and a boy entered, dressed in the moss-green velvet and gold lace of the Lyndhurst livery.

"My Lady Lyndhurst, to visit Mistress Lawrence," he announced with a lordly air, and a bow worthy of a courtier.

Elinor and her husband had been invited to

see the sights of London in her ladyship's coach, and to dine in state at her home, but for *her* to visit *them* was an unlooked-for honor. The colonel hastened to assist their guest to alight, and presently returned with my lady on his arm.

"I have taken you by surprise, have I not, my dear?" she cried, embracing Elinor, and patting the rosy cheeks of the little brother and sister, who were led forward to kiss her hand.

"And surely you can never guess what has brought me up all these stairs to your lodgings. At such an hour, too! Thanks, Elinor, but I will eat nothing now—we of the court breakfast late. Marry, but I am clean out of breath from my haste!"

She sank down on a chair, panting a little from her exertions, but her eyes sparkled merrily over some secret of her own. She was an imposing figure, sitting there, with her fur-trimmed mantle thrown back, displaying the sheeny folds of her wine-colored brocade, and with a wonderful head-dress of Spanish lace covering her silver hair.

"And now," said Lady Lyndhurst, when she had regained her breath, "now for the errand that brings me hither. Elinor, do you go straightway and change that sober dress for the silken gown wherewith you graced my dinner some days ago. And make ready the children, too, for I am come to carry you three away with me to Whitehall. Can you guess for what reason? Because I am so commanded by the Princess Henrietta!" She paused to enjoy the surprise of her listeners. "I promised you a sight of her Royal Highness ere you left London, did I not? And now I am better than my word. The wish of your heart was to see your princess. Now, it seems, your princess cannot rest without seeing *you*. So haste you to make ready, for we must be there within an hour. And you, sir," she added, turning to Colonel Lawrence, "had you been the Cavalier I vow nature intended you for, I would have you to the palace, too. And, but for the queen mother, I doubt not the princess would have commanded your presence as well. She was eager enough to see you! Ay, I took pains to tell her Royal Highness how much she owed her escape to you also."

"Thou art willing that I should go?" Elinor asked her husband.

But he only said: "To see thy princess? 'T was for that I brought thee to London."

When ready for the visit, even in their simple dress, Elinor and her children looked worthy to be the guests of royalty. Geoffrey's bright chestnut hair fell in curling love-locks over his broad collar; while Nell, in her white frock, with a quaint silk cap on her golden head, was herself like a little princess, so her mother thought. And a fair and stately lady was Mistress Lawrence, in her gown of dove-colored silk, with soft lace on her arms and breast. Lady Lyndhurst declared that she bore herself like a duchess, and that the pose of her head and neck was clearly meant for the court. But as her husband gently wrapped her mantle about her shoulders, Elinor gave him a look which said that she was happiest as wife and mother in their quiet country home.

A few minutes more and the Lyndhurst coach was whirling away to the palace of Whitehall.

"To think that the princess herself should send for me!" said Elinor. "That was through your kindness, Lady Lyndhurst, I know without asking. But pray, my lady, tell me how it came about."

"Ah! that is a secret. You must wait until her Royal Highness tells it you. Have patience, and you shall know all by and by."

Arrived at Whitehall, they entered the palace between the ranks of guardsmen in their glittering uniforms and ascended the great stairway. Elinor saw, as in a dream, the shimmer of silk, the flash of jewels, the sweeping bows of the gallants, the curtsies of the ladies, as they passed through the gallery to the rooms of state. At the door of an inner apartment Lady Lyndhurst spoke to a gentleman-in-waiting, who disappeared, and, returning a moment later, ushered them into a private drawing-room. Elinor hardly noticed the splendor all about her, the rich hangings, the frescos on walls and ceiling, the glitter of gold and crystal, for, at the farther end of the room, with maids of honor gathered about her chair, the Princess Henrietta waited to receive her.

Elinor curtsied low, and then Lady Lynd-

hurst led her forward, with the words, "Your Royal Highness, here at last is *Elinor Arden*."

"And glad I am to welcome her," cried a silvery, girlish voice, as, curtsying again, Elinor kissed the hand held out to her. "So you, Madam Lawrence, are the one who, as a little maid, sheltered me that night? I have so long wished to find you! And Lady Lyndhurst tells me *you* would fain see your baby princess, too."

"Your Royal Highness is most gracious to grant me my dearest wish," replied Elinor.

"And these are your children! The dear *mignons!* Bring them here at once," the princess said, with her sweet French accent, as she looked at the little pair, standing shyly hand in hand.

Nell, tiny maiden that she was, clung to her mother as she dropped a bobbing curtsy. But Geoffrey proved himself a true cavalier, bowing so low that his curls touched the hem of the princess's pearl-broidered robe, after which he resolutely took his stand beside her chair, and remained there, his gaze never once wandering from her face.

"'AND NOW FOR THE ERRAND THAT BRINGS ME HITHER,' SAID LADY LYNDHURST."

No wonder Geoffrey had lost his heart! For at sixteen the Princess Henrietta Anne was already the boast of the French and the English court. There was something fairy-like in her beauty and grace, as she sat there in her creamy satin gown, with gems sparkling on her white arms and slender throat, and in her hair. And her cheek was tinged with delicate rose, and her dark eyes shone with a laughing light, for she was in the early springtime of happiness and love.

"I have so often heard the story," the princess said, "how my own dear faithful Lady Dalkeith bore me away in peasant guise; and how a brave little maiden, named Elinor Arden, helped me on my way. I always wondered how it fared with her, and to-day Lady Lyndhurst comes and tells me all. So now I must have the tale again from you." She signed to an attendant. "Bring

seats for Lady Lyndhurst and Madam Lawrence."

As she spoke, she put her arm around Geoffrey, and drew the shy little sister to her side as well. Her manner was so full of sweet graciousness that Elinor lost all embarrassment at being seated in the presence of royalty.

"SHE DREW FORTH A CHAIN OF GLEAMING PEARLS."

She told the story of how she had found the wanderers, how she had hidden them in the old chapel, and how, in the morning, their secret had been revealed to her. And now the princess laughed merrily as she listened, and now the tears rose in her eyes. The account of the capture and release filled her with girlish delight.

"And the young captain who set us free—he is now your husband?" she asked. "Ah! you must tell him that those poor wayfarers have been ever grateful for his charity. And tell him"—a roguish smile dimpled the corners of her mouth—"that the king knows, too, how passing well he thereby served the crown."

When the story was ended, she said: "There is one thing you have quite forgot. But this should rouse your memory."

Taking from one of her maidens a beautiful silver box, she drew from it a golden buckle studded with gems and tied with a faded crimson ribbon.

"And then," she added, when Elinor, kneeling, had received her childhood's treasure, "as, long ago, you gave your precious jewel to save a little princess, so now that grateful princess returns it to you and gives you *this*, as a token of her love."

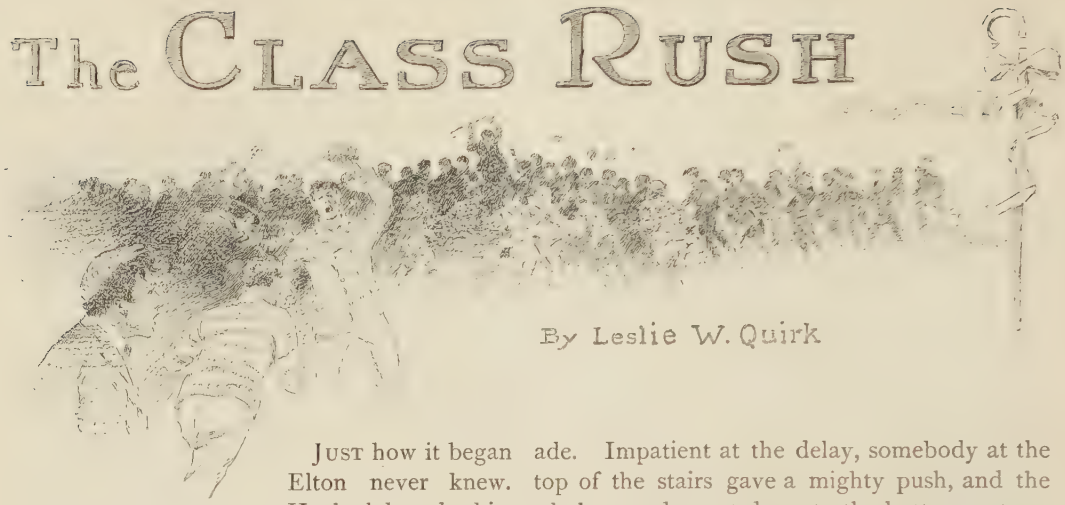
This time she drew forth a chain of gleaming pearls, and with her own hands clasped it about Elinor's throat.

THE END.

AN AUTUMN DAY AT THE ZOO.

LEAVES FROM AN ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK.

The Class Rush



By Leslie W. Quirk

Just how it began Elton never knew. He had heard whispers of the class "rush" for several days, but nobody in his crowd seemed to know much about it. Belfour, who came from his town, told him that it was the custom for the Sophomores to wait until the Freshmen were coming from gymnasium practice, and then meet them on the lower campus. A cane seemed to be the bone of contention.

Elton had been at college just one week. On Tuesdays and Thursdays, at four, every man in the Freshman class was required to report at the gymnasium for practice. On the second Tuesday the Sophomores met them at the door.

Elton was among the last to leave the main floor of the gymnasium. Half-way down the steps he heard a sudden, sharply punctuated roar outside:

"U Rah! Rah!
U Rah! Ree!
Varsity! Varsity!
Nineteen three!"

Elton's heart began to beat with excitement. Those were the Sophomores. And then he heard a defiant yell—weak at first, but gaining strength as lusty voices swung into the refrain:

"U Rah! Rah!
U Rah! Roar!
Varsity! Varsity!
Nineteen four!"

Those were the Freshmen—that was his class! His eyes brightened. He was beginning to understand class spirit now!

Down at the door there was a little blockade. Impatient at the delay, somebody at the top of the stairs gave a mighty push, and the whole crowd swept down to the bottom—tumbling and sliding and eager, but not laughing. From outside came the Sophomore yell, drowning all else.

At last Elton came to the door, just when the tension was almost too great. As far as he could see across the lower campus were swarming groups of young men, all elbowing and closing in on a single mass of fellows, that swayed first one way and then the other.

Elton ran forward. A student in a red sweater blocked his way.

"Nineteen four?" he asked threateningly.

Elton threw back his head. "Yes, sir, I am," he said. It was the first time since he had come to the university that he had not repeated it meekly.

The fellow nodded. "So am I," he said, "and lots of these fellows around here. But we are getting pushed and jostled and walked on, just because we are not organized. You see, the Sophs know one another; we don't. Here, let 's bunch ourselves."

He threw back his chest, and called out in a voice that rose above the din:

"Nineteen four this way!"

He turned to Elton. "I know you," he said. "Saw you doing stunts in the gym; and I saw your muscles, too." He smiled grimly.

Elton looked up. "Oh, I say—" he began, Then his curiosity got the better of him. "What does it all mean?" he asked, pointing his thumb at the struggling mass of humanity.

"It 's a class rush," explained the other. "At least, that 's what they call it. It 's really a cane rush, a bit disorganized here in the West; and the Sophomores use it as an opportunity to walk over the Freshmen and throw them into the lake. It 's the nearest thing to hazing that 's allowed."

By this time there were thirty or forty students, red of check and short of breath, gathered around the two.

The man in the red sweater held up his hand.

"Fellows," he said, "this is Elton, 1904. He 's going to lead us."

There was a moment of silence, then clear and sharp came the yell:

"U Rah! Rah!
U Rah! Roar!
Varsity! Varsity!
Nineteen four!"

More Freshmen came, and still more, till the crowd was a small army. Then Elton began to understand. The longing to do something for his class grew strong upon him. The fellows hoisted him high upon their shoulders. He turned to the crowd.

"All right, fellows," he said. "We want that cane: let 's get it!"

They were still tugging at it when the crowd of Freshmen came, in a solid mass, like a bullet. Somebody weakened and let go; somebody else's hold slipped. Everywhere were Freshmen — crawling under the upper-classmen, scrambling over them, shoving between them.

Elton, as leader, hit the crowd first. Back of him were two hundred sturdy fellows, pent up with excitement. He went through and over a score of astonished young men. Almost before he realized it, he had his hand on the precious cane. Then more Freshmen came, and pulled the Sophomores off before they understood the sudden energy. And all at once, panting and with clothes torn, Elton found himself in possession of the cane.

Some instinct told him to run. In an instant there were five hundred men after him.

Elton could run with the best of them, but there was no hope of getting away with a crowd closing in from three sides and the lake in front.

Back of the gymnasium lay the boat-house. Elton made straight for this building, circled the walk to the front, and took a quick glance at the boats along the piers. All were chained securely except one. In this a man with a heavy sweater was just leaving the pier.

There was no time for delay, no time for apologies. Straight for the boat Elton ran; when he was near it he jumped.

The man was startled — there was no question as to that. For twenty minutes he had been loafing idly about the pier, alternately arranging the cushions in his boat and smoking a bulldog pipe, as he waited impatiently for a friend. And now —

"Well," he gasped, taking his pipe from his mouth, "who are you?"

"I 'm Elton — 1904, you know. I 've got the cane. I —"

"Oh!" The man moved his big shoulders in silent laughter. "Then the class rush is on, and you 've got away with the cane."

"Not yet," said Elton, anxiously, as he fitted the oars into the locks; "they 're coming."

They were — not one or a dozen, but scores and scores of them — all eager and determined. A whole row of boats was launched as quickly as they could be unlocked from the pier. Groups of stalwart fellows dropped into the seats, and a hundred muscular arms dipped the oars into the water.

Meanwhile the man in Elton's boat had shipped his oars. As he saw the pursuit, however, his face brightened, and he slipped the blades into the water. Elton noticed that there was no splash, hardly a ripple.

"You 'll help me get away?" he asked.

"I 'm a Junior, old man; I 'll help a Freshman any day. Now row for all that 's in you."

With his back to the man, Elton dipped his oars and leaned forward. He pulled steadily, with all the force of his muscles. He knew the man behind him had caught the stroke exactly. The boat leaped forward in a mad rush that cut the water sharply before it.

Elton could see the pursuers coming. There were some husky pairs and fours among them, and Elton wondered if it would be possible to get away. He was cooler now, and began to wonder if it were all worth while.

Then, suddenly, back on the shore, a hun-

dred Freshmen sent up the class yell. It caught Elton like a powerful stimulant. His heart throbbed; his eyes brightened; his muscles felt fresh and strong. He was doing it for the class. It *was* worth while.

The man behind him never spoke. He was simply rowing with all the power that was in him. Sometimes when Elton was a little slow in catching the stroke he could feel the boat shoot forward with a tremendous jump. His admiration for the man grew as he watched them draw away from the pursuers.

His oar slipped at last, and sent a shower of water back on the man. The fellow only grunted and said, "Steady! Steady! Steady, old man! We've just begun to fight now. They have launched the four-oar shell.

Elton had never seen a shell, but his eye caught sight of the boat back at the landing. It was slim and frail and fast. He bent to his work with renewed energy. Back of him a voice kept saying, "Steady! Steady, old man! Steady!" It quieted him and made him do his best. He knew the man outclassed him, though he pulled with the whole strength of his young body.

At best it was an uneven race. Two men in a rowboat could not outrun four men in a racing-shell. Elton did not realize this, however, and strained and tugged at the oars till the perspiration stood out on his forehead in great drops, and trickled down the side of his nose.

"STRAIGHT FOR THE BOAT ELTON RAN; WHEN HE WAS NEAR IT HE JUMPED."

He began to pant. He was not in training, and the pace was beginning to tell. He wondered who the other chap was, and whether he had to learn to row that way, or whether he had always been able to do it. He felt an insane desire to stop rowing the boat and ask the man.

The boat-house and gymnasium began to grow smaller and smaller as they receded in the distance. Elton noticed that the water was bluer the farther out they went. There were

waves out here, however, that caught the boat occasionally, and tipped it so much he had to shoot his oar deeper down. It irritated him.

Then the recollection of the mad, confused rush on the campus came back to him. He thought of the improvised class yell, and it got to ringing in his ears. He kept time with the oars, and pulled and pulled, and whispered and whispered the yell over to himself. And all the time the man back of him was saying, "Steady! Steady, now! You 'll get it; don't dig so deep! Steady! Steady, old man!"

But the race was too unequal. Bit by bit the lighter, faster boat crept upon them. Elton began to wonder if he would be hazed, and if the torture would be great. It was worth while, anyhow; anything was worth while for a crowd of fellows like his class.

Then the boat grated on the lake bottom, and stopped abruptly.

Straight across the lake, Picnic Point juts out, a long, narrow peninsula. They had been rowing for this point, and it was here that the shell overtook them. Elton wondered what the upper-classmen would do to him. He was not afraid; he was only sorry that his class could not win the coveted cane.

As a matter of fact, the Sophomores did nothing. After several boat-loads of them had come, they bundled him into a rowboat, leaving his companion to return at his leisure.

Perhaps a hundred yards from the boat-house shore, the boat stopped. Back from the water's edge, twenty deep, was a vast crowd.

"Now, Elton," came the command, "stand up and give your class yell."

Elton stood on a seat and gave it, not hurrying it, not mumbling it, but yelling it out with a pride that was in every note. He was glad to give the yell.

He sat down again. On the shore five hundred voices took up the yell and repeated it. Elton began to wonder what it all meant.

"Now give *our* yell," cried the 1903 leader.

For a moment Elton's head swam. Two hours before he would have done what they demanded. Now, the thing the men call "class spirit" was strong within him. He sat perfectly still.

Somebody prodded him from behind. The four fellows in his boat lifted him to his feet. He stood there helpless, looking over the crowd of boats farther out on the lake. Suddenly his glance fell upon the man who had rowed with him. The fellow was leaning forward with a queer, half-doubting look on his face.

Without a word, Elton shook his captors free, raised one arm, and dived from the boat into the lake.

There was a wild clamor in the boat. Oars were slipped into the locks, and Sophomores jumped to the seats.

Elton had a start, however, and the confusion in the boat proved too big a handicap. Willing hands helped him ashore, and he climbed out of the water, dripping but happy.

"Now, fellows," he said, "the class yell."

And they gave it defiantly, proudly, thunderingly, as it had never been given before — these boys who an hour earlier had not known the meaning of class spirit.

On the way home Elton rubbed a little mud off one cheek, reflectively.

"I wish," he said, "that I could have kept the cane. But I suppose it 's customary for the Sophomores to get it."

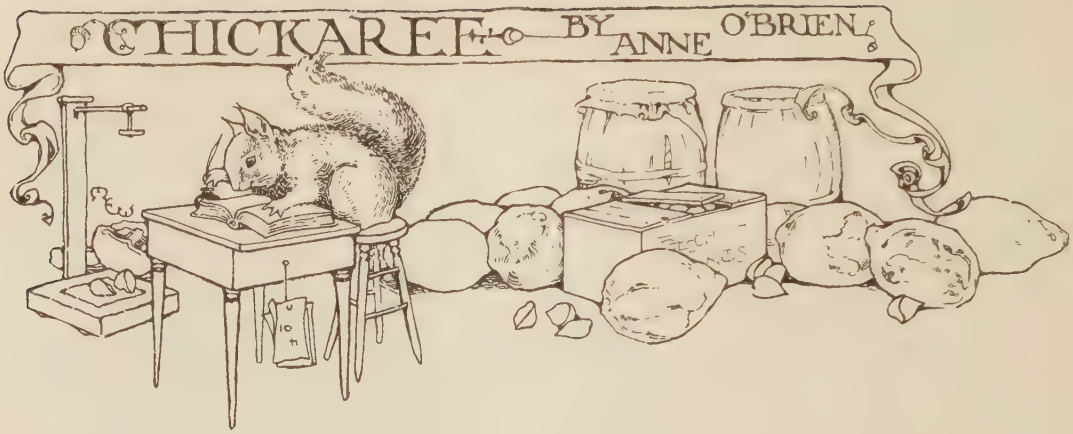
"Of course," said a hearty voice behind him.

Elton looked up and saw the man who had rowed with him grinning pleasantly.

"You don't know me," he said, "but I 'm Kenton, captain of the varsity crew. I say, Elton, you are a stayer all right, and I want you to do something in athletics while you are here. The old college needs men like you. Don't forget." And he turned down a side street.

"I think," said Elton to a young fellow beside him, who had evidently been in the lake also, "that I 'm going to like this university. And honest, now, have n't we the best class that ever got together? Let 's give the yell again."

And they gave it, not only once, but they gave it twice — a dozen times. One and all, they had at last caught the class spirit.



He was small and plump, of a red-brown color, with a beautiful bushy tail curling over his back. Have you guessed that he was a squirrel? Then look up his name in the dictionary and you will find out why he was called Chickaree.

He lived in the trees behind the Brown House, waiting for the butternuts to get ripe. A big butternut-tree grew close by the fence. Mr. Squirrel's bright eyes had spied the nuts early in the summer, and he had made up his mind to have them — every one. So, as soon as the ripe nuts began to fall with a thump to the ground, Chickaree was to be seen — as busy as a bee all day long, storing up food for next winter.

The two ladies who lived in the Brown House used to watch him from the windows, and were never tired of saying how cunning he was, and how glad they were to have him get the butternuts. He must have a snug little nest in some tree near by — he would carry off a nut and be back again so quickly. But, though they watched carefully, they never could discover where the nest was, and by and by they gave up watching and forgot all about him.

One morning, late in October, Miss Anne came to breakfast rather late and cross, saying to her sister, "Sally, I believe this house is full of rats! There was such a racket last night I hardly slept a wink!"

Miss Sally had slept soundly, and she laughed at the idea. Rats? There had never been rats in that house. It was just "Anne's nonsense."

Miss Anne still insisted, and was awakened almost every night by the noise. "The rats in the barn have moved into the house for the winter," she said. So the rat-trap was brought from the barn, baited with cheese, and placed close to a hole in the underpinning, which looked as if it might be a rat-hole. There it stayed till the trap grew rusty and the cheese moldy, but no rat was caught.

One day Miss Sally brought home a bag of peanut candy — "peanut brittle," she called it; and to keep it cool overnight she put it in the workshop, where were kept the hammers and nails, the wood-box, and the garden tools. This shop opened into Miss Anne's studio, and had an outside door near the butternut-tree.

The candy was forgotten until the next afternoon, when Miss Anne went to get a piece. All that she found was a heap of torn and sticky paper. Every scrap of peanut brittle was gone!

"Those rats!" she declared. "But how did they get in here?"

The "how" was soon explained. Near the outside door they found a hole in the floor.

Miss Sally was indignant, and, putting a thick board over the hole, pounded in enough wire nails to keep out a regiment of rats.

As they stood in the open door a butternut dropped at their feet, and Miss Sally, in a flash, exclaimed, "Anne, do you think it could be that squirrel? — the nuts in the candy, you know?"

But Miss Anne thought not. "The noises in the attic — that could not be a squirrel. There are wire screens in the windows — he could not possibly get in."

Could n't he? That same afternoon, as Miss

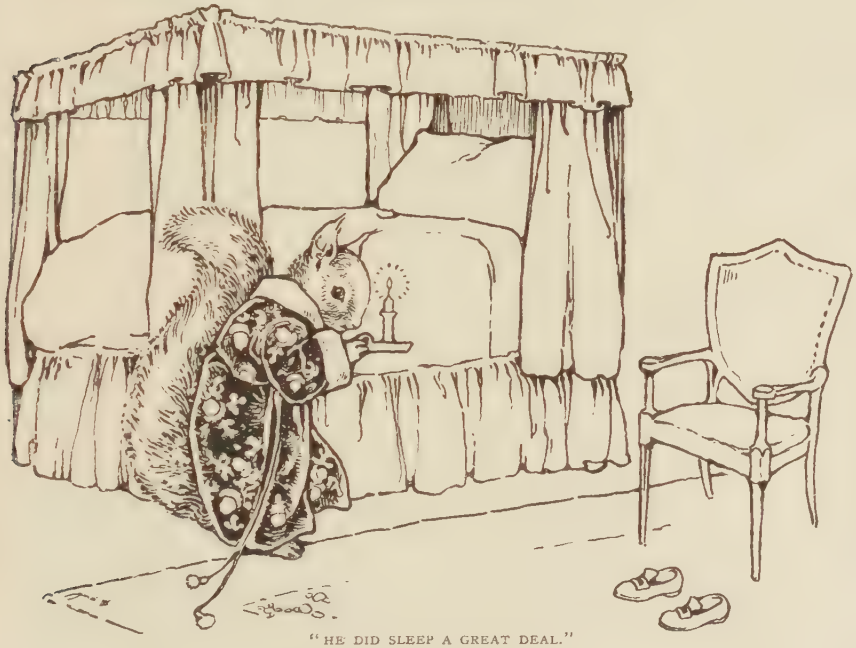
Anne crossed the yard, she saw the squirrel, with a nut in his mouth, spring from the fence to the low shed roof, then to the house roof, and suddenly vanish under the eaves. And, looking with all her eyes, she spied a small round hole.

The mystery was explained: this was the candy thief and the "rat" that danced jigs in the garret night after night!

John said he would bring his gun and shoot the rascal as soon as he popped out of the hole.

But the ladies would not hear of it. Shoot little Bright-eyes? No, indeed! He had worked so hard, laying up his winter store. As long as he was n't "rats" Miss Anne was sure she would not mind the noise, and, besides, did n't squirrels sleep all winter?

That evening she read up squirrels in the encyclopedia, and finding the name chickaree, she declared, "That shall be our squirrel's name, and he shall stay as long as he cares to."



"HE DID SLEEP A GREAT DEAL."

So Chickaree stayed; and a fine winter he passed. He did sleep a great deal, but woke up to nibble his nuts and explore the garret. Once in a while, just for fun, he would venture out of doors, and the ladies saw him scudding over the snow-crust. But the greater part of the time he spent curled up in his nest. What a nest it was, to be sure — the very middle of a feather-bed! Miss Sally had tied that bed carefully in a sheet and hung it from a peg in the garret; but Chickaree had climbed up, peeped into the folds, and made up his mind at once that that was the bed for him.

When spring came the feather-bed began to lose its charm. Chickaree became very wide-awake, spending his time in racing about the attic, prying into boxes and staring at himself in an old mirror. He wondered who that bushy-tailed fellow could be — and tried to scratch him out.

Then he began to gnaw the wooden boxes, the beams — everything; and the more he gnawed the better fun it was. Miss Anne's nerves were so worn out by the grinding noise he made that she gave up calling him "that cunning little fellow," and now he was always "that tormenting squirrel." A dozen times a day she would have to drop her paint-brush, pound on the studio wall, and cry, "Hush! hush!"

At first Chickaree would be frightened into silence by those knocks, but he soon learned that it was "bark" and not "bite," and he would stop to grin, and then calmly begin to gnaw again.

The neighbors said: "Better shoot him; he 'll ruin your house, gnawing the beams and the roof." But the ladies said "No" again, and hoped when summer came he would forsake the garret. But he did not. It was a rainy summer, and Chickaree liked his dry quarters — so he stayed; and still he danced, and gnawed, and drove Miss Anne distracted.

In July she had a bright idea, and got a friend who had been a boy not many years before to make her a box-trap, such as he used

to set for rabbits in the woods. "And when we catch Chickaree," Miss Anne said, "we 'll carry him off to the woods and set him free."

The trap was baited with apple and placed on the shed roof; and there it stayed — empty. Chickaree never even saw it. He had forgotten the butternut-tree, and now traveled another road — over the *front* roof into the maples, where he could tease the birds and hunt for their eggs.

One day Miss Anne had a headache. As she lay on her bed all the morning it seemed to her the squirrel had never before made such a racket overhead. After dinner she called Miss Sally. "Do try the trap in the attic; that squirrel is spending the whole day there!"

So the trap, with a fresh bait of apple, was put in the middle of the attic floor, and Miss Sally sat down to read her sister to sleep. Suddenly overhead came a *snap!* and the sisters looked at each other. Was it the trap? Had the squirrel been caught?

Up ran Miss Sally. Well, if he was n't caught, what had made the top of the trap fall flat, and what was it inside that sounded like a small cyclone rushing to and fro?

Poor Chickaree! how did he feel when that sudden *clap* shut him into a black box, with no way of escape?

As he crouched in terror he heard a voice crying, "Oh, Anne, we 've got him! What shall we do with him?" Another voice pronounced his doom: "We must take him to the mountain. Tell John to harness right away."

The mountain! Oh, what was the mountain? poor Chickaree wondered. But he kept very still while he felt the trap lifted and presently jolting along a stony road.

After a long time a voice called out "Whoa!" and the trap was lifted again. Miss Anne's voice exclaimed: "This is a lovely place! Let him out on the stone wall."

Another minute, and up went the top of the trap. Chickaree saw blue sky, sunshine, treetops. Free! In less time than it takes to tell it he was away. Just a streak of red fur and waving tail, and that was the last the ladies of the Brown House ever saw of little Chickaree.

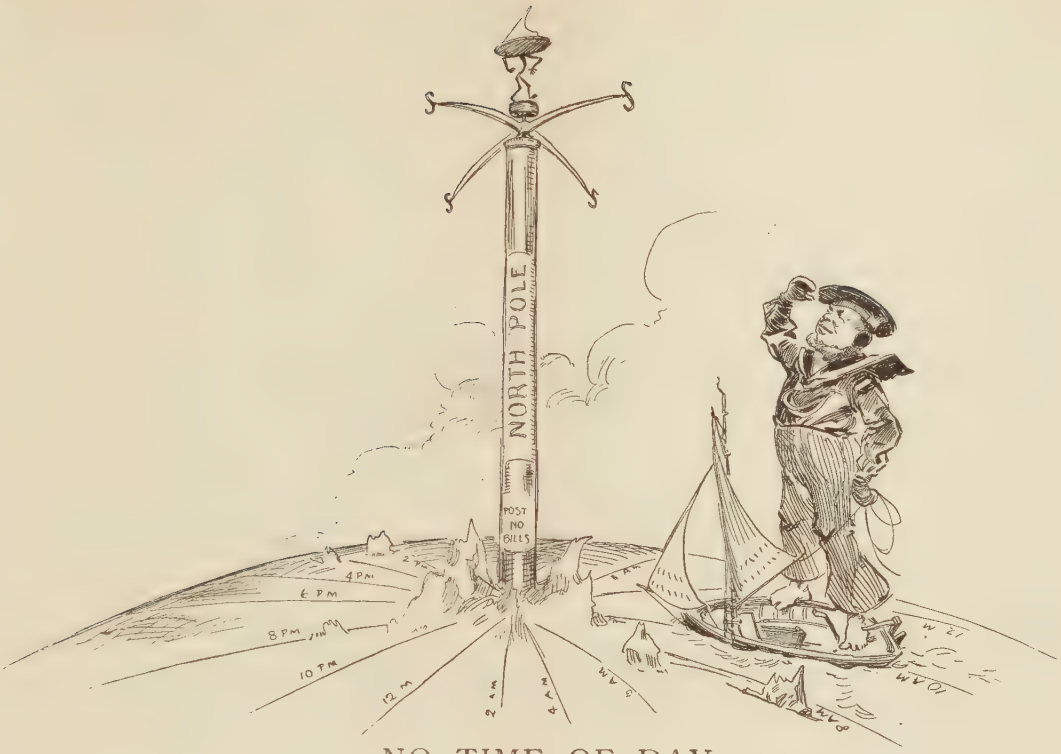
A Q-rious Toy

By Margaret Johnson.

This dear little man from Che-fu,
Who was known by the name of Thing Ku,
Had never a toy
Such as children enjoy
Save his own little funny thin queue!

He could make it a whip or a string,
Or a snake with a terrible sting;
He could tie it in knots,
And, my goodness! what lots
Of tricks he could play with the thing!

No wonder he smiles askew;
Was there ever, in all Che-fu,
A happier lad than the little Thing Ku
With his little thin queue, think you?



NO TIME OF DAY.

> "If any one ever reaches the North Pole he will find no north, no east, no west, only south, whatever way he turns. The time of day is also a puzzling matter, for the pole is the meeting-place of every meridian and the time of all holds good."

"WHAT will they do?" said the midshipmite,
"With the North Pole, if they find it?"
"Run up the flag!" quoth old Jack Tar,
"And set the watch to mind it.

"Every man Jack who rounds his back
Against the pole to shore it
Will find, when he attempts to tack,
South — only south — before it;
No north, no east, no western way;
In fact, no proper time of day."

"No time of day!" said the midshipmite.
"What could be more complete?
All times of day must be all right
Where all meridians meet.
So there will be, beyond a doubt,
No proper time for "turning out,"
Or knocking midshipmites about,
And, in that blest retreat,
No time the galley sweets to lock,
But 'plum-duff' all around the clock!"

Adele M. Hayward.

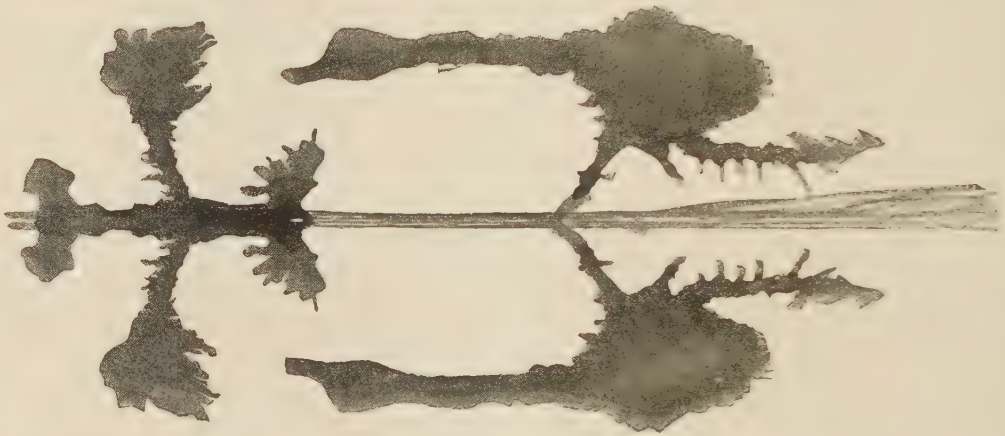
GEOGRAPHY AND BED.

"THIS world is rolling round in space"—
That 's what my teacher said;
So now I know why, Monday night,
I tumbled out of bed.

C. G. Alberger.

SIX GOBOLINKS.

By Carolyn Wells.



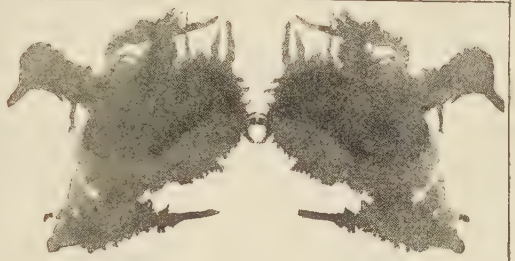
This goose has escaped from the lot,
And is running away at full trot;
Her course she *would* take
By the edge of a lake.
The reflection is clear, is it not?

Imagine these ladies' surprise—
They could scarcely believe their own eyes!
When they measured their hats,
Whether turbans or flats,
They always were just of a size!

These two little chaps, as you see,
Were warming their toes by a tree;
They said, "It is queer
At this time of the year,
But we 're going to be stung by a bee."

The girl with the theater hat
Went tripping along to the "mat."
She cut off the view
Of a dozen or two,
But she did n't care much about that.

Two chickalinks stood
On a queer piece of wood;
Their balance was not very firm.
But their dangerous act
They explained by this fact—
"The early bird catches the worm."



You cannot say, "I know full well
What traits these birds are showing";
Because, you see, you cannot tell
Which way you think they 're going.

A VOLUBLE VOWEL.

By A. J. Backus.

"INGRATEFUL people! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" piped a small voice. "It is too bad! I am not going to stand it much longer. I 'll just leave the English alphabet, I will, and go over to France, where they do try to pronounce me, even if it is queerly."

Helen, who was just starting for school, looked about her. Who was talking? There was certainly no one in the room. "Hello," she cried, trying not to feel scared.

"W-h-e-r-e are you, and w-h-a-t 's your name?" stammered Helen.

"I am the fifth vowel, and the way I am treated is perfectly shameful. I could excuse the baby calling me 'oo,'" went on Master U, with rising passion; but when men of letters are careless, it is too much! Letters, indeed!" spitefully. "They are hardly men of consonants. *I* should transport them to Siberia, or at least to Russia, and *then* they 'd miss the vowels! But it 's just because we are a small family and useful that we

are so imposed upon. Sister E is really the only one of us they treat at all decently, she always works so much for them. And sister O they respect a little, though when *I* 'm with her they turn and twist us all sorts of ways, especially if G and H join us."

"But what do they do to you?" asked Helen, much interested in this long speech.

"Do!" screamed U. "Why, they slight me! I 'm only safe in books, or when they call the roll, that is to say the alphabet. Please spell 'duty.'"

"D-u, doo, t-y, ty, dooty," said Helen, glibly.

"Oh, of course!" bitterly. "Now spell 'tutor.'"

"T-u, too, t-o-r, tor, tootor."

"Yes, you are just as bad as the rest. Never give a fellow half a chance!"

"What do you mean, anyhow? Can't you explain?" asked Helen.

U paused a moment, and then said firmly: "Of course I can. Take the word 'mute.' You 've heard of that, I hope. Oh, you have! Well, do you call it 'moot'?"

"Of course not," said Helen, with a laugh.

"Then you have no right to call duty 'dooty'; or, when my double first cousin W is in a word with E, you certainly should n't say 'noos' for 'news,' which ought to rhyme with pews. Do you understand?"

"Why, yes!" said Helen, admiringly. "It really does n't seem fair, when you put it that way, does it? I must try and think of U more," smiling.

"I only ask justice," said U, plaintively; "and as for *thought*," holding his head up proudly, "the highest classes in England and America always respect me, and linguists and elocutionists honor me," with emphasis.

"Tell me something about your family — do!" urged Helen.

"Ah! I 'm glad to see you are interested in us," said U, graciously. "Well, let me see! We 'll begin with brother A, as he 's the head of the house. In the first place, our pedigree is a long one — 'way back to the old Romans, you know."

"To be sure — the Latin text!" cried Helen, anxious to show she knew something.

U nodded. "A, I, and O are the strongest of us. They often stand alone. But sister E is in everything, nearly — quite intrusive, *I* think. However, as I said, she is quite overworked, and can't help herself, poor vowel! But, to go on, brother I is an egotist, always strutting by himself, when he gets a chance, and swelling into a capital. E and myself never have a chance to be big, except when we lead a sentence or begin a proper name. Then, there 's sister O, the most emotional creature when she 's alone, always surprised or shocked or sorry or glad. And now for myself," complacently. "I 'm very dependent, you must know. G guards me a good deal, and Q rarely quits me — ha! ha! See?"

Helen looked rather dubious for a moment, and then brightened. "Of course!"

"I hate some of the consonants, though," U chattered on, with a pettish air. "N is always making me unhappy or uncomfortable; and with R — rough old thing! — I get rude, rush about, and run into some trouble or other always. It 's fun sometimes to be with F; but people are often very disagreeable when I walk out between D and N — ha! ha! I have to laugh. You know I 'm the last vowel in the alphabet, for W is only my double first cousin, and Y is a kind of foster-brother of I. But it 's awfully dull down there with V W X Y Z; they hardly ever go with me."

Helen nodded thoughtfully.

"And now," continued the letter, brightly, "before I leave —" but as Helen listened eagerly, the scene began to change. She found herself in a school-room, with her head on a desk, listening to a chorus from the reading class, led by the teacher. "Not dooty, but duty; not tootor, but tutor; not noos, but news; not stoopid, but stupid."

"*You* 'll catch it, going off nodding like that!" said a familiar voice in her ear, which sounded very like that of Mabel Lawton, her deskmate.

"But where is U?" cried Helen, eagerly.

"Where *is* you!" mimicked Mabel, smiling. "Oh, my eye, what grammar! Why, here I am, of course," with a convincing pinch.

This rouser was effectual, but Helen never forgot her two minutes' dream.

Henriette Ronner.

"PUSSY'S FRIEND."

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MME. RONNER.

By F. B. Wickersham.

One day, years ago, a little blue pincushion was seen hanging on the door of a well-known house in Amsterdam. This strange though, to that city, most ordinary sign showed that a little girl baby had come to make her home there, and by her future life to prove whether she were deserving of a place in the famous country which has been so aptly called the "Land of Pluck." Now this you shall judge for yourself. This baby was the daughter of Heer August Knip, a painter. From her babyhood this little daughter, Henriette, was seen to be wonderfully observant of all the strange and curious things around her.

When only five years old she commenced drawing from nature everything that came within the range of her young eyes. These first drawings were all dated and kept, with greatest care, by her father, whose heart was filled with pride for his talented little girl.

By a sad fate the poor father was not destined long to see the progress of his daughter, for

when she was only eleven years old he lost his eyesight and became totally blind. His ambition for little Henriette and the desire that the talent which he recognized should be developed to the utmost became, even in his blindness, his ruling passion. From this time commenced for the young girl a life of such hard and constant labor that I fear there are not even many *boys* in America who would not have felt like rebelling against such severity, and have considered themselves very unfortunate indeed. This brave little girl had a natural love of work and a strong constitution; these, combined with a noble desire to please and reward the dear father whose hopes were all centered in her, enabled her to endure the severe life of study which followed.

AT HOME IN THE STUDIO.

Her father was her only teacher. Under his loving care and direction alone she developed and cultivated her extraordinary talent. Living

ONE OF THE ARTIST'S FAVORITES.

then in the country, she spent every day, from sunrise to sunset, at her easel,—when the days were clear, always out of doors in the fresh air, and when cloudy, in her studio,—stopping her work only at meal-times, and for two hours in the middle of each day, which her father compelled her to spend sitting in a perfectly dark room, so as to give complete rest to her eyes.

When only seventeen she exhibited her first pictures, and these won for her the praise of the severest art critics, who promptly called attention to her rare talents, and ever since then her works have held an honorable position in Europe.

America, always appreciative of true worth, was not slow to acknowledge the merit of her work, and one of her pictures gained a high prize at our Centennial Exhibition, where they were first brought before the American public.

Her father, while he guided and directed her study, in no way interfered with the bent of her own inclination, and he left her free to exercise in her own way her unusual qualities of observation and imagination.

She painted everything that attracted her attention,—animals, interiors of houses, landscapes, etc.,—though from a little child animals were always the subjects she liked best.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD.

In 1850 Henriette Knip became Mme. Ronner, and, with her husband, went to Brussels to live. When first married, their income was very small, but the young artist had brought with her to her new home that which I am sure each boy and girl will agree with me is much better than mere dollars and cents, and which in the end usually gains all things, dollars and cents included, and that was her

Dutch pluck and perseverance. With these she set to work to overcome all difficulties. At this time she would often be at her easel on canvas so truly all their different moods and expressions, which are almost as varied as the expressions on the faces of the boys and girls.

A PUZZLED OBSERVER.

as early as four o'clock in the morning. Later Mme. Ronner devoted all her time and talents to the painting of dogs and cats, which have ever been the favorite subjects of her brush. These household pets, indeed, have found a true friend in this gifted artist, who understands them so well, and who reproduces

No more sincere compliment could have been paid to Mme. Ronner's skill than was offered her by a dog. The Queen of Belgium and her sister-in-law the Countess of Flanders each had several favorite dogs whose portraits they wished painted by Mme. Ronner. They were brought to the studio at different times for

their "sittings," and on a certain occasion one of the countess's dogs, a rather savage, ill-tempered animal, coming into the room, found the newly finished portrait of one of his companions standing on the floor. Barking furiously, he rushed excitedly to it, prepared for a violent battle, when, seeing his mistake, he stood quite still with astonishment, staring at the picture, unable to understand why his friend should be there and yet not offer to play or fight. Still later, Mme. Ronner almost entirely gave up the painting of dogs, and devoted all her attention to cats, whose restless playfulness makes them such difficult as well as such fascinating subjects. But Mme. Ronner's wonderful quickness of observation enabled her to catch every trick and expression of these little animals, at once so frolicsome, so active, and so difficult to picture with the brush — and yet which she portrayed with, as one critic humorously says, "a care that might kill a cat."

It is her paintings of cats especially that has established her reputation and placed her, even in Paris, on a level with the great specialist Eugène Lambert. It is quite a revelation to see how many different expressions Mme. Ronner's pussies have. She never makes the mistake of giving them a human expression, as so many painters do: they are always cats, but so varied that it makes one think that each kitten is a distinct individual in its way, and not at all to be judged and treated by one general rule which must apply to the whole cat race.

A QUIET NAP.

Every one of my readers, I am sure, would be charmed could he or she have looked into Mme. Ronner's beautiful, sunny studio as I saw it. There the walls were covered with paintings of old cats and young cats, big cats and little cats, sleeping cats and waking cats; and on the floor, darting in and out among the chairs and easels, springing from the tables and playing bo-peep with one another behind the portières, were all kinds of live cats.

These favored pussies lived in Mme. Ronner's

studio, and all her pictures were sketched from life, and each one portrays some actual situation in which she had found her kittens. If you look at many of these pictures they will give you a good idea how restless and mischievous cats are — almost as lively as monkeys or, I was going to say, little boys and girls.

In the midst of this charming studio, with her easel always before her, sat a dear old lady with pink cheeks and snow-white hair, and eyes so kind and gentle that you feel sure they must see the best, not only in cats and dogs, but in everything. This was Mme. Ronner, whose life has been a very simple one; for, although the artistic world is proud to do her homage, her nature is strangely retiring and unaffected, finding her greatest happiness in her peaceful, happy home life and her dearly loved art, to which now, at eighty-three, she devotes as much time and strength of energy as in her younger days.

Yet it is impossible for her to refuse the richly merited honors that are thrust upon her, and she has received a great number of medals from different countries, including the cross of the Order of Leopold, conferred by the King of Belgium, a distinction which few women possess. Holland, her own land, has not been behindhand in doing her justice, for in the magnificent museum opened a few years ago in Amsterdam, the name of Henriette Ronner is inscribed among the most illustrious painters of her native country.

SOME OF THE ARTIST'S MODELS. (A SKETCH FROM LIFE.)

"KIBUN DAIZIN"
OR
FROM SHARK-BOY TO MERCHANT PRINCE.

By Gensai Murai.

Chapter VIII.

AN ECCENTRIC FELLOW.

When all the wholesale dealers in oranges in the vast city of Yedo heard that an orange-ship had at last arrived from Kishu, they vied with one another in coming to Bunkichi's ship and buying up his oranges. The inevitable result of the rise in the price of oranges was to make him a gainer of more than fifty thousand *rio*.

MATAHACHI IN THE GREAT FIRE AT YEDO. (SEE PAGE 1102.)

Bunkichi, after this, carefully reasoned out that on account of the recent continuance of the west wind no ship could possibly have sailed from Yedo to Osaka, so that there must be a scarcity of salted salmon in that city, while there was now an abundant and specially cheap supply of them in Yedo. So he thought he would take a supply over to Osaka and make another great profit.

When he spoke of this plan to his men they were ready to go, for his sake. Thereupon Bunkichi bought up a cargo of salted salmon, and, putting it on board, waited for the return of better weather. Nor had he long to wait. As a reaction, as it were, to the stormy westerly wind, in a few days an east wind began to blow, and, availing himself of the first opportunity, he hoisted sail. He soon entered the harbor of Osaka, and there he

again made a profit of tens of thousands of *rio*.

Every speculation he had planned was crowned with success, and in little more than a month he had amassed the enormous sum of near upon a hundred thousand *rio*. He was aided in this success largely by the exertions of Kichidayu, and gave him one thousand *rio* out of the profit, while he handsomely rewarded every one of the crew, who were all greatly delighted at their good fortune.

Captain Kichidayu, taking his money with him as a present to his family, returned to Sakai, his native town, where he met again his dear wife and children after his long absence, and then went back to Osaka. Thence he accompanied Bunkichi to Kumano-Ura.

At Kumano the news of his safe arrival at Yedo had been received at the Daikokuya and by the townspeople with the liveliest satisfaction. They had been waiting eagerly for his return. Sure enough, Bunkichi had come back on board that very *Iurei-maru*, and the people, whether they were personally known to him or not, flocked round him with their congratulations.

From that day the master of the Daikokuya treated him as his guest, while the people of the town respected him as a gentleman, and no one called him the Wanizame-Kozo any more.

On his arrival home Bunkichi recounted all his transactions to the master of the Daikokuya, and then went at once to the merchants from whom he had bought the fruit that he sold in Yedo. "I thank you for the cargo of oranges you sold me some time ago at such a cheap price," said he. "I made a great profit by that cargo, but I don't like to be only a gainer myself while you all are losing your money, so I 'll give you double what I then paid you for the oranges."

On account of this unexpected liberality they were very grateful to him, and his fame went abroad all over the province of Kii, and everybody began to know him, and whenever he wanted to invest in any goods, he had no difficulty in getting all he wished.

The day came at last when Bunkichi determined to go up to the great city of Yedo to make his name famous in the whole of Japan by trading on a large scale. With this resolve, he negotiated with some of the big merchants of Kumano as to whether they would make a contract with him to send up all their oranges and timber to his shop as their only agency in Yedo. As they were already under a debt of obligation to him, every one of them agreed to do his best to keep Bunkichi's store in Yedo well supplied. Bunkichi was greatly rejoiced, and, on this occasion traveling overland, he arrived at Yedo in due time and established himself in the Hatchobori district, under the name of Kinokuniya.* This happened in the second year of the Sho-o era (1653 A.D.), when he was nineteen years of age. Then he changed his name Bunkichi into Bunzayemon (his father's name), and began to trade on a large scale in timber and oranges from Kishu, selling them to the whole city of Yedo. Thus his prosperity increased.

One day a master carpenter, who had the entrée to the house, came to see Bunzayemon, saying: "I have come to consult with you on a rather strange matter. How would you like to engage a man for your business?"

"Well, it all depends on what kind of a man he is," was the reply.

"He is rather an eccentric sort of fellow. If I tell you plainly about him there will be little chance of your employing him; but the strange thing is that he wishes me to do so. 'If Bunzayemon will employ me, good; if he will not employ me, he is a fool, and I don't want to be employed.' Those were the very words he said to me, and added, to my surprise: 'As for you, if he has n't the sense to engage me, you need n't regret losing such a customer as he is.'"

"I don't wonder you were surprised," replied Bunzayemon; "but what has he been hitherto?"

To this question the carpenter replied: "He is the second son in a warrior family; but as far as I can see he is an idle, lazy man. There are many of his kind in the world, as you know; but he is rather an extreme type of the class. He does n't like to get up early nor to move

* House of the Kino Kuni (country of Kii).

about at any time. In spite of his being dependent on me for his support, he does n't hesitate to demand to live in luxury. And then he has the impudence to request me to recommend him to you."

Bunzayemon meditated a while and then said: "It 's rather interesting, what you tell me. At all events, bring him here."

"Do you really mean to engage him? You had better give him up."

To which the merchant replied: "When I see him I shall decide whether I shall engage him or not. Bring him here first!"

Then Seihachi, the carpenter, went home, fearing inwardly lest he should lose his customer by bringing this man to Bunzayemon's notice, though he could not help acceding to the man's request.

After a time Bunzayemon heard high words in the front of the shop. One of the voices he recognized as that of Seihachi, who was exclaiming: "Chobei San, you ought not to go in by the front door; manners should compel you to go to the back door. And don't give yourself airs here; if you do I shall be disgraced."

To this the other replied: "What are you talking about? We are not dogs; why should we go round to the kitchen?" And so saying, the young man stalked up to the shop called Kinokuniya, in spite of Seihachi's remonstrance, and asked somewhat loudly: "Is the master at home?"

Hearing him, Bunzayemon entered the shop from the inner room.

No sooner did Seihachi see him than he began to apologize: "Master, I am more sorry than I can tell you, and I beg your pardon for this fellow's rudeness." As he spoke he was holding Chobei by the sleeve.

Bunzayemon, without heeding the apology, civilly welcomed the strange guest, saying: "Come in, sir."

The young man stalked into the inner room, while Seihachi, feeling like a fish out of water, followed him. Bunzayemon ushered the guests into one of the finest rooms in his house. Seihachi was troubled at heart, for the man's clothes were muddy, and said: "Sir, I fear we shall soil your floor."

Without even listening to Seihachi's words, or showing that he had heard them, the host courteously said: "I am Bunzayemon of the Kinokuniya; and what is your name?"

"My name is Chobei," answered the youth somewhat haughtily.

"I 'm glad to make your acquaintance."

Seihachi kept making signs to Chobei as to his behavior, but the latter did not take the least notice.

Seihachi in his distress said to Bunzayemon: "Please, sir, I beg your pardon for his unmannerly behavior. I think he must be a little out of his mind. I 'm sorry to have brought such a fellow."

Meanwhile Bunzayemon and Chobei sat with the *tabakobon* * between them and looked into each other's faces. For a while neither of them spoke, while Seihachi, whose trouble of mind was increased by this state of affairs, tried to extricate himself from this uncomfortable position and said:

"Chobei San, we had better take our leave now." Then, turning to the host, "Sir, you won't engage him after all, will you, sir?"

Thereupon Bunzayemon, speaking somewhat loudly, said: "Oh, yes, I 'll engage you, Chobei San, and take you on as one of my men, if that is your wish."

"Then do you really engage me?" And as he spoke Chobei quickly moved backward a little and bowed to the floor, in the act of showing respect and thanks to his superior.

Bunzayemon then put on a lordly air and asked him: "Chobei, are you skilled in working the abacus?" †

"I don't know much about it," he replied, as he placed both his hands on the matting in the attitude of respect, "because I was bred in a warrior family."

"If that is so you 'll be of no use in the shop," said the master, scornfully. "What can you do then?"

To which Chobei answered, "I know how to turn a lot of money, sir."

"That 's interesting!" replied the master.

* A tobacco-tray.

† The Chinese reckoning-board, consisting of beads or balls strung on wires or rods set in a frame.

The carpenter, stricken dumb with astonishment while the negotiation was going on, said at last, when Chobei had gone, "Sir, have you really engaged him? I can't tell you how relieved I am. I 've been greatly troubled by the thought that I should be disgraced on account of him. Please tell me why were you so civil to him at first?"

"You don't understand, I see," said Bunzayemon, laughing. "Before I engaged him he was my guest, and as he belongs to the warrior class, his social rank is entitled to consideration. But when I have once engaged him, then I am his master, and he is my servant, and I must treat him accordingly."

"I see, I see," said the carpenter. "That is a fine way of looking at it. Well, then, suppose I go to another man's house, I may act in a like haughty manner myself before I get engaged!"

"Certainly; but if you do, you may get disliked instead of engaged"; at which reply the carpenter was profoundly puzzled.

Early the next day the new employee begged his master to advance him some pocket money, which was promptly given him; and having got it, off he went, no one knew whither, and did not return even for the midday meal.

"BUNZAYEMON THEN PUT ON A LORDLY AIR."

Then the other employees warned their master, saying: "Sir, what is the use of that sort of man? We don't know where he has come from. It 's really unsafe to have that sort of fellow about the house, sir."

But the master paid no heed to their warnings. "Not a bit of it! No matter where his birthplace is; so long as the man is worth having, my purpose is served. I can see he has plenty of common sense, and I warrant he 'll be of good service some day. Whenever you plan on a large scale you must have good assistants: there were four kindly men under Yoshisune, the great general, and twenty-eight generals under Shingen, the great lord of the middle ages. Such men we look to for our examples. Since the days of old every distinguished man has attached to himself able supporters. Merchants should do the same, and, as certain as the day dawns, success will come to the business man who employs many good hands under him. Wait and see. Chobei will do some noteworthy things!" Thus he instructed his servants in his principles.

Toward the evening of that day Chobei

came back, but with a downcast countenance. Bunzayemon did not ask where he had been, nor did Chobei volunteer any information. The next day again, and the next, he asked for more money, and went out early in the morning, coming back late at night. He continued in this way for about half a month. The others once more warned their master, but he still refused to listen to them.

One day Chobei came to his master and said: "Sir, you import a lot of timber from Kii Province and try to sell it at once among the people of this city. But Yedo is a place where fires are so frequent that, if you buy up a lot of timber at a time when the price is low and keep it, it 's certain you will make a great profit when some big fire occurs. But to find a good place for keeping timber," he went on, "is one of the chief difficulties, because, as you are well aware, if you keep it near at hand, in the heart of the city, there 's danger of its being destroyed by fire, and if you keep it in a river or the sea, either it rots or is eaten by worms. Now, every day I have been going about looking for a good place to keep it, and at last I have found one at Kiba in Fukagawa. Keep timber in the water of that place, and, on account of the quality of the water, worms will not eat it, but the wood will become shiny and improve by keeping. Besides, no danger will come to it from fire." And he concluded his far-sighted plan with, "For these reasons, I hope you will soon construct a reservoir for timber in that place."

The master clapped his hands in admiration and joy, saying: "Upon my word, that 's a capital idea! I thought you must have been planning something, but I never thought you were looking out for a place to keep timber. I myself had turned over the matter in my mind some time ago, but on account of my many other duties I had n't the time to see to it myself, and I thank you for undertaking it for me." And then and there he intrusted the building of the timber reservoir to Chobei.

Chobei lost no time in going to Fukagawa and buying ten thousand *tsubo*, or about forty thousand square yards, of ground near the temple of Susaki. He built a large reservoir there and removed to it all the timber imported by his master from Kii Province. Besides, Chobei got his master's permission to send out men to the neighboring mountains to buy up timber where it could be got cheap, and having deposited it all at Fukagawa, waited contentedly for the time to sell.

Chapter IX.

THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION—THE CHARITY "BENTO"

It was on the 18th of January in the third year of the Meireki era (1657 A.D.) that a bitterly cold north wind, much colder than usual, was blowing hard. As the wind increased in strength, the foot-passengers, even in the busy streets, became fewer. From the hour of *ne*, or the snake, which is the same as ten o'clock A.M. in our modern reckoning, it had become a regular hurricane, raising clouds of dust and even whirling pebbles into the air. It seemed as if the heavens and the earth were creaking and shaking under the rage of it. At this juncture the people of the city were alarmed by the repeated hasty ringing of several fire-bells in the direction of the Hongo district, the northern part of the city. Everybody went up to his fire-lookout and saw the ominous black smoke rising in the shape of a vast eddying cloud over the part of the city called Maruyama in Hongo.*

It happened that, a few days before, Bunzayemon, with five or six young men and a plentiful supply of money, had gone into the mountains of the neighboring country to buy lumber, leaving the management of his affairs, in his absence, entirely to Chobei San.

So when Chobei hurried up to the lookout to ascertain where it was that the fire had broken out, he glanced up to the heavens and said to himself: "From the appearance of the sky this wind will not fall for some time, and in all probability the whole city will be burned down, because the houses are quite dried up by the continued fine weather we have been having lately. This is the time to save many people, and it is also a very good time to make a great deal of profit!"

* Hongo precinct of the Maruyama Mountain.

Saying this, Chobei made for the shop and issued orders in excited haste to the men. "Now, you men must form yourselves into two bands: one to go straight to Fukagawa and get a huge iron pot and a quantity of rice to be boiled, and make preparations for a charity lunch for the poor; the other to stay here and put together all the goods in the shop that we may transfer them without loss of time to Fukagawa." Though the men complained against his hasty decision to retreat before the distant fire, they could not resist the order of the chief man in the shop, so they reluctantly began to pack up the goods in preparation for departure, though they thought it would only prove necessary in the end to brush the dust and soot from off them. Seeing how they were employed, the neighbors, too, jeered at the hurry they were in; but consternation soon spread even among these neighbors when the sparks, carried and fanned by the wind, had started fresh fires—one at Kanda* and another at Nihonbashi, the business part of the city.

By this time Chobei had already closed the shop and sent off some valuables and some furniture on carts to Fukagawa, escorted by the men of the shop, while he had all the timber floated down the river to the same place, to be put with the other timber which had already been stored there. Chobei was much delighted to find that all the preparations had been carried out, by those who had gone before them, for the charity luncheon for the destitute. "For our first work is the saving of the people," he exclaimed.

So saying, he engaged a few coolies to assist the men in boiling the rice, and so forth. Having wrapped the boiled rice in broad bamboo leaves, together with pickled *daikon*,† he contrived a luncheon for many thousands of the poor in no time.

The stronger the wind grew the farther the fire spread: it devastated the city with such rapidity that noontide of that day saw even the districts of Hachobori and Shiba reduced to heaps of smoldering ashes. Those who were burned out had not had time to put away their furniture, but only escaped with their lives, and were seeking in vain to find shelter in the houses of their relatives, who had suffered a like fate with them and could not assist them. Not knowing where to turn, they wandered about in terror the whole day, and their misery was such that they could not even get themselves food.

While this was the state of things, a band of coolies came among them with a rectangular bamboo basket with *bento*‡ in it, and one of them held aloft a paper flag with huge characters on it, which read as follows: "Kinokuniya Bunzayemon's Charity Luncheon!"

The coolies distributed this *bento* among the men and women that were in distress. Every man and woman, therefore, whether young or old, who was sore oppressed by hunger, was glad to get hold of this food and was relieved by it, though it was only for a time. With admirable sagacity Chobei quickly hired many more coolies and prepared more luncheons, sending them out to every quarter of the city; and so wherever men went they saw the selfsame flag flying for charity, and the whole city was surprised, and praised the generosity of this Kinokuniya Bunzayemon.

In this great fire even those large palaces of the *daimios*,§ which stood in the line of the fire and which could in ordinary days call up many hands to keep the fire off, were not able to escape from the disaster. Even the nobles of high rank and their retainers knew not where to find shelter, but stood bewildered in the corner of their big gardens and waited for help, but in vain. For such personages Chobei ordered men to prepare *bento* in nice packages of *sasaori*¶ and to present it to those nobles and their households in the name of Kinokuniya Bunzayemon. In consequence, even the servants of these nobles were grateful to the coolies, and received the presents on behalf of their masters.

Then, too, Chobei ordered the men of Kinokuniya to put up wooden inclosures round about the grounds of those nobles to protect them from robbery or trespass.

The fire raged through the whole night of the 18th and through the whole of the next

* A precinct of Yedo. † Large white radishes. ‡ Luncheon.
§ Feudal lords, or the nobility of Japan. ¶ Boxes made with bamboo leaves.

day, so Chobei engaged yet more coolies, and ordered them to make more charity *bento* for the relief of the poor.

There was a certain man named Kamada Matahachi, who was well known for his physical strength. He had always kept a large portable closet, about six feet by three, and five feet seven inches in height, in which to carry his furniture in case of fire. When he thought his house was in danger, he put all his belongings into this box, placed a sheet of matting on the top, and carried all these on his back by the means of a rope specially prepared for the purpose. Carrying a long, heavy stick in his hand, he walked unconcernedly and steadily among the crowd like an elephant among dogs. Every one marveled at his size and strength, and was forced to make room for him to go by. When he came to Fukagawa to escape from the fire, he saw there a large sign which read:

> Day laborers are wanted for carrying the charity *bento*. Let all who wish to be engaged call at the timber reservoir of Kinokuniya Bunzayemon at Fukagawa. Three meals will be given, and one *kwan mon* * will be paid daily for wages.

As he had nowhere to go at the time, he was glad to find some work. He went to the timber reservoir of Bunzayemon, where he found a bustle and hurry of men and women, hundreds in number, for the preparation of luncheon. Some were preparing a quantity of rice in large iron pots, others were cutting up some pickles, while a third set of men were wrapping these up in bamboo leaves. Many bands of coolies with their paper flags were carrying out the luncheons in the baskets, while others were coming back with empty ones.

Matahachi, with that big closet on his back, drew near to the place and thundered out: "Is this the place where hands are wanted?" The people turned, and without giving any answer simply looked at one another in astonishment at his curious appearance.

Once more he called out: "I 'm one Kamada Matahachi; I come to assist your charity work for the rescue of the people."

The voice apparently penetrated even to the inner room, for Chobei came out and was also surprised by the man's appearance, but said: "Nothing can be more fortunate for us than to have the assistance of Mr. Matahachi, who is noted in the whole of Yedo for his physical strength. Please help us in our work by distributing the *bento* in this big, light-wood chest."

With ready acquiescence Matahachi laid aside the heavy baggage on his back. "This is my furniture," he said; "please keep it for me." The rattling sound of iron and china in the chest made those near by wonder at the forethought with which he had made provision against the contingency of a fire, and by which he had been enabled to move away at once with all his household goods.

Having safely stowed away his possessions, Matahachi lifted the big, wooden chest, now packed with *bento*, and by means of a rope put it on his back, and, holding the big pole of hard oak-wood in his right hand and the paper flag in his left, started forth to the scene of ruin, with one coolie to assist him.

As he called out in a loud, deep tone of voice to announce the charity, the people turned to him in astonishment and soon came flocking around him. The attendant coolie, standing behind, distributed the *bento* from the chest on Matahachi's back with no inconvenience. So these two finished their task in less time than it would have taken five or six men to do it with ordinary methods. On their way back to Kinokuniya, when they came to a crowded place Matahachi put forth his staff, and, by pushing the crowd to one side, made his way through without any hindrance.

In one of those crowded places he heard the shrieking cry of a girl. Forcing his way to the spot, he found a girl of twelve or thirteen years of age who could not get up on account of being trodden down by the crowd. Being naturally of a chivalrous character, he soon helped the girl up and asked whether she had not her parents with her.

She sobbed, and said: "We all ran away when the fire broke out, and I became separated from my parents!"

As he could not leave her there, he said: "That cannot be helped. If you wander about

* A sum about equal to one dollar.

here you may be trampled to death. I will take you to a better place if you will get into my empty chest." So the coolie helped her in, and they hastened on to Fukagawa.

At another time he saw an old woman of about three score years, half dead, lying by the wayside with her dress partly burned. He felt he could not leave her behind in such a state, so she, too, was put into the bamboo basket by the side of the girl.

Having got back to Fukagawa he said to Chobei: "I rescued these two on the way home. Give them the treatment which is suited to their need." He handed them over to the acting master, who thanked Matahachi, and thus addressed the other bands of coolies: "To give away the *bento* alone does not cover the whole work of charity; whenever any of you are coming back with empty chests, you, too, had better bring people home, if such help is needed as these two received." And a cordial reception was given to the old woman as well as to the young girl.

During such a fire there were naturally many lost children and aged persons who might have been trodden down under foot. Having understood Chobei's instructions, the other bands from that time were sure to bring back two or three who needed help. To any who were thus brought in Chobei gave proper treatment, and as he gave the coolies prizes they worked with great zeal and diligence. Kamada Matahachi went in and out of the fire ruins many times a day and repeated the same charitable work. The five or six hundred coolies did their best, also, and, in consequence, at the reservoir there was a continuous trooping out with the *bento* and trooping in of the people; and by the night of the 19th there were 2800 rescued persons, old and young, all told, who had been brought to this temporary shelter.

Even on the night of the 19th there was no sign of the abating of the fire. The strong northwest wind was still raging, and within two days, the Hongo, Kanda, Nihonbashi, Kyobashi, and Shiba districts were all swept by the fire. And now the fire was burning down Takanawa with such terrific force that the very sea-line seemed to recede before it. But that night the wind suddenly changed to the southeast, and the fire turned backward and licked up all the houses on both sides of the great river Sumida and those that had survived at first in Asakusa and round about Yushima. Then at last it was got under control near to Senju about noonday on the 20th. And since the morning of the 18th, within three days and two nights, the whole city of Yedo had been reduced to ashes and as many as 108,000 people were lost. It was one of the most terrible of fires.

Indeed, such a disastrous fire had never before and has never since occurred in Yedo, and even now it is sadly referred to by the people as the "Furisode-Kwaji"—the long-sleeved fire—quite as often as it is called the great fire of Hongo-Maruyama.

(To be concluded.)

THE ALLENS' SILVER WEDDING.

By Mary Mills West.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Allen were a genial pair of middle-aged people, with no children, and lived in a pretty little city of southern Ohio. Just at the time the story opens they were making plans for celebrating their silver wedding, early in June. It was now about two weeks before the date; the guests had been invited, and most of the arrangements were well under way, when things began to happen. Mr. and Mrs. Allen were sitting at the breakfast-table one lovely May morning, lingering over their coffee and reading their letters. Suddenly Mrs. Allen looked up. "Just listen to this, Henry," she said. "Here is a letter from Helen; and what do you think? She is coming Thursday —and this is Thursday! She says—" reading from the letter:

"You will not even have time to telegraph me not to come, as I shall be nearly there when this letter reaches you. I discovered that some friends of mine were going West at this time, and it seemed such a pity to lose the chance to go with them that I have simply anticipated your invitation by two weeks. The train is due at your station at 4.50 in the afternoon. I wonder if Uncle Henry and I will know each other?

"Hastily but most affectionately yours,

"Helen."

"Well, that 's all right," said Mr. Allen, in a pleased tone. "If Helen comes now she can help you get ready for the party."

Mrs. Allen looked at him helplessly. "If it were only any other time," she said; "but just now, when I shall be so busy every minute! A fashionable young lady from New York is not exactly my idea of help. What do you suppose a girl who has almost never known a mother nor a home, and who has spent the greater part of her life in hotels, knows about cooking and cleaning? I shall write notes to two or three of the girls around, and they will simply have to take Helen off my hands."

Then, as Mr. Allen rose to go, she added: "Please stop at King's and have them send up a piano-tuner. I believe Helen is musical, and that will be one resource for her."

Helen Allen was the daughter of Mr. Allen's only brother, a merchant of New York. Although they saw but little of each other, there was a warm affection between the families. Mr. Allen knew that long before the train came that afternoon his capable wife would have every plan made for Helen's entertainment; so he departed with no misgiving.

Scarcely had the front door closed upon him when the kitchen door opened to admit Hannah, the round-faced German woman who had served the Allens faithfully for five years. There were tears in her eyes as she explained, in broken English, that her mother was very sick and that her brother had come to take her home.

Mistress and maid stood regarding each other blankly.

"What am I to do without you, Hannah, just now when there is so much to do and Mr. Allen's niece coming this afternoon from New York?"

"Too bad," said Hannah; "but I must go!"

"Yes, it is too bad; but we can't help it. Of course you will have to go, Hannah," said Mrs. Allen, resignedly.

It was an hour later. Hannah had taken her departure in a farm-wagon, promising to come back at the first possible moment, or to send some one in her place if she could n't leave her mother. Mrs. Allen, arrayed in a large blue-gingham apron, was setting her guest-chamber in order, when the door-bell rang. A blue-coated messenger-boy handed her a yellow envelop, and poking a stubby pencil at her, remarked briefly, "Sign here." A telegram on top of the other exciting events of the morning was sufficiently upsetting, regardless of its contents, and Mrs. Allen sank down on a chair before she opened it. This was the message which met her eyes:

Come at once. Susan very ill. Will meet 2.30 train.
JOHN BURREL.

Mrs. Allen sat for a moment half dazed, slowly forcing her mind to realize and calculate for this new emergency. The Susan of the message was her only sister, and the Burrels lived in another town about an hour's ride distant! In spite of Mrs. Allen's fifty years, and dazed as she was, she was a woman of action. A few minutes before the 1.30 train left town she stood in the station, bag in hand, talking to her husband. "You must get along somehow, Henry, until I find out how long I shall have to stay with Susan. We shall undoubtedly have to give up our wedding celebration, and of course, if I must stay away, Helen will have to go back. I hardly know how you can manage for her even until you hear from me. Take her to the hotel to-night for dinner, and I will let you know the first thing in the morning just how Susan is." At that moment the train came in, Mr. Allen put his wife on board, and the two said good-by with heavy hearts.

It must be confessed that it was with considerable perturbation that Mr. Allen, about three hours later, faced his stylishly dressed niece as she stepped off the train, and it was not until they were driving home that he could bring himself to the point of revealing to Helen all the misfortunes of the day. He concluded somewhat mournfully: "So you see there is no one to visit but me. There will probably be no wedding celebration, and your Aunt Harriet and I won't feel in the least hurt if you decide you 'd rather go back home."

The pretty girl turned on him with a flashing smile.

"Go home?" she exclaimed. "Well, I like that; that 's a cool reception to give your dear niece who 's come all the way from New York to see you!" Then she added a bit more seriously, "I assure you I am not the least afraid, and you must let me try to do the honors in place of poor aunty."

"'OF COURSE YOU WILL HAVE TO GO, HANNAH.'"

"Honors are all very well, my dear, but what about bread and butter?"

"Surely we can buy those if we have to. Anyhow, I 'm not going back! What a lark this is! — of course, all except poor aunty's part in it, I mean. As far as I am concerned.

Uncle Henry, I think you and I are going to have a picnic."

Although Uncle Henry did not feel at all lark-like, nor share his niece's views on the subject of picnics, he was considerably cheered by Helen's lively view of the situation.

"You see, I am quite used to getting along by myself. Papa and I have knocked about pretty much everywhere, and I have been in some queer places, I can tell you."

By this time they had reached the house, and Helen sprang down with a cry of pleasure at the sight of the square old-fashioned cottage, shaded on one side by a group of noble elms, with flowers and shrubbery in front. Mr. Allen gave Helen the key, and while he was taking the horse around to the barn, she let herself in, found the room evidently intended for her, and took possession at once. There was a flush of excitement on her face and an unusual sparkle in her eyes. "What a chance for me this is!" she said to herself in the looking-glass. "I could n't possibly have planned it better if I had tried."

She took off her hat and jacket and went downstairs. Her uncle was just coming in. "I 'm going out to find something for our supper," he said. "Probably there are some things in the pantry, and I guess I know enough to make tea." He spoke as if making an effort to cheer her.

Something in her gray-haired uncle's real anxiety over the situation touched Helen, and she reached up to kiss him lightly on the cheek. "Now don't you worry one bit over this thing, uncle dear. We are going to get along finely, and have just as good a time as we can with Aunt Harriet away and in trouble."

The events of the next two weeks still remain in Mr. Allen's mind as a blur. On the one hand, he was daily receiving bulletins from his wife full of directions for recalling the invitations for the wedding and unmaking the plans for that great day. It seemed that Mrs. Burrel, though slowly improving, would need Mrs. Allen's careful nursing for another week or more, and then it would be too late to do anything, especially as neither Hannah nor her promised substitute had appeared on the scene. On the other hand, there was a tall, sweet-faced girl, apparently perfectly at home in the disorganized household, who talked a good deal, laughed a good deal, and sang like a lark through the empty house. She also did a great many other things, to the increasing bewilderment of poor Uncle Henry, who was under strict injunctions not to "worry Aunt Harriet" with any of the details of their experiences.

Mrs. Allen was full of anxious inquiries as to how they were getting along, how they lived, where they took their meals, and was n't Helen bored to death, etc., and she was surprised at the meagerness of her husband's replies, but concluded that he was trying to spare her any further anxiety. He wrote vaguely: "We are getting on famously; don't worry a bit about us. Helen is having a fine time. We shall expect you home on the afternoon of the 6th. If we cannot have a party, we 'll dine together on that day, even if it is at the Laurel House."

The dusk of the soft June evening was settling down as Mr. and Mrs. Allen drove up from the station through the streets of the pretty little city. Mrs. Allen looked a little worn after her long siege of nursing, but the knowledge that the dear sister was safely started on her long road to health filled her heart with contentment.

"Now that Susan is nearly well again, and you and Helen have survived somehow, I feel as if I ought not to complain of anything; but I will confess to you, Henry, that it has been a great deal to me to give up our celebration. And to think that we cannot have even a comfortable dinner at home to-day of all days! It is too bad!" They were just in front of the hotel where Mrs. Allen pictured them as dining when she spoke.

"Is Helen here already?" she asked.

"No," replied Mr. Allen. "You see, Helen thought perhaps you 'd rather have something at home than come down here to-day, so I think she has bought some things for our supper."

There was a suppressed excitement in her husband's manner that did not escape Mrs. Allen; but by this time they had reached home, and she said nothing. It was quite dark, and as she opened the door, Helen, with out-

stretched arms, ran to greet her. "Welcome home, aunty dear!" she said, and, throwing open the parlor door, led Mrs. Allen into the room, which was softly lighted and odorous with roses. Helen did not give her much time to look about, but took hold of her arm. "Come along, now, aunty," she said. "You have just time to get into your best dress before dinner will be ready."

"'GO HOME?' SHE EXCLAIMED. 'WELL, I LIKE THAT!'"

"Dinner!" gasped Mrs. Allen, as her vigorous young relative hurried her, perforce, to her bedroom. "Where are you going to get any dinner?"

"Here, to be sure," said Helen, laughing. "Where should a happy family like this dine, if not at home? But don't stop to ask questions now, aunty; just please change your dress. Dinner will be served in twenty minutes."

On the bed lay a beautiful lavender muslin dress, all frills and laces, unmistakably suggesting a festivity, and everything necessary to go with it ready at hand. Poor bewildered Aunt Harriet put herself, as best she could, into this fine array, finishing just as her husband came for her. He offered her his arm with exaggerated solemnity. "Gracious, Henry," said Mrs. Allen, "how grand we are! Are we entertaining royalty to-night?"

"No; royalty is entertaining," he replied, as he kissed his queen.

She gave a gasp of astonishment as the dining-room door opened before them. There twenty of her dearest and best friends stood around a long dinner-table, spread with snowy linen and decorated with flowers, while the sideboard glittered with silver gifts which these same friends had brought. Helen, who seemed to be the commander-in-chief, escorted her aunt to her place at the table, then vanished through the kitchen door. The dinner which followed, in one delicious course after another, was served by Helen, with the help of two other young girls, all in dainty white dresses, and completed Mrs. Allen's mystification.

Finally, when she could contain herself no longer, she raised her hand and made them listen as she said: "Now it may be all right to take advantage this way of a poor old woman in her absence; but what *I* want to know is, who cooked this dinner?"

Uncle Henry rose from his chair, and, speaking with great impressiveness,— with a sweep of his hand toward Helen, who, with her friends,

was enjoying the scene from a corner of the dining-room,— said:

"I have the distinguished honor, madam, as well as the very great pleasure, of presenting to you your new cook and housekeeper, Miss Allen of New York. Long may she wave!"

A burst of laughter followed, the guests rising with cheers in response to the toast, while Helen, with flushing cheeks and laughing eyes, made a low curtsy to her aunt; then she ran into the parlor, and immediately the house rang with the strains of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." Promptly the whole company marched to the parlor, where Helen had changed to a burlesque rendering of "Oh, Promise Me."

It was not until after the happy evening was spent, and the guests gone, that Mrs. Allen really cornered her niece and her husband.

"You are two noble conspirators," she said, "and it was a lovely surprise. I can't imagine how you did it; and I should like to know where you learned to do all these things, Helen."

"Well, you see it 's this way, aunty. Papa has been away a good deal for a year or two, and I have amused myself by going to cooking-school, a school of housekeeping, a chafing-dish class, and some sewing classes. But I never had a chance to practise my knowledge before, and when I found this opportunity here waiting for me, I was delighted; and if you are going to make me stop doing things now that you 've got home, I shall wish that you had n't come."

"My dear girl," said Mrs. Allen, "it is like a fairy-tale. I have quite made up my mind to write to your father to-morrow and make immediate arrangements to adopt you."

"'LONG MAY SHE WAVE!'"

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE VALLEY.

I.

HAVE you ever heard, my laddie, of that wondrous mountain-peak
On which we all would like to live, which even children seek?
It has reared its lofty summit ever since the world began.
You will know it when I name it — 't is the Mountain of the Can.
It lies beyond the valley where so many people dwell
(The Valley of the Can't, it 's called. We all know *that* place well);
And the pathway is so rugged leading up the mountain-side
That few there are who reach the top to dwell there satisfied.

II.

ONE may start out some fine morning when the sun is shining bright,
Saying, "Pooh! That path is easy. I will reach the top by night."
But by noon the storm-clouds gather, and a mist obscures the way,
And he stumbles over boulders, and falters in dismay.
He is weary and discouraged; he begins to puff and pant;
So he turns his footsteps backward toward the Valley of the Can't.
Here he meets again the neighbors whom he thought to leave behind;
And henceforth dwells among them, with the lame and halt and blind.

III.

BUT sometimes a man more venturesome and plucky than the rest
Will climb through rocks and bramble till he stands upon the crest.
Here he pauses, filled with wonder as he gazes far and wide
At the beauty of the buildings, at the wealth on every side.
For behold! the grandest castles raise their turrets to the sky;
Noblest bridges span the waters that go swiftly tumbling by.
Sweetest flowers fill the gardens of each stately palace home;
And Happiness and Honor dwell beneath each gilded dome.

IV.

HERE dwell artists, poets, statesmen — men of letters and renown,
Who by honest toil and patience have achieved a victor's crown.
Here they live and learn and study, and in daily knowledge grow,
While their brethren in the valley pay them homage from below;
Pay them homage — yet forgetting that should they, too, persevere
They might some day reach the summit with the men whom they revere.
Forgetting that each lesson learned, each slight accomplishment,
Brings them on just one step farther up the mountain's steep ascent.

Now, my laddie, where will *you* dwell when you grow to be a man —
In the Valley of the Can't or on the Mountain of the Can?

Gertrude Morton.

ROXY—TRAINMAN.

(A True Story.)

By Evelyn Nichols Kerr.

Late in the afternoon of a hot August day in the summer of 1901, a lady was seen quickly walking down one of the city streets toward the ferry. She looked at her watch and saw that she had not a moment to spare. She quickened her step; only one more block and she could rest from the terrible heat: but just as she started to cross the last street, a pitiful sight

ROXY.

met her eyes. Standing right before her was a miserable little dog. He was weak and emaciated, but the pleading look in his brown eyes was not to be resisted.

"Why, you poor little thing!" she said kindly, stooping down and patting him; and the knowing look in his intelligent eyes deepened.

"It 's hot, poor fellow, is n't it?" she said over her shoulder, as she hurried on. To her surprise, she saw the dog was following. His tail was waving feebly, and the tired little creature was doing his best to keep up with her quick steps.

She paused irresolute for one moment. Just then a gong sounded, and she ran a few steps. As she stepped on the boat she turned to look for the dog. There he was close at her heels, a picture of wretchedness, but with the kindliest, most expectant look in his golden-brown eyes.

Everybody smiled, and the dog stayed close to his new friend till the boat drew into its slip. And soon the two friends were in the train comfortably seated for their journey.

He soon settled himself contentedly on the seat, and after a while slid to the floor, where he slept soundly. The lady herself, being very tired, also took a little nap.

"Conductor, *where is that dog?*" A startled voice asked the question as the train drew out of Garden City.

"I don't know, madam. I did n't see him get off. I 'll see if he 's on the train"; and the conductor moved on.

But he was not on the train; and that was the last his first friend saw of him.

Lurid gleams of lightning swept a threatening sky, and a deep rumble came from the northwest. Then a deeper rumble came from the north, and between the two sounds was a queer little noise that the man at the telegraph key had not yet noticed. Then a great flash of light swept in at the window, making the man start and push back his chair; and after the roar of thunder died away, he turned his head to listen to something else. It was the queer little noise again, but louder than before, and now there was a note of terror in it. *Ki-yi! Yap-yap!* it went appealingly.

"I declare! What 's that?" said the man, and he opened the office door.

"Well! where on earth did you come from?" he exclaimed, as a frightened, dilapidated yellow dog wabbled into the room.

The dog gave him a look of apology and a wag of the tail which said very plainly: "Yes, thank you, I will come in. There is going to be a great storm, and I will keep you company"; and he walked across the room, and seated himself close up against the man's legs.

Now the rain began to come down in torrents. The lightning appeared to split the heavens. The thunder crashed like cannon. At every boom of thunder the dog drew closer, rapping his tail feebly on the floor, and turning up his muzzle affectionately to the man.

The trees swayed and bent as if they would break in two.

"Ever seen the like of it before, old man?"

The dog looked at him with level eyelids.

"So you thought you 'd come in and take care of me, did you?"

The dog moved as close as possible, rapping his tail audibly. His honest brown eyes shone brightly.

"Well, I never like to be alone in a storm like this one. But, bless me, I 've never seen a dog talk with his eyes as you do. Where did you come from, anyhow?"

The dog lowered his head.

"Well, never mind; we won't talk about that if you don't want to."

Up came the head, and there was another appreciative rap of the tail.

When the storm cleared, these two knew each other pretty well. That night the dog followed the man to his home, and for many days kept close to his heels.

Then one day he was missing; and the next day the story was told of a yellow dog that got on the train by himself and took a short journey to the old town of Hempstead. It interested the conductor of that train to see a dog traveling alone — so he spoke to him and patted his yellow head; and the next morning, when he left his home in Hempstead to go to his regular train, he was surprised to find the dog waiting for him on his door-step; and nearly every night found him at the conductor's door, though occasionally he spent a night with his Garden City friend.

"This dog must have a name," the conductor said one night. "I never saw a brighter, kinder-hearted dog, and I believe I 'll call him 'Roxy,' after that puppy the brakeman gave me once. Roxy, man, get up and make a bow. You 've got a name now." Roxy got up and shook himself instead of making a bow, which seemed to answer just as well; then he tipped his head on one side, and looked at his friend with bright eyes, wagging his tail joyously.

"So you like your name, do you?" the conductor continued. "That 's good. It 's hard to be called by a name you don't like. Well, it 's wonderful what you know, and we won't say anything more about *that;* but," he went on, "you 've got to have a dog license, and a collar with your name on it, so people will know who you are. I 'll speak to the boys about it."

ROXY AND ONE OF HIS RAILWAY FRIENDS.

For two months Roxy traveled every day between Garden City and Hempstead. He would appear on the station platform at just the right time to take a train, and always seemed to know the exact time scheduled for the coming in or going out of the various trains. Where he kept

his time-table nobody knew, but he evidently had one.

One day he was missing, and there was consternation among the men, who had grown fond of him. For two days nothing was heard of him, and grave looks were exchanged when the question was asked many times during those two days: "Seen anything of Roxy?"

Then came good news, for it was learned he had extended his travels. He had gone as far as Long Island City, stayed all night, taken several rides on the ferry-boat next morning, gone into the dock and played around the engines, then back to the station, and from the many trains standing there had picked out the Hempstead train and ridden gaily home on the engine. How glad the men were to see him at that end of the line! This was his first ride on the engine, and it soon became his favorite place. Sometimes he would ride in the passenger-coach; occasionally he rode in the baggage-car: but more often he was found in his favorite place, the engine. There, perched on the seat on the fireman's side,— he never thought of going on the engineer's side, where, of course, he might be in the way,— with two paws firmly braced on the sill, he watched the country as the train swept by.

ROXY'S FAVORITE PLACE IN THE CAB OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

Life now flowed along smoothly for Roxy. The conductor kept his word and spoke to the "boys," and the result was a handsome nickel-plated collar made to order for the dog. On one side of the collar is a brass plate bearing the single word in large letters, TRAINMAN. On the other side is a similar plate on which are engraved the words:

RAILROAD ROXY,
Garden City, L. I.,
Presented by the boys of the
L. I. R. R. Branch Y. M. C. A.

From the collar hangs his license tag, which protects him from the official dog-catcher, allowing him to wander safely at the promptings of his will.

When the fund was subscribed for the collar, it was decided that Roxy should have a blanket

as well, and his friends responded so generously that after these two necessaries were provided, enough remained over to start Roxy's first bank account. A dog of such strong character and independence, his many friends argued, should be able to pay his own dog tax and doctor's bills. When the bank account was last heard from it amounted to sixteen dollars.

As Roxy extended his travels, he learned to know where his different friends lived, and it may be truthfully said that there is probably no dog in the world who is welcomed into as many homes as Roxy. He now travels everywhere on Long Island where there are railroad tracks; he knows where all the railroad men live in different Long Island villages, and when he has the time he looks up their homes and calls on them. Sometimes he sleeps in a station, but oftener he is put up for the night by one of his railroad friends.

Roxy is a great respecter of persons. He knows every trainman and expressman on the Long Island Railroad, and his preference for his friends who wear the blue uniform is so marked that he will seldom make friends with any one else.

His meals are served to him promptly and abundantly in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms at Long Island City, and when taking his long trips his many friends see that he is properly cared for. His firm, round body, bright eyes, and glossy coat testify to his fine physical condition.

One morning, as he came trotting down the platform at Long Island City, he discovered a car that was new to him. It looked so inviting he thought he would like to ride in it, and he boarded it at once. A little later, special car "A" went out on the road with a party of the company's officers on board. It was not long before Roxy was discovered by an indignant porter. The dog seemed perfectly at home, but the porter, resenting the intrusion, prepared to put him off. As soon as his presence was known to the company, the officials gave orders that he should remain, and they made much of him. After luncheon he was missed. He could not be found, and it was feared that the porter, still indignant at the dog's presence, had disobeyed orders. He was called up.

"Do you know where Roxy is?" sternly asked the superintendent of the road.

"No, sah!" was the answer.

"Go look for him," was the command.

The porter disappeared, but in a moment returned, indignation written on every feature

"If the gentlemen will step this way —" he commenced, but that was as far as he got; he could say no more in his wrath.

The men quickly followed him, and there in the state-room, contentedly curled up in the center of the snow-white counterpane covering the bed, lay Roxy, quietly sleeping. The porter's indignation knew no bounds, and he stretched forth his dark hands to seize the dog, when the general superintendent quietly gave orders that he should not be disturbed, and Roxy slept peacefully on and finished his nap in comfort.

Roxy has one enemy, the automobile, toward which he has shown the greatest hatred and jealousy. Whenever he sees one approaching or leaving a station, he rushes excitedly at it, giving vent in good honest dog language to his views of the new invention.

One bright day in June a sad thing happened. He was in Long Island City, on his way to the Young Men's Christian Association rooms for a good meal, when he saw an automobile approaching from the ferry. He stopped short, and his back was at once a mass of bristles. Then he commenced to bark and run at the machine. It was all over in a minute — the merciless machine passed over the dog's small body, and it was believed that he was crushed to death. From every side his friends came running. He was lifted tenderly and carried into the Branch, where a bed was quickly made for him.

"Boys, it 's all over with Roxy!" said a conductor, blowing his nose very hard and turning away from the suffering dog.

And, indeed, it did look that way. No one had hopes of his recovery; but many hands ministered to him, dressing his wounds and trying to give him comfort in his pain, and, notwithstanding his great agony, Roxy lifted his muzzle adoringly to his friends of the blue uniform, licking their hands and wagging his tail with all the little strength he had left.

After careful nursing, the good news went out that Roxy was doing well; and after a time he appeared limping on three legs, but just as bright and independent as ever. Something, however, was wrong with one of his shoulders, but this did not keep him from resuming his travels.

One day, as he limped across a station platform, a lady stepped up to an official, and asked the cause of his lameness. When she was informed, she handed the man her card, saying: "I wish you would send him to my surgeon in town. He will fix him up all right, and Roxy will have no doctor's bill to pay."

And now Roxy, owner of many friends, trots as strongly on his four legs as he did before that eventful day in June; and — would you believe it, he still barks at automobiles.

My Uncles

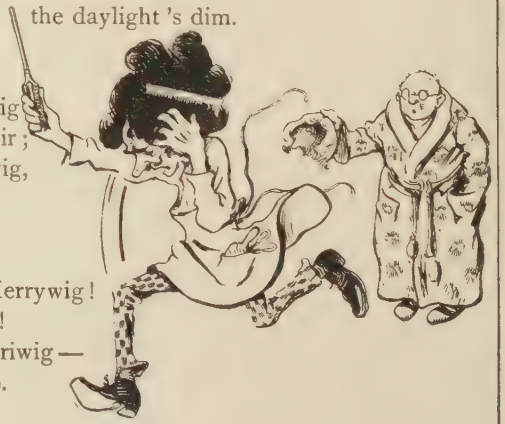
(*Nonsense Verse.*)

By L. E. R.

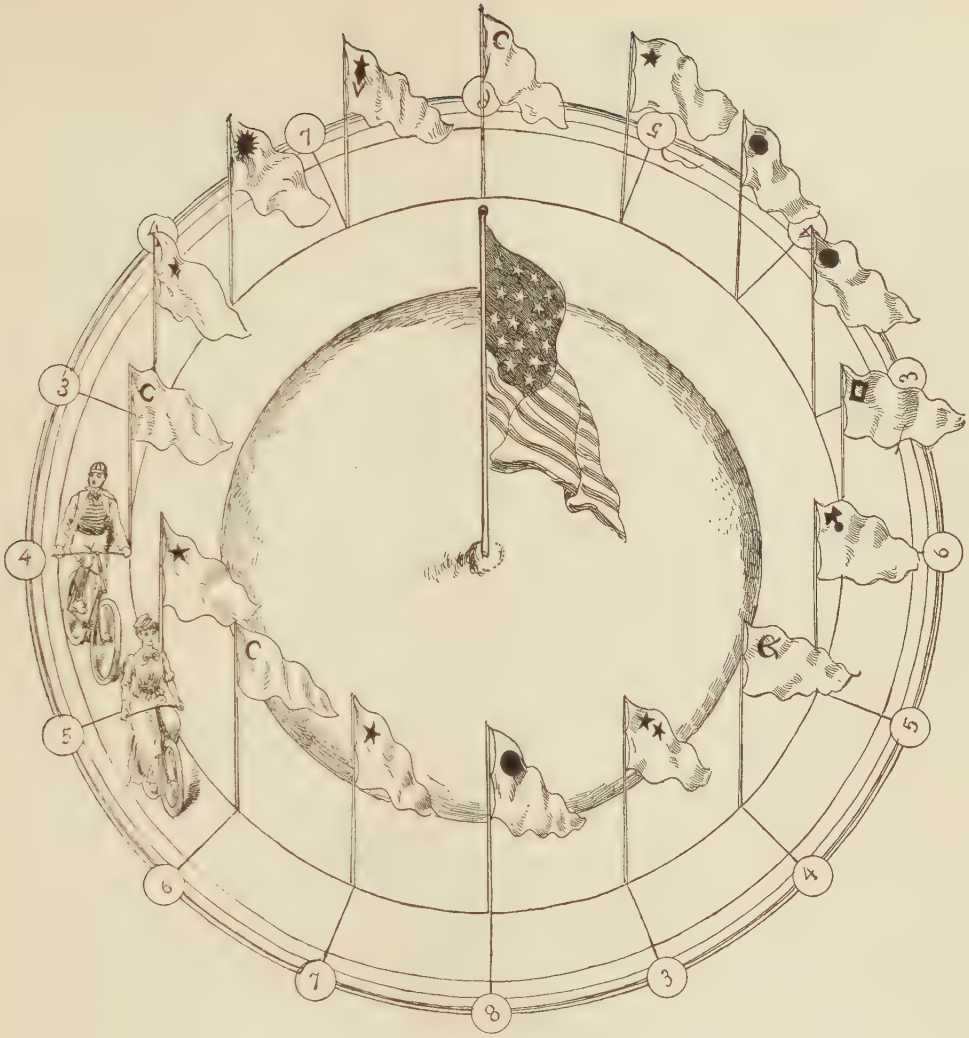
My old uncle Timothy Tittlebat
Went one evening out for a ride;
Scared 'most into fits by a little bat,
Took to his bed, and lived till he died.

Poor old Timothy! poor old Tittlebat!
Poor old gentleman — sorry for him!
Naughty, naughty, naughty little bat,
Flitting about when the daylight 's dim.

My old uncle Marmaduke Merrywig
Begged the barber to curl his hair;
When he found 't was only a periwig,
Barber fled in a dark despair.



Poor old Marmaduke! poor old Merrywig!
Poor old barber — sorry for you!
Pitiful plight, to be piqued by a periwig —
Horrorful, sorrorful tale (if true!).



THE BICYCLE-TRACK.

SECOND SIGHT ON A BICYCLE-TRACK.

By J. C. Beard.

The rule that governs this little circular bicycle-track is a very simple one, and yet there seems to be a mystery about the way in which it works. Let the one who plays the trick, and whom we will call the station-master, go away to some place from which he cannot see what you do. Start an imaginary bicycle along the track at any station marked by a flag. Beginning with the number on the disk opposite the flag at which you start (say 8 at the bottom of the illustration), and calling the next station "nine" (even though it is marked 3, if you are counting to the right), count the stations as you pass them. Go as far as you please, then return, stopping when the number of flags you have passed coming back reaches the same number as that at which you stopped in going forward, and the station-master, on being shown the station from which and the direction in which you started, will be able

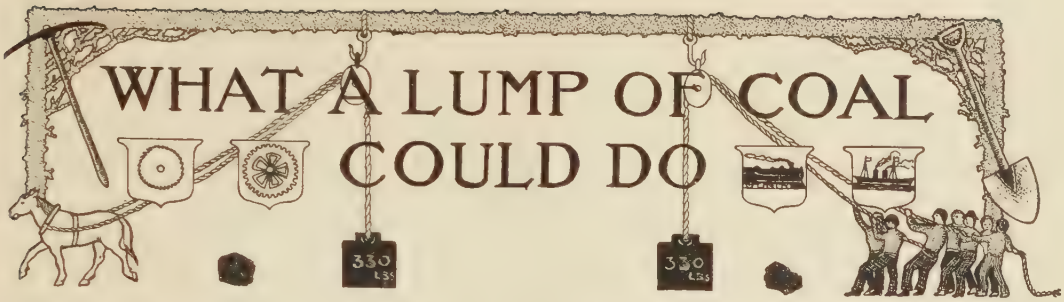
to tell you where you finished your return journey.

Begin, for instance, at station 8, at the bottom of the illustration; call this station (as it is marked) "eight," the next, say to the right, "nine" (never mind what it is marked), and so on until you have gone forward as far as you care to, say until you have counted to fifteen, that is, at the disk 5 at the right, near the top. Now return, calling the flag from which you start back again "one," and reckoning each flag you pass as an additional one until you have counted a number equal to that at which you left off in going forward (namely fifteen), and the station-master will astonish you by telling you that your course is finished at the disk in this case marked 7, at the upper left.

Try it and see. The secret of the trick is as simple as the rule that governs the track. All the station-master, therefore, has to do is to count along, in an opposite direction from that in which you say you started off, as many stations as are indicated by the number on the disk opposite the flag at which you began your course—include that initial station in the count.

If there were only one starting-point the finish would always occur at the same station; but as any starting-station at will may be used, the trick may be made to appear more confusing. If, instead of eight or any other number, you should call the station from which you start "one," and count forward any number, and the same number back again, you would, of course, bring up at your starting-point; whereas if you call the station from which you begin your run "eight" (or any other number, depending upon the station from which you choose to start), you will pass it on your return, and go beyond it eight or as many stations as will equal the number of your starting-point.

UNCLE 'RASTUS (FORGETTING HOW LONG HIS COAT IS): "I DECLARE, I 'SE GITTIN' SO STIFF WITH RHEUMATIZ DAT I CAIN'T STAN' UP STRAIGHT!"



WHAT A LUMP OF COAL COULD DO

By George Ethelbert Walsh.

A century ago most of the labor of the world was performed by the hard work of man and beast, and both, toiling day after day in the fields, could just about keep sufficient food ahead to prevent famines and general starvation; but to-day machinery performs most of the world's work.

Originally man-power did the world's work; then horse-power was employed; and now machinery, driven by steam, directly or by converting its energy into electricity, compressed air, or other sources of power, is doing the greater part of the hard work of man and beast.

What is the relative amount of work that a man can do in comparison with a horse or machinery? At his very best the strongest man stands in pretty poor comparison, even with a horse, for hard, continuous labor. He might perform for a few minutes one half horse-power of work, but to keep this up for any great length of time would be impossible.

Thus the gain in forcing horses to do a part of the world's work was enormous. One horse could exhaust a dozen men in a single day, and still be ready for the next day's work.

The measurement of a horse's power for work was first ascertained by Watt, the father of the modern steam-engine, and he expressed this in terms that hold to-day. He experimented with a great number of heavy brewery-horses to satisfy himself that his unit of measurement for work was correct. After many trials he ascertained that the average brewery-horse was doing work equal to that required to raise 330 pounds of weight 100 feet high in one minute, or 33,000 pounds 1 foot in one minute. So he called this one horse-power.

This work, however, is not continuous, for the horse would have to back up after each pull to lower the line of the pulley, and thus he would work four hours a day in pulling 330 pounds in the air at the rate of 100 feet a minute, and four hours in slacking up the rope. Consequently no horse can actually perform continuously what is generally called one horse-power. The horse was never born that could tug at a rope for eight hours a day, pulling 330 pounds 100 feet each minute without rest or change. Consequently, when we speak of horse-power we refer only to the average work a horse can do in one minute, that is to say, the *rate* at which he can work.

A strong man might pull half that weight 100 feet in the air in two minutes, but he could not repeat the operation many times without being exhausted.

For all needful purposes the expression of one horse-power is accurate enough, and practically shows the measurement of an average horse's abilities for working. As a rule a strong man can in eight hours work at the rate of about one tenth of one horse-power; that is, it would require ten men to pull 330 pounds 100 feet in the air in a minute, and then slack up and repeat the operation throughout the eight hours of a working day. The world's gain in labor when horses were first employed to help man in his work was thus tenfold.

The discovery of the application of steam marked the next change in the development of power. In order to find out how much gain was made in harnessing steam, it was necessary to use horse-power as the unit of measurement. So to-day we find steam and electric engines spoken of as, for instance, five, ten, or a hundred horse-power. Thus a ten-horse-power

machine is one capable of lifting ten times 330 pounds 100 feet in the air in a minute, or 330 pounds 100 feet in $\frac{1}{10}$ of a minute, or 330 pounds 1000 feet in a minute, and so on.

For most people it is not easy to understand how a lump of coal can furnish work; but to the scientist this is very simple. In order that this may be clear we must examine the coal and its possibilities.

Heat is a form of energy which can be harnessed to do our bidding. If you burn a lump of coal it forms heat, which may escape into the air and be of no service to us. This was the case for hundreds of years, and the vast amount of energy that was wasted before man discovered the value of heat for purposes other than warming and cooking would have sufficed to do all the necessary work for the tribes and peoples who used fire from the time of the early Britons down to the present century.

But burn this lump of coal in close contact with a vessel containing water. The heat produced, which is measured in what are called heat-units, will make the water boil and bubble and then produce steam. This latter will likewise escape in the air and be wasted if not confined and its energy utilized as pressure or heat.

In order to express in specific terms the energy of coal, or its ability to do work, it was necessary to find some unit of measurement. Each pound of ordinary coal is supposed to give forth 12,000 heat-units when burned. The way a chemist would determine how much energy there is in a piece of coal would first be to pulverize it and then weigh very carefully a small quantity of the powdered coal and by chemical means burn it under a known quantity of water. Both the weight and temperature of the water are ascertained before and after the burning. In this way he can figure out how much heat was added to the water by the coal, and knowing that, he can express in heat-units the amount of heat given out by the powdered coal. It is then a simple matter to find out the proportionate amount of heat given out by the whole lump.

A lump of coal weighing a pound is nearly as large as a man's fist. What is the potential (or stored) energy contained in that small lump? If we could burn this pound so that not a particle of heat was lost, but all went to heat a tub of water a foot deep, six feet long, and two feet wide, it would raise the temperature 16 degrees. In other words, it would raise the water from 64 degrees to 80 degrees, making it just comfortable to bathe in. There is nothing marvelous in such an operation, and one may not think there is so great energy in coal, after all; but when we come to express in other ways the value of this heat imparted to the water quite a different story is revealed.

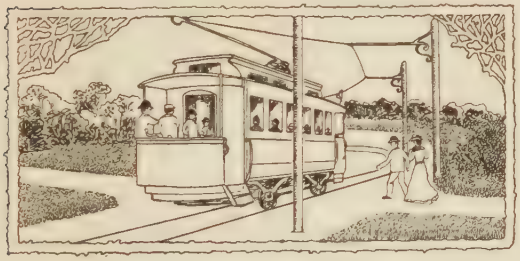
The 12,000 heat-units in the pound of coal that just brings the temperature of the water up so that it is comfortable for bathing purposes is equal, in a mechanical sense, to 9,336,000 foot-pounds or an amount of work equivalent to raising nearly 47 tons 100 feet high. Here is a most astonishing thing—a secret which the coal withheld from man for many centuries. While man and beast were laboring to do the world's work, there were hidden in the earth millions of pounds of coal, each one of which was capable of doing the work that would be done by 282 horses in one minute. Or if we would express it in a *day's* work, each pound of coal could do the *full* day's work of a powerful horse, working continuously, in pulling up 330 pounds 117.5 feet in the air every other minute throughout the day of eight hours.

There are few things more remarkable than the possibilities contained in each lump of coal. A laboring man could carry in his pocket enough potential energy to perform all his tasks for several days. If this same lump of coal could be suddenly converted into heat, and that heat all imparted to water to make steam, we would be able to perform wonders. For instance, the energy thus utilized would be sufficient to run an electric-motor car full of passengers two and a half miles at the rate of twenty miles an hour. It would also carry a train of six ordinary cars and a heavy Pullman sleeper and dining-car one sixth of a mile at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

The coal, which the world neglected for so many ages, using it occasionally for heating or cooking, is thus one of the most remarkable of all the world's precious products—more

wonderful, and in a measure more valuable, than all the diamonds, rubies, and sapphires that have ever been mined. It contains stored-up energy that has revolutionized the world; it becomes the secret of man's modern progress—the actual power which has made the last century the greatest the world has ever known. Yet, without much thought of all this, we carelessly throw scuttlefuls of the black diamonds into our stoves merely to warm our homes with it. And we little think of the waste energy that goes up the chimney as the coal crackles and sparkles. The greater percentage of the heat is lost, while a very small portion of it is distributed around the room to warm us. But even this small part of the heat which we use for warming our rooms is sufficient to produce magic-like transformations in the world of mechanics and machinery. The heat used for cooking our dinner and for boiling the water to make coffee or tea could be made to run mills and factories if it were all saved and properly used.

Now let us compare this new power which man has found in coal with that which the human muscles exerted in the days when the



great Pyramids were built—when hundreds of thousands of men toiled and slaved for years to create monumental works that could to-day be built by machinery in a few years with a few thousand men at most. The power of a man for work, we will say, is only one tenth of that of a horse; but the horse compares even more unfavorably with steam and machinery, while man himself becomes a unit of such small measurement that his efforts are puny indeed.

Suppose we select a hard-working laboring man as an example—one whom we call strong and muscular, with body trained to daily toil, so that he could easily perform manual labor that would completely exhaust another not in training. Such a strong laborer is one who represents the highest achievements of muscular manhood. He can wield an ax all day long

in the woods; he can swing the shovel eight hours a day, filling furnaces with coal or digging ditches; or he can plow and harrow with firm hand and till the soil for crops. Such a man has from the beginning of the world been a mighty power in transforming the face of nature; but here comes along a pound of coal which has been buried for ages in the earth and for centuries after its discovery was esteemed as of little practical value, while if properly used the energy stored in it could perform in one minute all the work that *five* strong men could accomplish in one day, working eight hours with scarcely a moment for rest. We may put it in another way. If it was necessary to perform the work in one minute, it would take about 2800 men to accomplish the task that the small lump of coal would perform in the same short space of time.

If we let horses do the work instead of men we find still that the lump of coal is immeasurably greater in its possibilities. The single strong horse is capable of raising the 330 pounds 100 feet in one minute, or, as commonly expressed, the animal does 33,000 foot-pounds of work in a minute. The pound-lump of coal contains 12,000 heat-units, which, as we have seen, is equivalent to 282 horse-power, or 282 times 33,000 foot-pounds of work in a minute, or 9,306,000 foot-pounds of work. It would take a string of 282 horses, stretching out about half a mile long, to produce the same amount of power or work. They would just be accomplishing what a pound-lump of coal could

do if all its potential energy could be transformed into heat and harnessed for work.

Take another example of what a pound of coal can do in the way of work compared with the feeble effort put forth by man. In olden times when the saw was invented a great stride was made in mechanics. The continuous row of sharp teeth would do many times as much work as a single sharp edge; and a man armed with a sharp saw could greatly multiply his labors. But when the *circular* saw was invented a much greater device for reducing the labor of man was discovered. The circular saw can travel far faster than the hand-saw, even when driven by simple hand or foot power; but when operated by machinery the teeth will travel more than seventy times as far through the wood as those of the hand-saw in the same space of time. In other words, the steam-operated circular saw will cut something like seventy times as much wood in a minute as a strong man who works sixty strokes a minute, or one a second. That gain seems so tremendous that one hesitates to expect more; but here is our little pound-lump of coal, which can supply power enough to operate 180 of these circular saws for a full minute, performing in that short space of time all the work that 12,600 men could accomplish with the old hand-saws, moving up and down at the rate of 60 strokes a minute.

In these interesting illustrations of the power of a pound of coal, it must be remembered that the *full amount* of *potential* energy contained in the fuel is considered, and not what is only actually utilized in generating steam. The fact is that we have not yet been able to utilize more than a small percentage of the heat of coal. In its combustion a large percentage of it is wasted up the chimney, and consequently it cannot perform these marvels to-day under present conditions of burning. There is consequently far more coal required to do the world's work to-day than may be the case a hundred years from now, when some inventor may find new forms of grates and furnaces for burning coal so that there will be little or no waste of heat-energy, or, in other words, of power.

Coal has become man's chief worker, and horse labor and human manual labor are slowly being pushed aside. In the great transformation it has been brain power that has triumphed over brute strength. Man first sought to shift his burden to the backs of the beasts of the field, and the horse became his patient friend and assistant; but now he seeks to harness the elemental forces of nature to do his bidding. The burden is thus lightened without cruelty to any living creature; neither man nor beast has had his labors increased, but steadily decreased.

The harnessing of the waves and wind for generating electric power, or the focusing of the sun's rays on a boiler to utilize solar heat, are but further illustrations of man's efforts to cast his burden of hard labor upon forces which are all around us, if we but know how to release and employ them. When some of the potential power of a pound of coal was first released and harnessed to operate machinery a vital step in the progress of humanity and civilization was taken; but the time may come when even the magic power of the coal will be second in importance and practical value to that of electricity, whose strange power we are only able faintly to comprehend to-day.

THE PRINCESS SOPHIA MATILDA OF GLOUCESTER.

From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Published by permission from the print by P. and D. Colnaghi & Co., London, England.

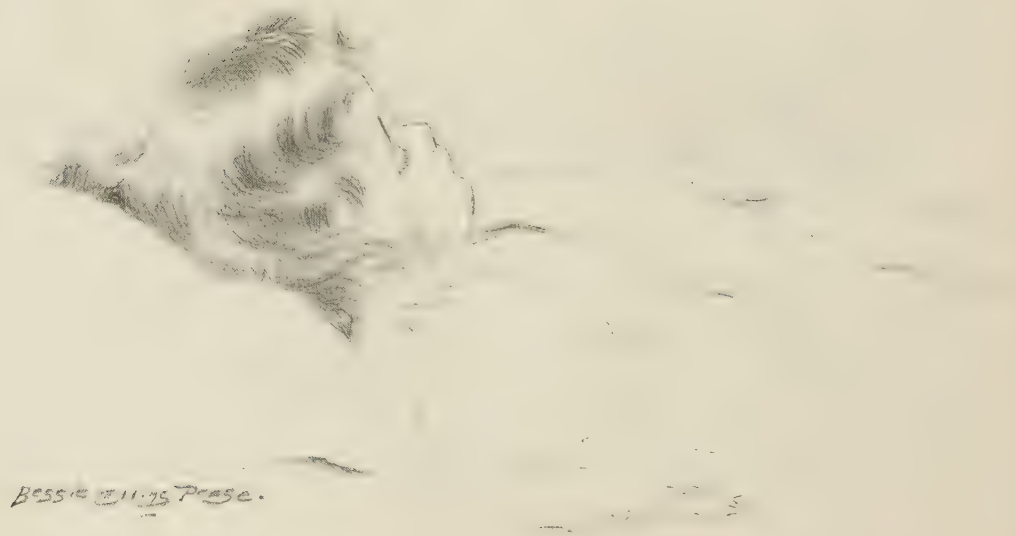
SMILING, SLIP ASLEEP.

By Alex Jeffrey.

Live, my child, so that each day
Bring its share of work and play;
So that you can truly tell
There are some who love you well;
So that when night's shadows creep
You can, smiling, slip asleep.

Good night, mama; papa, too.
One more day they 've lived for you;
One more day of joy is done,
One more night of peace is won.
Now the shadows round us sweep.
You can, smiling, slip asleep.

Into sleep we softly slide
When the heart is satisfied.
Yes, you 've had a happy day—
Cheery work and gladsome play;
And as darkness gathers deep
You can, smiling—s-l-i-p—a-s-l-e-e-p.



HAROLD'S CHICKEN.

By Emily V. Methven.

Harold Godwin was quite sure that there was not another little boy in the whole world who was as happy as he. He lived in a big old-fashioned house whose large pillars reaching up to the peaked roof were once trunks of tall trees brought from Norway, and every spring were given a fresh coat of clean white paint.

Harold was the next to the youngest of a large family, and the only boy. Although at times he thought it a disadvantage to have so many sisters, especially when they all agreed that his face was dirty and his clothes also, yet he loved them all so dearly that he did not see how any boy could be happy with one sister less. The oldest, Lillian, the literary and artistic one of the family, wore glasses, and looked to it that Harold studied his lessons and walked in the way he should go. And there was baby Edith, the youngest of all. Then there was Henrietta, called Hetty for short, who never forgot to make special little pies and tarts for him on the semi-weekly baking day. But Harold's favorite — his chum, as he called her — was Bess, who, although ten years older, was just as much interested in everything in which he delighted as if she were a boy herself.

Bess had some fine chickens which were her special care and pride. They gave her many anxious moments, however, for, having the large farm about which to wander at will, they frequently laid their eggs and even hatched their young in out-of-the-way places. Bess had agreed to give Harold one from every dozen eggs or a chick from every nest that he discovered.

One spring Bess was given twelve beautiful white eggs which promised as many beautiful chickens. She made a comfortable nest for a noisy old hen which had been clucking and scratching in an obtrusive manner for some time, and she and Harold watched the weeks go by until one day they found eleven brand-new chicks, all of which were fluffy balls of yellow except one that was black.

It was baby Edith's delight to stand near the old hen's nest and see the struggling, restless, peeping chicks diving in and out of the downy feathers of the mother. The baby immediately adopted the yellowest and fluffiest of the lot, but her interest ceased when the down changed to stiff, scraggly feathers.

Harold at once put in his claim, but Bess declared it to be hardly fair, as he had found something that was never lost. However, as he was so much disappointed, she finally com-

"THE BABY IMMEDIATELY ADOPTED THE YELLOWEST AND FLUFFIEST OF THE LOT."

promised by giving him the little black chick which from the first showed a discouraging tendency to shorten its days by every sort of imprudence. It had to be coaxed to eat; it half drowned itself two or three times by falling into the water-pan; and it was once rescued from the cat. Its last drowning exploit was nearly the cause of its being burned to death. This is the way it came about:

Harold fished his darling little chick out of the water-pan, and carried it, all limp and dripping, into the old-fashioned bricked-out kitchen,

where Hetty was busy getting dinner. She told Harold to put his chick into a box under the big wood-stove to dry, and in the meantime to wash his face and hands and go into the parlor, where his mother was entertaining some friends. She piled some wood into the stove, and thoughtlessly threw the lighted paper with which she had kindled the fire on the hearth, where Harold's chicken was obediently "drying out." A second later she was horrified to see Harold's chick making its way, between a flutter and a run, through the wide hall that led to the parlor, with the blazing twist of paper on its distended wings, leaving the smell of burning feathers in its wake.

"IT WAS BABY EDITH'S DELIGHT TO STAND NEAR THE OLD HEN'S NEST."

She rushed after it, but not before it had made its appearance like an animated firebrand in the midst of the startled guests. When the poor bird was at last rescued, its beauty had departed, and for many days Harold was the owner of a tailless fowl.

After this painful incident the whole family developed a kind of affection for the little black chicken. It was pitied and protected as if it were the most beautiful bird in the world. At last it responded to their care and seemed to take a little interest in life.

One day baby Edith saw the old rooster standing before a semicircle of ten fluffy, blond little chicks, and she ran into the house and announced to her mother that they were asking the old rooster what had become of their little black brother.

Some weeks later, as the family were gathered around the supper-table, Dr. Godwin said:

"Children, the fair is to be opened next month. How many are going to try for prizes?"

Immediately there was such a din as only a bevy of happy purposeful girls can make when each has something of vital importance to say.

It was some time before Harold's attempts to be heard were successful.

"Papa, I want to send my little black rooster; may I?" he said earnestly.

The shout of laughter which followed Harold's proposition was checked by the father, who said encouragingly:

"Certainly, my son; indeed you shall! I will have your name entered with the others."

INQUIRING FOR THEIR LITTLE BLACK BROTHER.

Despite his sisters' ridicule and their criticisms of his pet's "points," Harold's combless, tailless chicken was duly entered, and, to every one's amazement except its proud owner's, was

awarded a ten-dollar prize. You see, it turned out to be of a very fine and rare breed, and the only one of its kind exhibited.

It is too bad to relate it, but Bess's beautiful white chickens came off prizeless, for in spite of their fine tails and crimson combs they were only of an ordinary stock.

"I tell you, mama," Harold said confidentially to his mother, that night, "it is n't always fine feathers that make fine birds."

A QUESTION OF TASTE.

By H. A. Crowell.

Up a certain crooked city street, through which I often pass,
There 's a narrow little window, set with tiny panes of glass,
Where it seems to me the moments must in sweetness slip away,
For a little candy-maker stands at work there every day.
He wears a cap and apron which are picturesquely French;
There are snowy flour and sugar scattered all about his bench;
In fact, I almost fancy, seeing things so spick-and-span,
That this little candy-maker is a little candy man!

But how queer a candy man can be I never really knew
Till I happened to be passing when the mid-day whistle blew,
And thought to stop and stare a bit could hardly be a crime,
Just to see the kind of candy he would eat at luncheon-time.
Then the sight was so surprising that my vision seemed to fail,
For from underneath his sugared bench he drew a dinner-pail,
And, as if he did n't care at all for any sort of sweet,
This funny candy-maker fell to eating bread and meat!

Now don't you think that such a taste was something very strange?
Consider what a diet he could easily arrange:
On solid things like taffy-balls, for instance, he could dine;
For luncheon, candied violets—so delicate and fine!
And on leaving in the evening, when the honeyed day had fled,
He could take a box of creams to eat before he went to bed!
I wonder, now, what you and I would like if we were French
And molded candies all the day behind a sugared bench?

The Petted Puppy.

By Laura E. Richards.

I SAT beside my niece so fair,
  A lady grave and sweet,
Withal so wise that well I might
  Have sat me at her feet.
She stooped to pat the puppy-dog
  That gamboled at her knee;
And when she spoke, 't was in a tongue
  Entirely strange to me:

"A wizzy wizzy woggums, then!
  A ditty dotty doggums, then!
  And diddy wanty jumpy up?
  A pitty witty pessums pup!"

I spoke to her of foreign climes,
  Of politics and popes;
Of Bishop Bylow's earnest rhymes,
  And General Jingo's hopes.
She answered well and wittily,
  Then turned her eyes aside,
And tenderly she whispered to
  The creature by her side:

"A pupsy wupsy keeter, then!
Was never nossin sweeter, then!
A teenty tawnty tiny tot,
A lovey dovey darling dot!"

I rose as if to stroll away,
But first a moment stood;
I thought perhaps she 'd bid me stay,
And rather hoped she would.
But no! she never raised her head.
I turned the corner near,
And as I went, her silver tones
Still floated to my ear:

"A toodle toodle toodle, then!
A wisky wasky woodle, then!
A toopid manny gone, my joy,
My diddy doddy dorglums boy!"

I noticed how valuable was some water by moonlight, reflecting the light with a faint glimmering sheen, as in the spring of the year. The water shines with an inward light, like a heaven on earth.— THOREAU.

EARTH'S NEAREST NEIGHBOR—THE MOON.

How would you like to take a trip to the moon? It would be a long journey, taking more than six months, if you went with the speed of an express train; or if you traveled with the swiftness of a ball from a modern cannon, it would take about as long as a trip across the Atlantic in a fast steamer. Under average atmospheric conditions, a large telescope gives us a view of the moon as it would be without the telescope at a distance of eight hundred miles from us.

The necessary outfit for the journey must be much more extensive than for any trip on the earth, even the trip to the North Pole. There will be no chance "to live off the country." In addition to warm clothing and food, you must carry with you all you need to drink, and the problem of keeping it from freezing, or thawing it out if frozen, will not be an easy one to solve. There is practically no air on the moon, and you must take along a supply for breathing. If you expect to make a fire and cook your dinner, you must take, in addition to fuel, an additional supply of air to keep your fire going.

THE MOON AT ABOUT FOUR DAYS PAST NEW MOON.

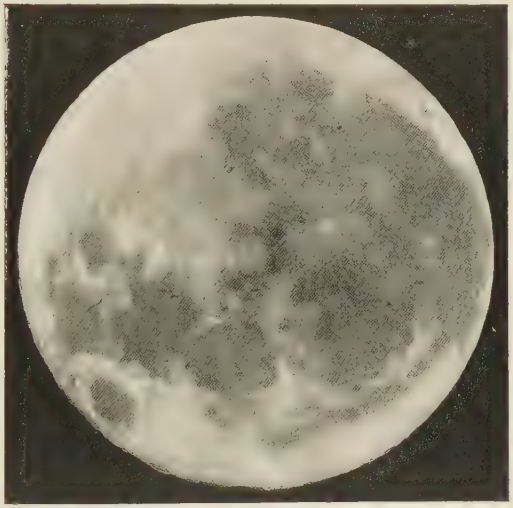
But suppose that in some way you are landed on the moon with a supply of things necessary for sustaining life. If you are on a part of the moon on which the sun is shining, you will marvel, perhaps, first of all, at the dazzling brilliance of the sunlight and the intense blackness of the shadows. Everything in the shade will be in almost total darkness, as there is no air filled with little dust particles to scatter the sunlight so that it may illuminate the places out of the direct path of its rays.

FIRST QUARTER.

And what a sense of desolation will present itself to your view! The Desert of Sahara would look like a luxuriant park in comparison with the lunar landscape. Not a blade of grass, not a tree, or brook, or lake—nothing but a vast stony, silent desert. There are plains, not quite as level as our Western prairies, and great numbers of mountains, most of them much steeper than those on the earth; they are not grouped in long ranges, as our terrestrial mountains generally are, but are scattered all over the surface, singly and in irregular groups. Most of them are shaped more or less like our terrestrial volcanoes, and they probably were volcanoes ages ago, before the moon cooled off.

LAST QUARTER.

If you happen to land on a part of the moon where it is early morning, you will have plenty of time for explorations before night comes on. The sun rises and sets as it does on the earth, but the time between sunrise and sunset is nearly fifteen of our days. Then during the long lunar night our earth will act like the moon, and will light up that part of the moon's surface which is turned toward it. Only there will be this curious difference: it will not rise and set, but will remain nearly stationary in the same region of the sky. From the side of the moon which is always turned away from us the earth, of course, can never be seen at all.



FULL MOON.

Another curious thing will be noticed: you can throw a stone six times as far on the moon as you can on the earth, and you can lift six times as much.

Many other odd and curious things could be seen, but I think that one lunar day and night would give time enough to satisfy the most eager visitor; and he would be willing to leave a place where he must draw his breath from a bottle, and come back to the air and water and green fields and life of the earth.

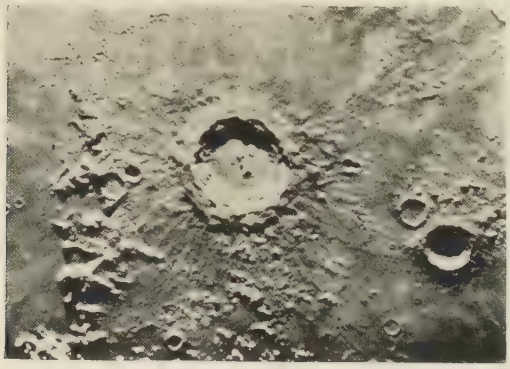
Soon after the invention of the telescope, astronomers began to study the moon's surface carefully. The "man in the moon" disappeared, but they found what they thought were

THE APENNINES (LONG ROUGH RIDGE AT RIGHT). THE ALPS (ROUGH CLUSTER AT UPPER LEFT.)

In this cluster is what seems to be a mere gash. This is the valley of the Alps, nearly straight and eighty-three miles long and from three to six miles broad.

great bodies of water, and names were given to these, such as the "Sea of Storms," etc. Later and more powerful telescopes have shown that these "seas" are only plains, and that there is no water, in liquid form at least, although the old names are retained. The mountains are usually named for noted astronomers.

The moon is the most powerful agent in producing the tides on the earth; it also produces some slight variations in the earth's magnetism. So far as science has been able to investigate, there is absolutely no change in the weather which can be attributed to the moon, although half or more of mankind seem to believe that the moon does have some control over the weather. All such beliefs, including the time for planting gardens and for going fishing, are mere superstitions—the survivals of an age of ignorance. MALCOLM MCNEILL.

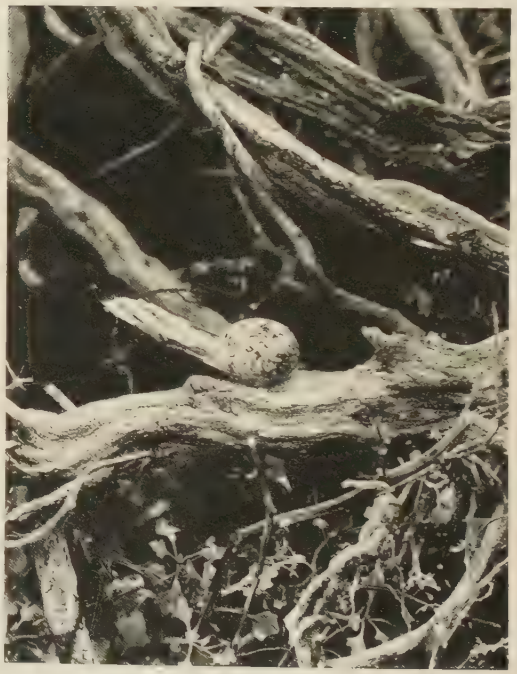


A LUNAR VOLCANO.

THE RECKLESS LOVE-BIRD.

NEARLY every kind of wild fowl has some peculiarity of habit which amounts almost to an eccentricity, and the variety of such peculiarities is astonishing. Sea-birds, from their custom of nesting on protected rocks and islets, are possibly better skilled in devising means for their comfort and safety than most other species. At any rate, we find among them many striking examples of droll personality.

There dwells on most of the isolated coral islets and volcanic crags, scattered plentifully through Oceanica, a little white tern, or sea-swallow, about the size of a dove, known as the love-bird. Save only for a narrow band of jetty feathers surrounding the eye, its plumage is of a lustrous white and its beak is black. The writer met this little fellow among the rocky islets and atolls which are widely scattered to the northwestward of the Hawaiian Islands.



A QUEER PLACE FOR A BIRD TO LAY AND HATCH ITS EGG.

The treatment, or, as some might prefer to call it, the mistreatment of its egg, is the oddest of the love-bird's habits. It is really a crag-dwelling species, and therefore prefers cliffs of some worn-out island. Here the single spotted egg is deftly balanced on any little shelf of rock, often on the top of a roundish knob, as I was many times able to observe on Necker Island. Just how the egg is kept on some of the extraordinary places upon which it is deposited, while the parents are continually flying on and off, passes comprehension. But there the egg rested in mute testimony of the possibility. When living on flat, sandy islets, the love-bird is in some straits to indulge its love for a strenuous home. The best it can do, however, is to pick out what we would consider the most unfavorable situations. On Laysan, for example, a low sandy atoll, the love-birds sought out those portions of the island where old boulders of phosphate rock had been tumbled together, and here we found the eggs perched on the tops of jagged chunks, and in any position on the sides where gravity did not actually assert itself. But the climax was capped when we found the little fellows using the bare limbs of low bushes for nesting sites. We watched the mother stand over the egg shown in the illustration with great confidence, and when she flew away the egg was not in the least jarred.

WALTER K. FISHER.

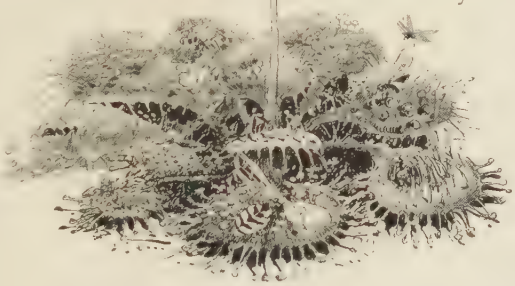
Stanford University, California.

PLANT TRAP FOR INSECTS.

ANIMALS get their food from plants—either directly by eating the plant itself or by eating some other animal or the product of an animal that has been a vegetarian.

Most plants draw their food from the air through the leaves, or from the soil through their roots. But there are some that are not satisfied with this simple inorganic food; they want something richer. Among the most wonderful are those that feed upon insects. In the bogs of our sandy woods and in other parts of the world is a small plant of this kind, known as the sundew. Near the ground it has a rosette of leaves on slender stalks, those of some species being roundish, of others long, slender, and almost thread-like. From this rosette rises a delicate stem bearing near the top a number of white flowers that open one by one when the sun shines on them.

When an insect alights upon a sundew leaf, he is caught and held fast by a sticky material. Then slender arms or tentacles on the edge of the leaf bend over the spot where the little insect is struggling. A fluid is poured out from glands at the tips of the tentacles, and the soft parts of the insect are in a short time actually digested. Later the tiny arms open, and the leaf is then ready for another meal. Sundews will digest tiny bits of meat if placed on the leaves.



THE SUNDEW.
Showing the arrangement of the tentacle-bearing leaves at the base of the flower stem.

In many lowlands there may be found a plant named the "pitcher-plant," that catches insects in the rain-water held in the "pitcher," or cup-shaped portion of the plant. The plant feeds upon the various decaying insects in the water.

ENLARGED VIEW OF A LEAF.
(As seen through the microscope.)

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

A QUEER FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.

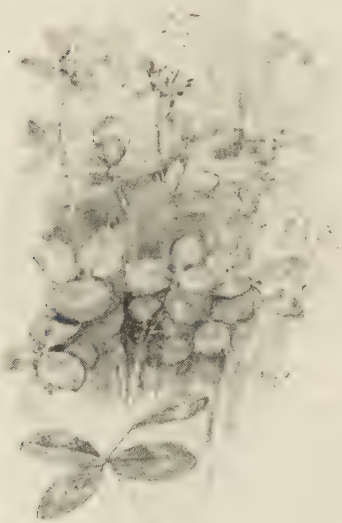
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The other day I found a four-leaved clover. When looking at it closely, I found one leaf was on a long stem; the sides had grown together. I have not seen one like it before, and think it quite a curiosity. I send it to you in this mail.

Your interested reader,

LUCY DUBOIS PORTER.

Clover with a stalked extra leaflet is not at all unusual, although not so common as those with extra leaflets—that is, four-leaved, five-leaved, etc. (such as are commonly claimed to bring good luck to the finder).

The stalked leaflet has been studied by botanists, but has no especial botanical significance. It is regarded as an unnatural growth. Young people often gather them as a curiosity.



THE QUEER FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.
Notice that the upper right leaflet of the four has a long stem.

QUEER GALLS ON A STRAWBERRY STEM.

A QUEER STRAWBERRY STEM.

SAWKILL, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I inclose a wild strawberry stem and leaf and would like to know what is the matter with the stem. It looks very much like a little pod with seeds in it. Please tell me what it is "because I want to know."

Your loving reader,

MABEL C. STARK (age 14).

These enlargements are made by a gall-fly of the genus *Cynipidæ*, but the species and life history of the fly are not known. I am desirous of securing fresh specimens of strawberry stems with enlargements of this kind. Will our young folks please try to find a few and send to me packed in moist cotton in a small firm box?

THE RED SUBSTANCE ON A GRASSHOPPER.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This morning, while on a walk, a friend and I found a grasshopper with some red things between its immature wings. The red things were about six in number, and about as large as a pin-head.

Will you please tell me what these were and why the grasshopper had them there? They were oval in shape and fell off readily when touched.

Your affectionate reader,

JANET C. NIVEN.

The red objects on grasshopper wings are parasitic mites. They are the young of a mite named by the late Professor Riley *Trombidium locustarum*. The adult is often seen in early spring running about on the surface of the ground, and is conspicuous on account of its brilliant red color. This parent mite deposits its eggs on or in the ground, and the young hatch and fasten upon the first grasshopper which chances to come their way. They start in life with but six legs; in the adult form there are eight. Their food is extracted from the grasshopper, on which they remain attached during the summer. In the autumn they drop to the ground, conceal themselves, and transform to the adult mite. These mites are, therefore, strictly beneficial, and are sometimes a very considerable aid in controlling the destructive Western locusts or grasshoppers.

PROFESSOR L. O. HOWARD.

A CASE OF DOUBLE PARASITISM.

Moth of web-worm (*Hyphantria*); ugly web-worm webs, as seen against the sky of an autumn landscape; ichneumon-fly, a parasite of the web-worm, attacking a web-worm in its web; chalcid-fly parasite of the ichneumon emerging from cocoons of ichneumon. (About natural size.)

THE GRASSHOPPER MITE.

Bright red larva of mite on section of grasshopper wing; adult mite, deeper red (both greatly magnified). Grasshopper (the common red-legged locust) with mite larvæ on and between its immature wings (slightly enlarged).

Thus we see that even the very small insects have their parasitic enemies. As Swift expressed it:

> So, naturalists observe, a flea
> Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
> And these have smaller still to bite 'em;
> And so proceed *ad infinitum*.

By the way, the above is often incorrectly quoted as follows:

> The little fleas that do so tease
> Have smaller fleas that bite 'em,
> And these again have lesser fleas,
> And so *ad infinitum*.

Several naturalists have found the forms of parasites so varied and interesting that they have made extensive collections. Some forms are marvelously adapted to securing food.

THE QUAHOG AND THE CRAB.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When we were at Marthas Vineyard last summer, we found a strange thing at South Beach. On a long stretch of sand between the open ocean and the harbor, there were hundreds of quahog shells, slate-blue in color. Picking up an extra large and pretty one, and opening it a little bit, we found that it was alive and that just inside the opening was a tiny live crab.

We wondered whether the crab was feeding upon the quahog, or the quahog upon the crab.

Your interested friend,
KATHARINE WHITNEY.

Crabs are often found in mollusks, either by accident or as permanent guests (commensals). Some occur nowhere else. The little oyster-crab (*Pinnotheres ostreum*) is found only in the oysters of our eastern coast, and another species in scallops and mussels. The one seen by you in the quahog, or round clam, may have gone there for temporary shelter, or it may have been a regular boarder. Crabs in such places usually do no harm to the animal in whose shell they make a home, and their host does no harm to them.

THE CRAB IN THE QUAHOG.

Naturalists give the name commensals to two or more animals of different kinds that live together in harmony and to mutual advantage. Some species of sponges grow only on the back of certain crabs, the sponge concealing the crab from its enemies, and the crab carrying the sponge from place to place for new food-supplies.

It is even claimed, on good authority, that if the sponge is removed the crab will seek another sponge and place it upon its shell.

The commensalism between burrowing owls and rattlesnakes in the prairie-dog villages of the West was explained on page 460 of Nature and Science for March, 1901. It is claimed that this special commensalism, however, is not always friendly and harmonious.

BROWN MUD-WASP (*SCELIPHRON CEMENTARIUS*), MAGNIFIED

A very common and well-known insect often observed building its somewhat regular nests of clay in houses, outbuildings, caves, and other sheltered places. The colors of the insect are bright brown and yellow. The wings are of a semi-transparent smoky color.

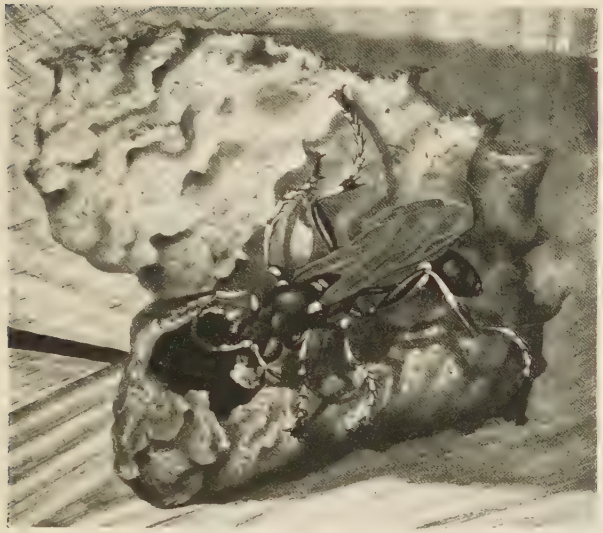
THE MUD-WASP'S NEST.

WAUKESHA, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In cleaning, last summer, a large box in a shed, I found a piece of mud, irregular in shape. I broke into this, and, to my surprise, a lot of little dead insects rolled out. Placing the insects back, I put the piece broken off in position again, and calling my father to look at it, he said it was probably the property of a mud-wasp. In an encyclopedia I learned that this wasp lays her eggs in the mud house, puts insects in for the young after they are hatched, and then leaves. Next day I discovered the storehouse to be fully repaired.

BROWN MUD-WASP GATHERING MUD.

Pieces are taken about half the size of the wasp's head and are always carried by the mandibles.



BROWN MUD-WASP CLOSING UP ITS NEST-CELL.

Upon storing each cell with spiders the wasp lays an egg on the softer parts of one of them so that the baby maggot-like larva when first hatched may readily find food to its liking. The cell-opening is then closed with clay. The larva eats ravenously, soon reaches full growth, spins a cocoon, and transforms into a wasp within the nest-cell. Then it cuts its way out and flies away.

To-day I went again to get the nest to put with my natural history collection, and I found the door again open and an addition made to the structure. I would like to know if the parents made the addition (I supposed wasps lived but one year) or if the children did? And how long will it be before the old nest is abandoned so that I may have it? Hoping that you can tell me about this, I am,

Yours truly, HOWELL SAWYER.

Mud-wasps place their nests in any situation where they will be protected from rain. Often they do not hesitate to come into the house and fasten their cells to the wall-paper or on picture-frames. These nests are almost always stocked with spiders, the wasps stinging their victims to death or insensibility. One egg is placed in each cell, and the baby wasp, hatching, has the contents, often a dozen small spiders, all to itself. Spiders taken from the nest before the wasp larva hatches are found to assume all sorts of odd attitudes. The larva wasp eats the softer parts of the spider, leaving the head and legs. It is these remains you supposed were insects.

Upon completing its transformations from larva to inactive pupa incased in a cocoon, and from that to the perfect wasp, it emerges through the end sealed up by its parent or through the side of the nest. It does not necessarily come back to the same nest with its spiders, but builds a new one. Mud-wasps, however, frequently add cells to a last year's nest, not often using the old cells. They live but one summer; those hibernating hatch out late in the fall. More often they emerge in May or June, and, if no other wasp comes along and moves in, the nest can be taken for a specimen at that time.

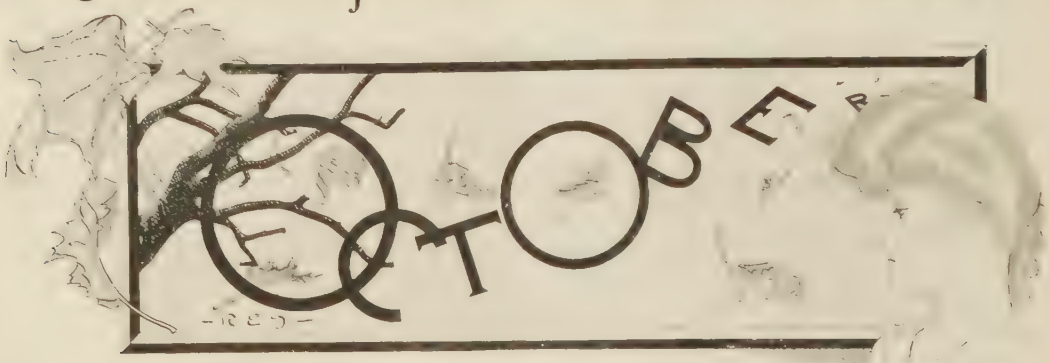
There are two common species of mud-dauber wasps: the brown one with yellowish markings is called *Sceliphron cementarius;* the other is steel blue and has been named *Pelopœus* (or *Chlorion*) *cœruleum.*—S. F. A.

It is very easy to make a collection of the nests of the mud-wasps with the young wasps, and watch the interesting transformations.

NEST AND CONTENTS.

Spiders that had been stored in the nest. The peculiar attitudes of some of these, as if protesting against fate, are not uncommon with others captured by the wasps. Perhaps they are not quite dead, or were not killed quickly. Usually the wasp larvæ feed only on the more meaty portions of the spiders — the thorax, abdomen, and softer parts of the legs.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY R. E. JONES, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE RETURN OF AUTUMN.

BY MAUD DUDLEY SHACKELFORD, AGE 15.

We hear her footsteps in the rustling leaves,
O'er all we see the magic of her hand;
The broadly waving fields of ripened grain,
The golden harvest scattered o'er the land,
The hush that rests within the hazy air,
The faint sweet echo of the bob-white's call.
The distant hills, bathed in the mellow glow
Of autumn sunlight, lingering over all.

We read her greeting in the yellow leaves
That down the forest aisles are thickly spread;
We hear her voice amid the sighing wind
That blows among the branches overhead;
And day by day upon the landscape wide
We see the glories of her wealth unfold,
Till lo! the earth a dream of beauty lies,
Clad all in robes of crimson and of gold.

It is only a little while ago that we were writing about the close of school and the coming of vacation; now the weeks and months have slipped by, and we are writing of school again, and the vacations that are left behind. The children also have written about school this month; not about the schools of to-day, but of those of the time of their grandfathers, when most of the lessons were taught by one schoolmaster or schoolmistress, in a single room, in some country village, or in an out-of-the-way corner of a rural district.

"THE OLD HOUSE." BY ALICE GARLAND, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

It is but natural that old folks should believe that the children of to-day, with all the added advantages, all the easier ways of learning, and the short cuts to knowledge, should reach a higher place than they were able to do. Perhaps in general this is the case, but, after all, the hard benches and crude methods were not without their value. It was so hard then to get education that it was valued all the more, and when we recollect that many of our statesmen and most of our Presidents came from just that sort of a school, we realize that the struggle was worth something, too.

Almost every one of the stories received this month has presented a picture of some rude, drafty, little school-house of the long ago, half heated, with prim rows of little old-fashioned children being led and driven along the path of learning. We wish we might have had room to print more of these stories, for they form a mighty part of the framework upon which our nation has been built.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 58.

In making awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Maud Dudley Shackelford** (age 15), 300 Main St., Tarboro', N. C.

Gold badges, **Ruth Greenoak Lyon** (age 13), 13 Pros-

pect Terrace, East Orange, N. J., and **Nannie Clark Barr** (age 13), 319 Franklin St., Keokuk, Ia.

Silver badges, **Frances Benedict** (age 16), North Abington, Mass., and **Helen Lombaert Scobey** (age 13), Lambertville, N. J.

Prose. Gold badges, **Zenobia Camprubi Aymar** (age 16), 111 Rambla de Cataluña, Barcelona, Spain, and **Morris Bishop** (age 11), 77 Waring Place, Yonkers, N.Y.

Silver badges, **Ruth H. Keigwin** (age 14), 35 West Sidney Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and **Dorothy Butes** (age 11), 275 Central Park, W., New York City.

Drawing. Gold badge, **R. E. Jones** (age 16), Box 61, Milton, N. H.

Silver badges, **Robert W. Foulke** (age 17), 558 Lincoln Ave., St. Paul, Minn., and **Virginia Mayfield** (age 12), 1912 Baltimore St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Photography. Gold badge, **Alice Garland** (age 15), Andover, Mass.

Silver badges, **H. Ernest Bell** (age 12), Milton, N. Y., and **Fred Loomis Mohler** (age 11), Swans Island, Me.

Wild Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Elk," by **Olive C. McCabe** (age 17), 570 Boyer Ave., Walla Walla, Wash.

Second prize, "Porcupine," **Chester S. Wilson** (age 17), 623 S. Broadway, Stillwater, Minn.

Third prize, "Young Kingfishers," by **Rexford King** (age 17), Sidney, N. Y.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Miriam C. Gould** (age 15), 16 Foote Ave., Jamestown, N. Y., and **Pauline Mueller** (age 14), 1030 Hepburn Ave., Louisville, Ky.

Silver badges, **Clinton H. Smith** (age 13), Allegany, N. Y., and **Erwin Janowitz** (age 11), 387 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N. Y

Puzzle-answers. Gold badge, **Marian Swift** (age 14), 20 W. 55th St., New York City.

Silver badges, **Mildred C. Jones** (age 16), 405 N. 64th Ave., Oak Park, Ill., and **Julian L. Tiemann** (age 15), 22 Prospect Terrace, Montclair, N. J.

WHEN GRANDMOTHER WENT TO SCHOOL.

BY ZENOBIA CAMPRUBI AYMAR (AGE 16).

(*Gold Badge.*)

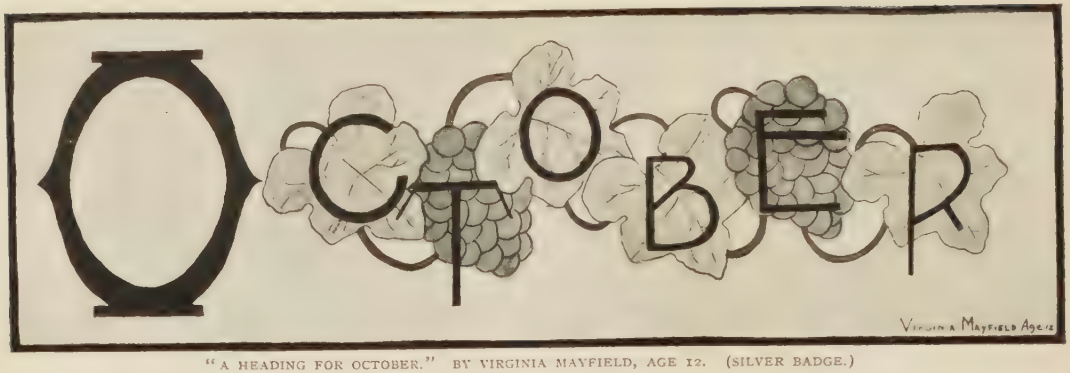
GRANDMAMA was born in Porto Rico, in the winter of 1827. The means of education being very limited in that island, her parents judged it best to send her to a boarding-school in the United States. With three other girls she finally arrived at Linden Hall, in Bordentown, New Jersey, and began her career under the kindly care and supervision of the head teacher, Mme. Murat, daughter-in-law of the late King of Naples. Not knowing a word of English, grandmama was obliged to communicate by signs on arriving; but this difficulty was soon overcome, as the young pupil rapidly mastered her newly acquired language.

Shortly after her arrival at school, grandmama was walking in Bonaparte Park with Mme. Murat and her Porto Rican companions, when they accidentally met Joseph Bonaparte, who, on seeing them, inquired if those were "the little Spanish girls." Being answered in the affirmative, he spoke to the children with great kindness, and smiled wistfully as he patted the heads of those who might have been his subjects.

The little pupil loved her teachers and schoolmates very truly, and was warmly loved in return. However, during her stay at Linden Hall one subject could never escape allusion. It was her hair-dress. If my grandmother appeared at table with the glossy waves of hair falling on her shoulders, Mme. Murat was sure to observe that her pupil looked so well

"THE OLD HOUSE." BY FRED LOOMIS MOHLER, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

"THE OLD HOUSE." BY H. ERNEST BELL, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY VIRGINIA MAYFIELD, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

that she should never dress her hair differently, but monsieur really preferred the other style. If, on the other hand, the hair was drawn up to suit the taste of M. Murat, it was madame who thought it a pity. One day grandmama resolved to solve this difficult problem,

"THE OLD HOUSE." BY DONALD C. ARMOUR, AGE 11.
First wooden house built in California.

and as—in answer to the bell—she gravely took her place at table, everybody noticed that half of grandmama's hair nearest to madame fell in the soft brown waves which that lady admired, while the side next to monsieur was done up high, as he liked it. Whether she dressed it high or she dressed it low, grandmama never heard a word about her hair thereafter.

THE RETURN.

BY NANNIE CLARK BARR (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

ABOVE gray barren plains, drear, lone, and bleak,
A castle stands, from all the world apart;
About its towers grim eagles weirdly shriek—
The castle of my Heart.

Unto its halls a radiant maiden came,
Singing and laughing on her flowering way;
And Happiness was her thrice blessed name,
Joy was her virelay.

She filled my lonely Heart with glorious light,
And violets blossomed at her hand's caress;
But Death rode swiftly o'er the plains at night,
And took fair Happiness.

Then came one at whose power e'en mighty Death
Must humbly bow and set his captives free—
Brought back the maiden spirit with each breath—
The angel Memory.

WHEN GRANDFATHER WENT TO SCHOOL.

A play in one act. Time, 1980.

BY MORRIS BISHOP (AGE 11).

(*Gold Badge.*)

Characters, GRANDFATHER, BOBBY, and LIZZIE.

GRANDFATHER (solemnly). Yes, my children, seventy-six years ago I was Bobby's age, just eight years old.

BOBBY. And were you taking the Demoragraph simplified brain-impressing inventor's preparatory course, grandpa?

GRANDFATHER. Bless you, no. I was just learning to write.

LIZZIE. You used the old-fashioned shorthand then, did n't you?

GRANDFATHER. No; we used the system of writing with the alphabetical signs.

BOBBY. Yes; in Millan's "Detailed Research and Philosophical History of the Half-Witted Age" it says that it was generally used during that period.

LIZZIE. It is n't nearly as good as the Martinsonian System of Brain Communication, is it?

"THE OLD HOUSE." BY ALICE WRANGENHEIM, AGE 8.

GRANDFATHER. No, I suppose it is n't.

LIZZIE. And did n't you do anything else?

GRANDFATHER. Oh, yes; I learned how to read.

BOBBY. Oh, but the Phelpsonian Mind-reading and Print-communicant system is much better. I know what reading is, because Millan's "Research" tells about it.

GRANDFATHER. And then I learned how to add and subtract.

BOBBY Was n't that arithmetic?

GRANDFATHER. Yes.

BOBBY. Well, we have Blair's Unconscious Answer Perceiver.

LIZZIE. By means of the vibrations of the noiseless bell communicant I see that it is time for our predigested capsulated dinner. [Exit everybody.

Curtain.

"ELK." BY OLIVE C. McCABE, AGE 17. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

THE SAD RETURN.

BY RUTH GREENOAK LYON (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

WHERE the waves are rolling gently on the smooth and sandy shore,
And the rocky cliffs that border Lake Lucerne,
Then I sigh as I remember that I can come here no more;
For to-morrow is the day that I return.

Where the baby 's crying loudly in apartments just above,
And the sun is shining down our heads to burn,
Then I sigh, for I must leave the Wayside Inn—the place I love;
For to-morrow is the day that I return.

Where the band is gaily playing "Side by Side in a Canoe,"
And we dance and sing until we all discern
That the hour-hand of yonder clock is fast approaching two,
And to-morrow—no, to-day—I must return.

While the hurdy-gurdy 's playing 'mid the children's noisy talk,
As I contemplate my all too short sojourn,
The voices join the organ as it plays "In old New York."
And I think, alas! this *is* a sad return.

WHEN GRANDMOTHER WENT TO SCHOOL.

BY RUTH H. KEIGWIN (AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge.*)

"H-u, huckle, b-u, buckle, c-u, cuckle, y; huckle-berry-pie."

The little girls stood in an admiring group around Mary Love.

"Oh, who taught you?"

"Will you teach me?" was chorused from all sides.

But Tabitha Reid did not like it. She had used to be the center of that circle at the noon hour. "Pooh!

"PORCUPINE." BY CHESTER S. WILSON, AGE 17. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

That is n't much. I 'll stump you, Mary. To-day our spelling lesson is 'fruits and vegetables.' If the master calls you for 'huckleberry,' you spell it that way!"

"Oh, Tab!" The tone was beseeching. It was terrible disgrace to be stumped, and this was exceptionally hard.

"Stumped?" inquired Tab.

"No-o; I-I 'll take it."

Just then the bell rang and they all trooped in. Now Tab was wily. She knew that the master always called the words out in order, so she could easily find to whom "huckleberry" would come. It would come to her! She stood just above Mary. Just one person must miss to make it come to Mary.

"Second class in spelling come forward!"

Down the line it came to Tab.

"Huckleberry!"

"I don't know my lesson," said Tab, so Mary would have to get it.

"YOUNG KINGFISHERS." BY REXFORD KING, AGE 17. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

"A LANDSCAPE STUDY." BY ROBERT W. FOULKE, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

"Then go to your seat and learn it!" came the stern reply. "Next!"

"What shall I do?" thought Mary.

"H-u — c —" she began.

"Coward!" hissed Tab, from her seat a step away.

"H-u, huckle, b-u, buckle, c-u, cuckle, y; huckleberry-pie! There! I have said it." And poor Mary rushed to her seat with the hot tears on her cheeks.

"The second class in spelling is dismissed. I will speak with Tabitha Reid and Mary Love after the session to-night."

That night the master had a long talk with both children which they never forgot, although they are old ladies now. The master was one of the few of his time who did not believe in corporal punishment. But he forbade them, during the noon hours, for the next week to leave their seats or speak.

So, though many things were different in grandmother's day, little girls were, and always will be, about the same.

THE RETURN OF FALL.

BY FRANCES BENEDICT (AGE 16).

(*Silver Badge.*)

Skies of deep celestial blue,
Air so clear and bracing,
Leaves of ever-changing hue
With the wind are racing.

Fruit from overloaded trees
On the ground is falling;
From the wood across the leas
Blue jays sharply calling.

Underneath the walnut-tree
Stores of nuts are lying,
Squirrels working busily,
Future need supplying.

Through the dark and frosty night
Bonfires brightly burning.
Who is *not* filled with delight
At the Fall's returning?

WHEN GRANDMOTHER WENT TO SCHOOL.

BY DOROTHY BUTES (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

When my grandmother was a little girl she lived in a beautiful house in the country, and had a pretty Shetland pony to ride and drive. But, although she heard the birds singing and saw the grass growing all the year, and deep down in her heart she felt very happy, she was not allowed to show it, but was taught to be a very prim and proper little girl. Her governess had made a schedule for little Elizabeth, so the child had no time to be idle. There was something for every moment of the day. This is as near as I can remember of how the little girl afterward to be my grandmother spent her day:

She dressed, had her breakfast of bread, milk, and fruit, mounted her pony and rode to the school-house, which was a mile away. She dismounted, tied her pony to the hitching-post, and walked in with her books under her arm, while the other scholars stared at Lizzie's "shining morning face," so full of a readiness to learn, and, "wished they were in her shoes," as they expressed it. Then there were the class recitations, singing, and drawing, that constitute the lessons in a country school. When school was over Elizabeth unhitched her pony and galloped home, where a good dinner was awaiting her.

After dinner little Elizabeth had to sit and sew for two hours, and then she could play till six, when she had her supper and went to bed.

You may be sure that Elizabeth did not need a second invitation to go out and play, after her long imprisonment sewing, and she rushed out to the field behind the house, where her brothers were playing all sorts of delightful games, and soon the little girl was as wild as any of them.

At six o'clock they trooped into the house to have their suppers. When that was over they said good night to their father, and tumbled into their warm white beds, there to sleep for the next ten hours.

"THE OLD HOUSE." BY EDMONIA M. ADAMS, AGE 11.

UNWILLING RETURN.

BY HELEN LOMBAERT SCOBEY (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THE golden summer 's over,
The leaves turn red and brown,
And flutt'ring from the mother tree
In showers come whirling down.

And must I leave the glory
Of lake and hill and tree,
The quiet beauty of the woods,
Where birds sing wild and free?

If all the year were summer
And all the nights were day,
I 'd live content beside the lake,
And never go away.

"THE OLD HOUSE." BY CHANDLER YONGE, AGE 15.

WHEN GRANDFATHER WENT TO SCHOOL.

BY ELSA CLARK (AGE 9).

GRANDPAPA went to King Edward VI's Grammar School in Southampton—an old gray building with church-like windows and a shady cloistered courtyard.

Dr. Isaac Watts studied there. The entrance was in Bugle Street, so called because there, long ago, the bugles were sounded for changing the guard on the old town walls. Most of the boys, to come to school, had to cross St. Michael's Square, on the opposite side of which lived all the worst people in the town. The boys of these slums used to wait for those of the school and try to make them late, and many a fight they had beside the church, which is nearly a thousand years old.

As weapons the school-boys wore pieces of rope round their wrists, with the ends frayed and knotted. With these they fought their way to and fro. In class, boys speaking had to rise, when others would kindly place tacks for them to sit upon, or cobbler's wax to prevent future rising.

The rows of desks had covered channels along the tops, with holes for ink-pots. One boy would bring a mouse to school, and when the master's back was turned, the ink-pots would be removed and the mouse popped in. Of course it kept running in and out the holes, causing great excitement and laughter, and was very difficult to catch.

When the master asked who brought it, the culprit was puzzled whether to be at his mercy, or to cause the class to be detained and afterward "get it hot" (as *he* would call it) from his mates.

Sometimes one boy would steal another's notes, and, folding them carefully, fix them to his penholder, and, aiming with a skill that seldom missed its mark, would despatch this arrow toward one of the old beams in the roof, laughing to see the other hunting for what he would never find.

Were n't they naughty boys?

But some became celebrated men, and the school grew so famous that it was not nearly large enough for all who wished to study there.

So another was built—and the dear old house stands forsaken.

It looks back upon the time when it was filled with laughter and monkeydom, and longs for the days when grandpapa went to school.

"A STUDY FROM NATURE." BY MARGARET A. DOBSON, AGE 15.

WHEN SCHOOL DAYS RETURN.

BY SIMON COHEN (AGE 10).

(*Former Prize-winner.*)

VACATION o'er, to school we go,
Again to study there;
To learn some useful study now
Through winter, cold and bare.

Again we turn to book and pad;
We try to master rules
Of all the studies that we learn
In ours, the best of schools.

Our studies they will cease at last
When summer comes again;
Now that the summer-time is o'er,
We 'll work like little men.

WHEN GRANDFATHER WENT TO SCHOOL IN RUSSIA.

BY MONICA SAMUELS (AGE 17).

"THE MORE STUDIOUS WOULD TEACH ONE ANOTHER MATHEMATICS." (SEE ACCOMPANYING STORY.)

NOT long ago I was using some colored chalk, and grandfather related to me the following facts about a Jewish school-boy's thorny path to knowledge.

Wealthy families engaged private tutors for their girls, seventy years ago, in Russia, and only the boys were sent to school. One school was attended by about twelve boys, ranging from five or six years to sixteen. They gathered at the teacher's residence, where a room was fitted for the purpose with two typical wooden benches. The boys would leave home eight o'clock in the morning, carrying a Hebrew Bible or a Talmud.

Once there, they went through a most exact drill, consisting mainly of memorizing and translating the text into *Mamalushen*, or mother-tongue of the district. A little time would be allowed for recess, varying in length and frequency according to the teacher's temperament.

Those who could afford it took advantage of the extra time to go to the writing-master's house, where they would practise Hebrew script on paper, with quill pens. No doubt they inked their fingers and spoiled their "nibs," just as American boys did long ago! Those whose parents possessed fewer rubles spent their recess playing marbles with nuts or beans, while others would form balls of mill-ends of wool. The more studious would teach one another mathematics from a much-prized book, and would solve their problems on the stone walls of the house, using white chalk, which came in round balls, and was broken in pieces, the resulting sharp edges serving to write with. They must all have looked very picturesque in their caps, blouses, knee-trousers, and winter boots of leather.

The younger boys returned home about six o'clock in the evening, the others remaining until ten. Those who remained late returned home for two meals during the day, and generally lunched before going to bed. The Russian winters were so cold and the streets so muddy that the schoolmaster employed a man to carry the boys home on his back, one by one. Of course, it was very dark at night if the moon did not shine, and the man generally carried a square candle-lantern, not "to find an honest man," but to return an honest boy.

THE RETURN OF WINTER.

BY MARGARET ELIZABETH ALLEN (AGE 13).

HEY! is that you, old Jack Frost?
Well, I thought that you were lost!
I 've had to listen, watch, and look
In every sort and kind of nook!

So, now you 're here, let 's have some fun;
I 'm sure *I 'm* ready for a run.
And oh, how nice and fresh I feel;
I guess I 'll need a hearty meal!

I 'll go to tell my brother Ben
That our best friend is here again;
For he 's had lots of time to learn
It 's a great day when *you* return!

WHEN GRANDMOTHER WENT TO SCHOOL.

BY KATHARINE J. BAILEY (AGE 13).

GRANDMOTHER'S school-days were happy ones — as happy, perhaps, as are my own, though in a very different way. Her school-house was a low red building on a hill, which, in comparison with the houses of to-day, would seem very unpretentious.

The school-room itself was square, with a huge fire-place at one side, which rendered the teacher uncomfortably hot, and yet did not keep the pupils at the back of the room sufficiently warm. Later this was exchanged for an open Franklin stove, with the scholars' seats arranged on but three sides of the room. At this stove apples were roasted, and bread, frozen on the way over, was often thawed.

In summer the school was small, never more than twenty-five pupils, and taught by a lady from whom the little ones learned their "a-b-abs," and the older ones to parse, do sums in arithmetic, and so forth. But, in the winter the large boys, who worked on farms in summer, attended, and the teacher, this time a man, devoted nearly all of his time to teaching them practical arithmetic. At recess these big boys made snow forts, and fought wondrous battles, which so intimidated the girls and little boys that they spent almost all of their time in the cozy school-room playing merry games.

"THE OLD HOUSE" (AT STRATFORD). BY FLORENCE B. BRACQ, AGE 12.

In summer the recess and noon hours were the most delightful, for a babbling brook ran noisily along back of the school-house, in the depths of which were innumerable pebbles of many colors. There was a meadow beyond the brook where lilies and laurel in their seasons bloomed, and the children banked the platform of the stove with flowers and mosses, and filled the window-sills with the blossoms. In a sand-bank near the school-house swallows built their nests, much to the delight of grandmother and her playmates.

The most eventful occasions of the winter were the evening spelling schools, to which the people from near

by districts drove in to hear the spellers or take part themselves. Often, at the close of the winter, one afternoon was devoted to the giving of prizes and the speaking of pieces and dialogues, often in costume.

On the way to and from school the children often met the old stage-coach with its four horses and the driver. This driver was a very important personage in those days, and upon meeting him the boys would nod their heads in quaint little bows, and the girls drop curtsies, as was the custom when a child met an older person.

Grandmother's school-days must have been happy ones, for now, after a period of fifty years, the incidents of them are as plain to her as if they were but yesterday.

THE RETURN OF AUTUMN.

BY EMILY ROSE BURT (AGE 16).

(*Former Prize-winner.*)

Now the leaves are softly turning
  Brilliant gold and fiery red.
Now the woodbine, flaming, burning,
  Glows against the rain-washed shed.

By the roadside, dust-besprinkled,
  Glint and gleam of goldenrod
Mingled with the blue of asters
  Greet the passer with a nod.

In the woods the nuts are dropping,
  Brown, upon the leafy floor,
While the busy little squirrels
  Gather in their winter's store.

Heaps of apples, sweetly yellow,
  Piles of apples, richly red,
For the cellar bins are waiting
  In their grassy orchard bed.

All the world is wrapped in color;
  Flames of gold and scarlet burn;
And we know they herald gaily
  Princess Autumn's fair return.

WHEN GREAT-GRANDMOTHER WENT TO SCHOOL.

BY EMMA L. RAPELYE (AGE 15).

MANY, many years ago, when great-grandmother was a young girl and lived in England, her father and uncle, the Lord Mayor of London, decided to take her to a school in France.

In those days the journey was a dangerous one, and on the way they were obliged to pass, on horseback, through a large forest inhabited by outlaws.

They had traveled but a short time in this forest, when they were attacked by robbers, who took them through the woods to where their captain was waiting. The robbers were respectfully awaiting the orders of their chief, when he recognized the Lord Mayor of London, and, for the sake of a kindness which he had one time done him, allowed them to pursue their journey, and gave them the password of the forest, so that they reached the end of it in safety.

This story was told me by my Great-aunt Charlotte, who, when a child, had loved to hear her mother tell it.

THE RETURN

BY ALICE MACDOUGAL (AGE 10).

AWAY from dear America,
  Away on the briny sea,
Away to the isle of Jamaica,
  There I did wish to be;
But when I got there, after all,
  I wished to be back again—
Back to the Bronx's waterfall,
  Back to the song of the wren.
And when I got back to my country
  My heart was filled with joy—
Back to my dear old country,
  Where nothing does annoy.

WHEN MY GRANDMOTHER WENT TO SCHOOL.

BY WILLIAM HAYS BALLARD (AGE 8).

WHEN my grandmother went to school she did not dress the way we do now. She wore a plain little dress (a little low-necked), and little short sleeves, and her hair was very neatly parted. Her dress looked like a pineapple, and she had a pigtail.

Her teacher was a very stately person, and she said no *lady* ever touched the back of her chair. So, of course, my grandmother had to sit up very straight.

"THE OLD BLOCKHOUSE." BY T. BEACH PLATT, AGE 17.

Every Saturday the children had to darn stockings and roll them up; if they were not rolled up perfectly they had to be done over again. They also had to learn to step in and out of a carriage.

My grandmother stayed there seven years, and studied English literature, music, French, and history. When she went away her teacher gave her a "Testimonial" for her "Amiable Deportment and Excellent Scholarship."

"RETURN TO ME, O HAPPY DAYS."

BY KATHARINE R. WELLES (AGE 10).

RETURN to me, O happy days
  Of springtime long ago;
For now the winter drear is come,
  And loud the wind doth blow.

Return to me, O happy years
  Of childhood's merry day;
For now the years are flying fast,
  And I 'm too old to play.

WHAT I RETURN TO.

GEORGE B. PATTERSON (AGE 9).

I RETURN to the haunts where I love to be,
Along the sandy shore,
To fish the great wide wat'ry sea,
As I never did before.

"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY JOHN D. BUTLER, AGE 14.

WHEN GRANDFATHER WENT TO SCHOOL.

BY ELIZABETH R. EASTMAN (AGE 17).

HE was a pretty little boy, not quite five years old, with blue eyes and long golden curls, and he sat on his high seat, dangling his small feet in the air. It was his first day at school, and he found watching the other scholars at their lessons far more interesting than studying his own from his little blue spelling-book.

The master was mending his quill pen, preparatory to setting copies for the scholars.

Suddenly a sound suspiciously like a laugh broke the stillness.

The master looked up with a frown.

"Who made that noise?" he asked sternly.

"Please, sir, I did," said grandfather, timidly, rising from his seat. "I sneezed."

"Well, well! Sit down, sir," said the master. "But if you do it again, I 'll shake you in pieces as small as a horse."

Though his tone was severe he covered his face with his hand to conceal a smile, but poor little grandfather was so frightened he did n't see the joke.

Later on, however, he found it out, and when, about five years afterward, he reached the head of his Latin class, he had lost all fear of this stern master whom he had learned to understand.

PEGGY'S RETURN.

BY CLARA B. SHANAFELT (AGE 12).

OH, yes, I had a lovely time;
Of course you really know that,
But, Mary dear, before I begin,
Did you always feed my cat?

Well, no; I did n't learn to swim,
But perhaps I will next year.
Oh, Mary! did you water my plant?
How nice! you 're just a dear.

Oh, yes, I did have lots of fun;
There was always something new.
But somehow I 'm just so glad to be home
That I don't know what to do.

WHEN GRANDFATHER WENT TO SCHOOL.

BY HELEN MABRY BOUCHER BALLARD (AGE 12).

IT is a long time since my grandfather went to school at Old Sarum, when George IV was king. Things are changed now, and he probably considers our modern schools as curious as we do his old one. How odd they must have looked then, in their funny, old-fashioned clothes, seated on long wooden benches before equally long desks! The classics were the chief studies, and by the time he was twelve years old my grandfather knew the first book of Virgil by heart. Arithmetic was not much taught.

Outside was a pump at which the shivering youngsters had to wash every morning, and very unpleasant it must have been on cold days.

At dinner they had the pudding first. Generally it was heavy, uninviting "plum-duff." If they had two helpings of that, they were allowed two of meat, which came next. Otherwise they had only one. In this way much meat was saved.

Every Monday they were given a big whipping, in order that they might "start the week right," as the masters said. They had other whippings if they did anything naughty.

My grandfather left the school about 1830, when he was twelve.

Though probably a good school for those days, I would have disliked to go there very much.

FOR WHAT THE BIRDS USE THEIR BILLS.

BY MARJORIE BETHELL (AGE 9).

As we all know, the bird has no hands. Let us see what he has to do. He has to make a nest, feed the babies, get his food, and preen his feathers. All this and much more has to be done with the bill.

The woodpecker builds his nest in a tree trunk, and gets food from the tree. His bill is a chisel. The nuthatch's bill is a hammer.

The swallow and the robin use a great deal of mud, so their bills are trowels.

The oriole weaves his nest of grass and hairs, so his bill is a needle.

The hawk is a bird of prey.

The duck's bill is a strainer.

The woodcock's bill is very long, so that he can get insects from the water.

"A LANDSCAPE STUDY." BY STANISLAUS F. MCNEILL, AGE 14.

The humming-bird's bill is long and slender to reach down into flowers.

THE FAT BOY'S DREAM.

BY ANNE ATWOOD (AGE 13).

O THERE came a wraith in the dead of night,
And her rasping voice was cold and sad
As she stood by the side of my small white bed,
And tore what scanty elf-locks she had.

And her face was round as the summer moon,
And white and wan and heavy-eyed;
And she wept and groaned in the weird moonlight,
And oft she looked at me and sighed.

"O Banshee weird," I cried in fear,
"Why hauntest thou me in the dead of night?"
But a fearsome groan was all I heard,
And the shrill, high laugh of a goblin sprite.

And her garments rattled around her form,
And the elf-man chuckled in horrid glee,
And drifted away on a moonbeam white,
And left the Banshee alone with me.

"THE LAST DRIVE." BY HAROLD GÜNTHER BREUL, AGE 15.

Her elf-locks streamed on the cold night air—
"O Banshee, Banshee, speak!" cried I;
And her voice was like to the wild north wind
As she said, "I 'm the ghost of a cold mince-pie!"

ROY'S INVENTION.

BY VIRGINIA S. GRINT (AGE 15).

ROY sat soberly thinking on the piazza. Mabel, his sister, was not getting well as fast as he wished, and he thought the reason was because she was confined to the house. His parents were poor, and he was trying to think of some plan to get her out into the air. At last, after much thinking, he got up, and, whistling gaily, walked away.

Up in a cozy bedroom sat Mabel, recovering from the fever which left her pale and, oh, so weak! She sat as near as she could to the open window, longing so much for the balmy air and warm sunshine. She was not discontented, knowing that it took quite a while to recover from such a serious illness as she had had.

One sunny afternoon Roy came up into his sister's room, and, looking down on her as she lay on the couch, said, "Well, sis, how would you like to go out to-day?"

"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY JESSIE C. SHAW, AGE 17.

"Roy, not really?" exclaimed Mabel, jumping up in her excitement, but falling back again from weakness.

"What is this all about?" asked Mrs. Thatcher, coming into the room with a bowl of broth.

Roy then said he had made a cart to take Mabel out in that afternoon. Mrs. Thatcher consented, and Mabel was well wrapped up, and carried in Roy's strong arms into the yard.

"What a queer-looking cart!" said Mabel, looking at the vehicle. "How did you ever make it, Roy?"

"Well," said Roy, as he fixed her comfortably into the cart, "I hated to see you poked up in your room, so pale and thin, and so resolved to get you out of doors. So I took the old wood-box, and, painting it red, put on it the wheels of my old express-cart. I then made a handle, and put in cushions to make it soft. I do think it is rather nice myself," he added, with a little pride.

Mabel looked gratefully into the kindly face above her. "And so this is why you worked so hard evenings in your shop. How tired you must be, but how I do appreciate it! Dear Roy, your 'invention' has made me feel better than the chicken broth!" And Mabel's happy face repaid him for all his labor.

Every reader of ST. NICHOLAS is entitled to League membership badge and instruction leaflet. Sent free on application.

CHAPTERS.

No. 764. The "Golden Literary Club." Hazel Hauge, President; Harry B. Peebles, Secretary; Emma Post, Millie Robinson, Esther Hauge, Clarence Hauge, members. Address, 261 Davis Ave., Cleveland, O.

No. 765. "Amateurs." Bryant Wood, President; Ernest King, Secretary; Harris Mosser, Charles W. Arnold, members. Address, Kennebunk Beach, Me.

No. 766. "Shakspere Chapter." Helen Pyle, President; Katherine Sherwood, Secretary. Address, 2123 Ashland Ave., Toledo, O.

"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY PHŒBE UNDERWOOD HUNTER, AGE 13.

"INITIAL." BY FLOYD L. MITCHELL, AGE 16.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

Jessie E. Springer
Stella F. Boyden
Dorothy Grace Gibson
Ernest Bennett
Margaret C. Richey
Kathleen Seagraves
Philip Warren Thayer
Josephine Whitbeck
Elizabeth Sutherland
Helen L. Slack
Vera Mumford Stevens

VERSE 1.

Anne Atwood
Doris Francklyn
Clifford Poulten
Richard R. Montgomery
Conrad Potter Aiken
Irene Weil
Laura Gregg
Audrey Jakobi
Robert E. Humphrey
Alice Moore
Aurelia Michener
Theodosia D. Jessup
Hazel Rotholz
Dorothea M. Dexter
Agnes Dorothy Campbell
Jessie Freeman Foster
Eleanor Myers
Mary Henderson Ryan
Katherine Kurz
Dorothy McAlpin
Helen Spear
Gertrude Louise Cannon
Alleine Langford
Frances P. Tilden
Gladys Knight
Elsie Reed Hayes
Marguerite Borden
Helen Van Dyck
Marion Prince
Edith Brooks Hunt
Louise M. Mitchell
Anna C. Heffern
Gwenllian Peirson Turner
Bernice Brown
Hélène Mabel Sawyer
Marion B. Mattice
Catharine H. Straker
Margaret Lyon Smith
Jean Plant
Dorothy Bedell
Harold R. Norris
Gertrude Madge
Kathleen A. Burgess

VERSE 2.

Florence L. Adams
Stanley Dyer
Mary Yeula Westcott
Ethel Coat
Gertrude Kaufman
Carolyn Coit Stevens
Eugenie B. Baker
Franc C. Hockenberger
Marguerote Stuart
Mary Evelina Hatch
Anita Bradford
Helen Chandler Willis
Katherine Taylor
Gladys Chew
Genevieve M. Fox
Joseph P. D. Hull
Daisy Errington Brettell
Mary E. Smyth
Gertrude Ford
Maugridge S. Robb
Ruth Maurer
Josephine F. Swain
Mary Blossom Bloss
Ruth A. Sullivan
Arthur Perring Heward
Frances Paine
Sarah C. Davis
Annie Smith
Carolyn Bulley
Janet L. Shontz
Mena Blumenfeld
Jeannette Munro
Iveagh Sterry
Geraldine Estelle Stockris
Amy Bradish Johnson
Valentine Newton
Florence Gardiner

PROSE 1.

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Marion A. Rubican
Margaret Douglass Gordon
Helen Russell
Marianna Lippincott
Jessie Pringle Palmer
Helen W. Kennedy
Fern L. Patten
Chester Wilson
Anna Marion Button
Margaret B. Hopper
Dorothy Nicoll
Lola Hall
Alexander T. Ormond
Gertrude M. Shell
Winifred D. Boegehold
Alison Winslow
Gretchen Stirling James
Emanie Nahm
Eleanor Baxter
Isabel Gould Coffin
Harriette Kyler Pease
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Harriet Colburn Bennett
Ruth McNamee
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Alice Lorraine Andrews
Shirley Willis
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Grace Gates
Agnes I. Meyer
Helen F. Bell
Marjorie L. Sleight
Frances Lubbe Ross
Mary Talcott
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Alma E. Borger
Constance Coolidge
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Charles Norman Bartlitt
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Pauline Kleinstuck
Stanley F. Moodie
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Elsie B. Campbell
Lesley Stewart
Carolin Allport
Ruth Chatterton
Helen Whitman
Flora Horr
Elizabeth P. Defandorf

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Dorothy Sturgis
Helen Van Valkenburgh
Nancy Barnhart
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Anna Zucker
Clara Hecker
Ella E. Preston
Julia Wilder Kurtz
Jacob D. Bacon.
Margaret Sharpe
Dorothy Longstreth
Samuel Davis Otis
Archibald MacKinnon
Frances Russell
Katherine Burket
Elizabeth Eicholtz Thomas
Dorothy Ochtman
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Raymond Rohn
Jacqueline Overton
Helen K. Bromm
Evelyn O. Foster
Ivan F. Summers
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Margery Bradshaw
Mary Hazeltine Fewsmith
Harriet Park
Hugh Spencer
Joseph Weber
Gilbert Cosulich
Marie Russel
Lois Cooper
Katharine Monica Burton
Dorothy B. Gilbert
Margaret McKeon
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Florence Mason
Marguerite W. Watson
Dorothy Mulford Riggs
Eloise Wilson
Marie Jedermann
Hilda Kohr
Grace F. R. Meeker
Margaret Blair
Adelaide Chamberlin
Christina B. Fisher
Alex Seiffert
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Gertrude Traubel
Max Bernhardt
Betty Locket
Ruth King
Marion Osgood Chapin
Kathleen Buchanan
Sybil Emerson
Mary Pemberton Nourse
Julia Halleck
Margaret Spencer-Smith
Bessie T. Griffith
Edward L. Kastler
Ellen C. Griffith
Anne Constance Nourse
Elizabeth Stockton
Irma Jessie Diescher
William Hazlett Upson
Bessie Wright
Lydia C. Gibson
Louise Miller
Marie Atkinson
Herbert W. Landau
Anna Zollars
Frances W. Varrell
Margaret Josenhans
Mary Taft Atwater
Anna La Lanne
Mary McLeran
Dorothy Barkley
Winifred Hutchings
Jane Swift
Ruth Bessie Bloch
Anna Longstreth
Hermann Schussler
Sadie Dorothy Stabern
Frances C. Jackson
Isabel Ruth Cooper
Katherine Gibson
Lucia Warden

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T. K. Whipple
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Warren Hastings
Lawrence H. Riggs

"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY JOHN SINCLAIR, AGE 12.

Marjorie C. Newell
Isabel La Monte
Frank P. Abbot
Katharine Donoho
Arthur M. McClure
Irene F. Wetmore
Lillie Knollenberg
Francis M. Watson, Jr.
John S. Perry
Catherine Douglas
Harold K. Schoff
Dorothea Clapp
Carlota Glasgow

PUZZLES 1.

Joseph M. Heinan
Madge Oakley
Agnes R. Lane
L. Arnold Post
Marion E. Senn
Elizabeth B. Berry
Julia Musser
Gertrude A. Strickler
Mildred Martin
Gerald Smith
Hazel Dixon
E. Adelaide Hahn
Benjamin L. Miller

PUZZLES 2

Armorel Thomas
Robert K. Clifton
Nettie Barnwell
Phyllis Nanson
Dorothy Alderson
Emily W. Browne
Marguerite Godron
Joy Mauck
Willie Musselman

"A HEADING." BY H. V. KINNEY, AGE 17.

LETTERS.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received the cash prize which you awarded me in the May competition, and hereby wish to thank you for the same, and also wish to express my appreciation of the help which the St. Nicholas League has given me in my art work.

My drawing for January, 1904, which was awarded the gold medal, was the means of obtaining for me my first chance to study art in an art school. I was attending the University of Michigan at the time, and the authorities, having seen the drawing in the ST. NICHOLAS magazine, sent me to the Academy of Fine Arts in Chicago to be assisted in the illustration of their "College Annual."

The competitions of the St. Nicholas League are a fine thing for young people who intend making art or literature their vocation, since only original work is accepted, which work is of the most benefit.

Wishing the St. Nicholas League unlimited success in its work for the advancement for young folks, I am, sincerely yours,

HARRY B. LACHMAN.

MILTON, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My badge came last night and I am more than delighted with it. I shall always keep it, and shall always look back with pleasure to the time "when my first picture was printed." I mean to work hard this summer all by myself, and shall send in more drawings, even better, I hope, than the one which was printed. Thanking you again for the beautiful badge, I remain,

Most gratefully yours,

ROBERT E. JONES.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

DEAR LEAGUE: We are two girls, and being very fond of Shakspere have formed a "Shakspere Chapter."

One of us lives in Mineral City and the other in Toledo, so we are going to carry on our chapter by correspondence.

We would like chapter correspondents between thirteen and fifteen years of age.

With many hopes for the future success of the League, we remain,

Your devoted readers,

HELEN PYLE, President.
KATHARINE SHERWOOD, Secretary.

"OLD SAN GABRIEL MISSION CHOIR." BY KATHERINE DULCEBELLA BARBOUR, AGE 11.

OTHER interesting and appreciative letters have been received from Elizabeth M. T. Word, Alice Knowles, Frieda G. Carty, M. Adelaide Durst, Martin Janowitz, L. Arnold Post, Margaret J. Beattie, Dorothy E. Downing, Margaret F. Nye, Edna Krouse, Anna B. Carolan, Hazel Green, Mara Anderson, Therese Goldie, Marian A. Smith, Fulvia Varvaro, Nerina Varvaro, J. S. Brown, Jr., Mabel F. Whitehead, Hélène Mabel Sawyer, Dorothy Longstreth, Mary Louise Holmes, Eileen Lawrence Smith, Thruston Brown, Marjory H. Thomas, Mabel G. Heine, Corinne Bowers, Eleanore Kellogg, Anna C. Heffern, Mary R. Adam, Harry B. Peebles, Dorothy Stanion, Gertrude H. Reazor, Ione Casey, Elizabeth R. Eastman, Mary Camp, Jennie Stevens Milliken, Margaret Colgate, Edna Reinhart, Grace Haren, Gustav Leonhardt, Ned Durrell, Alice Wickenden, Elizabeth Thurston, Doris M. Shaw, Therese Tapley, Margaret Sundet, Anne V. Russell, Catharine H. Straker, Alleine Langford, Gladys Nelson, Prior Onderdonk, Doris Hackbusch, Jeannie R. Sampson, Margaret Stuart Browne, Esther Kendall Davis, Dorothea Bechtel, Sophronia Moore Cooper, John P. Phillips, Rachel Talbott, Ruth Bartlett, Ray Randal, John V. S. Bloodgood, Saidee E. Kennedy, Esther A. Goodenow, Frances Bryant Godwin, Elsie Newton, Margaret W. Stevens, Rosalie Day, Barbara Nelson, Konni Zilliacus, Jr., Margaret F. Grant, Clara B. Shanafelt, Henry G. Prince, Dorothy Elizabeth True, Edith Wellran, Charles Lynch, Laurin Zilliacus, Katharine M. M. Sherwood.

"OCTOBER." BY WALTER H. JOHNSON, AGE 8.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 61.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. This does not include "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners.

Competition No. 61 will close **October 20** (for foreign members **October 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for January.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title: to contain the word "Welcome."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words to relate some episode in Japanese history.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "School Days."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "My Playmate" and a Heading or Tailpiece for January.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square,
New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

BOOKS FOR A DOLL-HOUSE. WILLIAM PICKERING was a very excellent English printer, something less than one hundred years ago, who put on the title-pages of his books a curious picture. This picture was of an anchor about which a dolphin twined itself into the letter S. Pickering used this sign because it was the sign of two of the most noted printers that ever lived, the Aldus or Aldo family of Venice. And in order to show that he chose the sign for that very reason, Pickering printed around it Latin words, *Aldi Discip. Anglus*, meaning "English follower of Aldus." Pickering took pride in his work, and, among other dainty things, brought out a set of little books that are hardly too large for a big doll or the library of a doll-house. They are only three and three fourth inches tall and two inches wide.

But, small and dainty in size, they are very important in contents. There is one set of Shakspere's plays in nine volumes; Homer's two great epics make two volumes more; and Virgil, Horace, and other great authors complete the series. It would be a very learned doll who could say she knew all there was in that library, and she would need excellent eyes, for the print is very tiny.

A POETRY PARTY. WHEN the fall and winter make it seem delightful to be again indoors, girls often like to have suggestions for methods of making their meetings attractive —something besides the usual "talk and refreshments"—what some eminent man of letters in a waggish way described as "giggle, gabble, gobble, and git."

A series of little meetings, each in celebration of some poet's birthday or other anniversary, would be an excuse for making some interesting additions to the usual program. Thus there would be no great difficulty in arranging a Shakspere party or a Milton party, in which quotations from the works of either poet were used in invitations, dinner-cards, bills of fare, and so on. Or an American poet might be chosen. Oliver Wendell Holmes would furnish lines of a cheering nature fit for mild festivities; or you might introduce your guests to some of the beautiful poems of Celia Thaxter, or of Jean Ingelow, if you do not mind going outside of our own land.

CUMULUS, A HEAP. "OH, I have been reading a heap of books lately." If you hear this said, it is likely that it is not strictly correct. Certainly the language might be better, but the idea, too, is not above improvement. A boy who would speak so of his reading would probably be nearer the truth if he said he had been reading a "spatter" of books, for the chances are that they have no more relation to one another than if they were spattering drops of ink. A *heap* of books should show a cumulative effect; that is, each book should help the others.

In reading good, sound, wholesome literature, your reading does combine together. All good authors are trying to teach very similar lessons, just as good men and women find it easy to agree. They need not quarrel, for all are seeking to do what is fair to one another. It is the self-seeking, the selfish, who find themselves continually clashing.

Good books, therefore, go well together, and each helps to deepen the impression made by the rest. Poor books are very much like poor marksmen: they send their shot so wide that it scatters or fails to hit the target.

SHAKSPERE AND SOME MEN OF HIS TIME. WHILE we do not know so much about the life of the author of our greatest literary treasures, enough is known to show that Shakspere was different from many other writers of plays of his own time. He seems to have led so quiet and hard-working a life that he has made little impression except by the words of his pen. Of many dramatists of his day we know little except that they wasted their time and talents. The really great writers have often been of patient industry, and have lived as wisely as they have written.

Certainly it is not positively necessary that a genius should exhibit his great powers by proving he is lacking in common sense. Milton is another example quite as encouraging. The lives of Lowell and Longfellow, of Whittier and Bryant, also give reason for thinking good poetry may live on good terms with practical sense.

BOOKS IN SERIES. While it is certainly a pretty sight to see a long row of books in a neat and uniform binding, like soldiers on parade, there is a distinct loss of individuality. As you glance over your books upon their shelves, it is pleasant to recognize them from their outward dress. They keep themselves better in mind if each one is not exactly like its neighbors. You are even likely to forget what you have if you cannot know them from across the room.

We often go to the bookcase looking simply for "something to read," and then it is an advantage to know each book at the first glance. Of course this does not apply so strongly to the works of a single author. These belong in a uniform, and you know what is among them.

SELECTIONS FROM AUTHORS. Some people find great help in collections of extracts from a number of authors, and the sales of "libraries of literature," and so on, have been very large. But one should always remember that tastes differ in reading, and that the editors of these great collections may have omitted the very parts of an author that would please you most. Certain poems, plays, and pieces are by common consent admitted to be among the world's best literature; but it does not follow that you may not derive more benefit from other works by the same men. Besides, until a great writer has been dead at least a century or two, it is by no means certain that his true rank is rightly fixed. There have been great changes in the opinions of even the best critics. It is an author's right to have your own judgment of his work. He writes for you and to you, in the hope of reaching your mind, and he asks for your opinion.

Millet, the painter, was appreciated by only a few clever men for many years before the public were taught that he was a great artist. One man who judged for himself was the American painter William Hunt, a believer in Millet from the beginning.

HOW TO TELL THE DIFFERENCE. Perhaps some of you very modest young readers will say that you cannot always tell which are the good books—that is, the "really worth while" books. But is not this a mistake on your part? It is no harder to tell in the case of books than in the case of talking, and you are surely able to tell what persons you meet have something to say that is worth your listening. There is no difficulty in deciding which people you know interest you most. The trouble lies in a wrong notion young readers may have about the best books. They are likely to forget that every grown person has been young. Even Homer was once a small boy, and no doubt played with wooden swords and spears, probably marching up and down and having furious combats with other young Greeks. The ancient Egyptian little girls had their dolls and their toy animals, and very likely played the same sort of games with them that their remote successors play. Julius Cæsar often objected to being sent early to bed, and Napoleon Bonaparte loved snow-fights—they must have done so.

Great writers are great because they can feel with us all, because they are what we all are. It is one of the pleasures of growing up to find out how we all had the same fancies and beliefs when we were little. It is not the greatest and best writer who forgets that he was once a child; and some of the most interesting and best written stories in the world are within the understanding of the youngest reader.

A NOTE ON "ALICE IN WONDERLAND." That the dormouse was supposed to be sleepy because of the French *dormeuse*, from *dormer*, to sleep, makes plain the behavior of one of the guests of the Mad Tea-party; but the reason why the Hatter was supposed to be out of his mind is not so readily given. There is said to be an old English word, long disused, "hetter," meaning furious or raging, and that this explains the saying "as mad as a hatter." Some think the word comes from "atter," for adder, the snake. But after consulting the authorities one is compelled to doubt whether the phrase is at all understood.

THE LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

THE fine drawing on page 1065 will recall to young readers of ST. NICHOLAS the old legend of the Dutch captain who, homeward bound, met with long-continued head winds off the Cape of Good Hope, but who, with Dutch obstinacy, vowed that "he would double the cape and not put back, if he strove until the day of doom." He is supposed to have been taken at his word, and to beat forever about the clouds in his phantom ship, but never to succeed in rounding the point.

There are other versions of this story, and several important works of fiction have been based upon the legend. Perhaps the most notable of these are the libretto of Richard Wagner's opera, "The Flying Dutchman," and Captain Marryat's novel, "The Phantom Ship."

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking you for three and a half years, and like you very much. My sister also takes you with me; I have a brother too. I am American, but live in Japan; although we would rather live in America, we have great fun out here. We are going to have a show to-day and to-morrow. It is "Beauty and the Beast," and is to be in our house. We have made a stage with tea-boxes and boards put over them and then rugs. There are six children in it and one lady, who is our governess. We have a magazine named "The Monthly Mince-Pie." We draw pictures for it and write prose and poetry.

The "Box of Curios," a paper out here, has offered us printed programs and tickets for our entertainment, and also asked us to write some accounts, poems, or jokes every other week for the paper, which would pay us four yen, that is, two American dollars, every month.

The money we get for the play and our magazine is going to the poor soldiers' families.

Your loving reader,
HENRIETTA MCIVOR (age 11).

BENNINGTON, VT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a member of the League and have taken you for five or six years. I have just returned from Europe, where I spent a few weeks with papa and mama. We took an automobile trip through southern England. I enjoyed the sea voyage very much indeed. Coming home we saw a very large shoal of porpoises, and another time a large whale.

I have a pony and a dog of my own. Queenie, my pony, was given me a year ago, and I have enjoyed many long and delightful rides on her back. She is nearly black and very pretty. She is also very spirited, once having run away with my sister.

My dog Shamrock is an Irish terrier (as his name suggests). He is only a year old, but can do several tricks when he wants to, all of which I taught him.

I like all of the stories in the ST. NICHOLAS, but I am especially interested in "A Comedy in Wax."

Wishing you a long and successful life, I am,
Your affectionate reader, SUSAN E. COLGATE.

GREENVILLE, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you from February up to this time, and like you very much. As I have never before written to you, I thought that I would like to drop you a few lines.

Among your poems I especially like "The Cannibal Man from Chamboree."

I am now office boy for my father and enjoy it very much. I cipher telegrams, go for the mail, answer the 'phone, and put things in order.

I have a subscription to you. Your faithful reader.
W. O. DICKINSON.

ITHACA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy your magazine very much. We have taken it about six years.

I have been looking over some old ones that my mother took in 1876, and I found some little French stories. I am just beginning to learn German, and I wish you would print some German for your readers to translate.

I am ten years old, and I am a member of the League.

Daddy has each volume bound as soon as it is finished, and we read them over and over. Your devoted reader,
M. W. POUND.

WUCHOU, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A dear friend of my papa's in America sends you to me. I like "A Comedy in Wax" very much, and "Two Little New York Maids."

I could not tell you how much I love the ST. NICHOLAS. My pets are seven hens, one rooster, and one old turkey; we have seven big pigeons and three little ones, and the mother of these has two more eggs, and in a week we will have two little baby pigeons.

My little sister and I play with our pets a great deal, and we feed them every morning; they know us quite well. I have three sisters and no brother. Two of them are in America at school in Mount Vernon. The oldest, Bessie, is fifteen, and the next is Mary—she is thirteen. My little sister is four; her name is Frances. I miss my two big sisters very much.

There are only Chinese children to play with here.

With lots of love to the ST. NICHOLAS and authors, I remain,

Your loving reader, GRACE MCCOY.

DANVILLE, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While reading your May number I saw the article telling how to make a canoe. I thought I could make one, taking that as a model, and I got the lumber and began on it at once. It turned out so nicely that I thought I would write to you and tell you about it. Last week another boy and I went out on a river a few miles from our home, and took a trip down the river and camped out all night. The canoe held us and a large camping outfit comfortably. The only alterations from your model which I made were that I did n't make any rudder, and I used two layers of blue-edged drill instead of the No. 10 duck. I am sixteen years old, and I made everything about the boat with my own hands.

Yours truly, ROBERT HARBISON.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Coast. 2. Owner. 3. Annie. 4. Seize. 5. Trees.

CHARADE. Bar-gain.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Baby. 2. Aloe. 3. Bowl. 4. Yelk. II. 1. Pole. 2. Open. 3. Lend. 4. Ends. III. 1. Kine. 2. Idol. 3. Nook. 4. Elks. IV. 1. Idle. 2. Deed. 3. Lead. 4. Eddy. V. 1. Stab. 2. Tape. 3 Apes. 4. Best.

TRAVELING PUZZLE. Chicago, goblin, liniment, enthusiast, aster, error, orator, orchard, ardent, entrap, approve, Venice.

ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC. Second row. Labor Day. 1. Albatross. 2. Badger. 3. Ibex. 4. Horse. 5. Oriole. 6. Adjutant. 7. Mastiff. 8. Hyena.

DIAGONALS. I. Labor Day. 1. Labrador. 2. Marigold. 3. February. 4. Caroline. 5. Cowering. 6. Sheridan. 7. American. 8. Rosemary. II. Old Glory. 1. Organist. 2. Florence (Nightingale). 3. Redoubts. 4. Anagrams. 5. Civilize. 6. Monotone. 7. Burglary. 8. Thursday.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, Autumn; second row, August. Cross-words: 1. Atoll. 2. Usage. 3. Turban. 4. Ugly. 5. Muse. 6. Nape.

LITERARY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Can the poets, in the rapture of their finest dreams,
Paint the lily-of-the-valley fairer than she seems?

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Virginia; finals, Richmond. Cross-words: 1, Ventilator. 2. Irawadi. 3. Roc. 4. Garish. 5. Idiom. 6. No. 7. Indian. 8. Add.

TRANSPOSITIONS AND ZIGZAG. Samuel Adams. 1. Lows, slow. 2. Rams, Mars. 3. Lame, meal. 4. Stud, dust. 5. Time, emit. 6. Leap, plea. 7. Race, acre. 8. Door, odor. 9. Maid, amid. 10. Muse, emus. 11. Ties, site.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from Marian A. Smith — Grace Haren — Lilian Sarah Burt — Chuck — Frances Hunter — "Marcia and Co." — Constance Fuller — Margaret J. Porter — Emily P. Burton — Betty Brainerd — Laura E. Jones — Marian Swift — Eleanor Wyman — Mrs. C. E. Gabain — Julian L. Tiemann — Mildred C. Jones — "A Pair of I's" — "Duluth" — Florence R. Elwell — "Allil and Adi" — Bessie Sweet Gallup — Marion Thomas — Agnes Rutherford — Nessie and Freddie — Lillian Burson — Laura S. Dow — Catharine Hooper — Gwyneth N. Pennethorne.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received before July 15th, from D. Dinsmore, 1 — H. A. Hedge, 1 — E. Holyoke, 1 — E. Stafford, 1 — A. E. Sussdorff, 1 — R. M. Linnell, 1 — S. Ehrich, 1 — D. Robinson, 1 — J. C. Watt, 1 — M. Garrett, 1 — Christina B. Fiske, 2 — A. E. Kingman, 1 — A. Hartnett, 1 — C. J. Boyer, 1 — M. Cragin, 2 — James Harvey Mohr, 3 — M. Murrish, 1 — R. C. Bates, 1 — R. H. Eddingfield. 1 — F. A. Roberts, 1 — A. W. Robinson, 1 — D. Crounse, 1 — L. P. Fiske, 1 — L. B. Westgate, 1 — Catherine H. Steel, 9 — Harriet Bingaman, 6 — E. F. Harrington, 3 — M. L. Holmes, 1 — P. J. Carpenter, 1 — F. Rice, 1 — D. Sage, 1 — Margaret C. Wilby, 9 — Evelyn Goodrich Patch, 8 — Edward Bentley, 3 — M. Dillay, 1 — M. McConnell, 1 — W. R. Nelson, 1 — L. Williams, 1 — Mary Elizabeth Mair, 8 — Myrtle Alderson, 8 — Volant V. Ballard, 8 — E. Reinhart, 1 — John Farr Simons, 8 — Katharine Bell, 2 — L. M. Taggart, 1 — Leonard Swain, 3 — R. Gates, 1 — Elizabeth D. Lord, 9 — M. R. Smiley, 1.

CHARADE.

We read in caverns gloomy
My *first* lives underground;
'T is in the daily papers
My *last* is always found.
My *whole* is wandering ever —
Moves on in ceaseless round.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: Triply behead and curtail a river of the United States and leave thus. Answer: Mis-so-uri.

1. Triply behead and curtail kinship, and leave not out. 2. Triply behead and curtail greatness of size, and leave the egg of an insect. 3. Triply behead and curtail full of tendons, and leave clamor. 4. Triply behead and curtail to waver, and leave sick. 5. Triply behead and curtail to make a road with small, broken stones, and leave the name of the first created man. 6. Triply behead and curtail a very remarkable occurrence, and leave a cape in Alaska. 7. Triply behead and curtail conciseness, and leave a Japanese coin. 8. Triply behead and curtail superfluous, and leave the German word for "and." 9. Triply behead and curtail briefly, and leave to deface. 10. Triply behead and curtail a poetical division of verse consisting of three measures, and leave a personal pronoun. 11. Triply behead and curtail tending to repel, and leave a measure of length. 12. Triply behead and curtail a depraved person, and leave to steal from.

The initials of the twelve little words will spell the name of a pleasant season of the year.

ERWIN JANOWITZ.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

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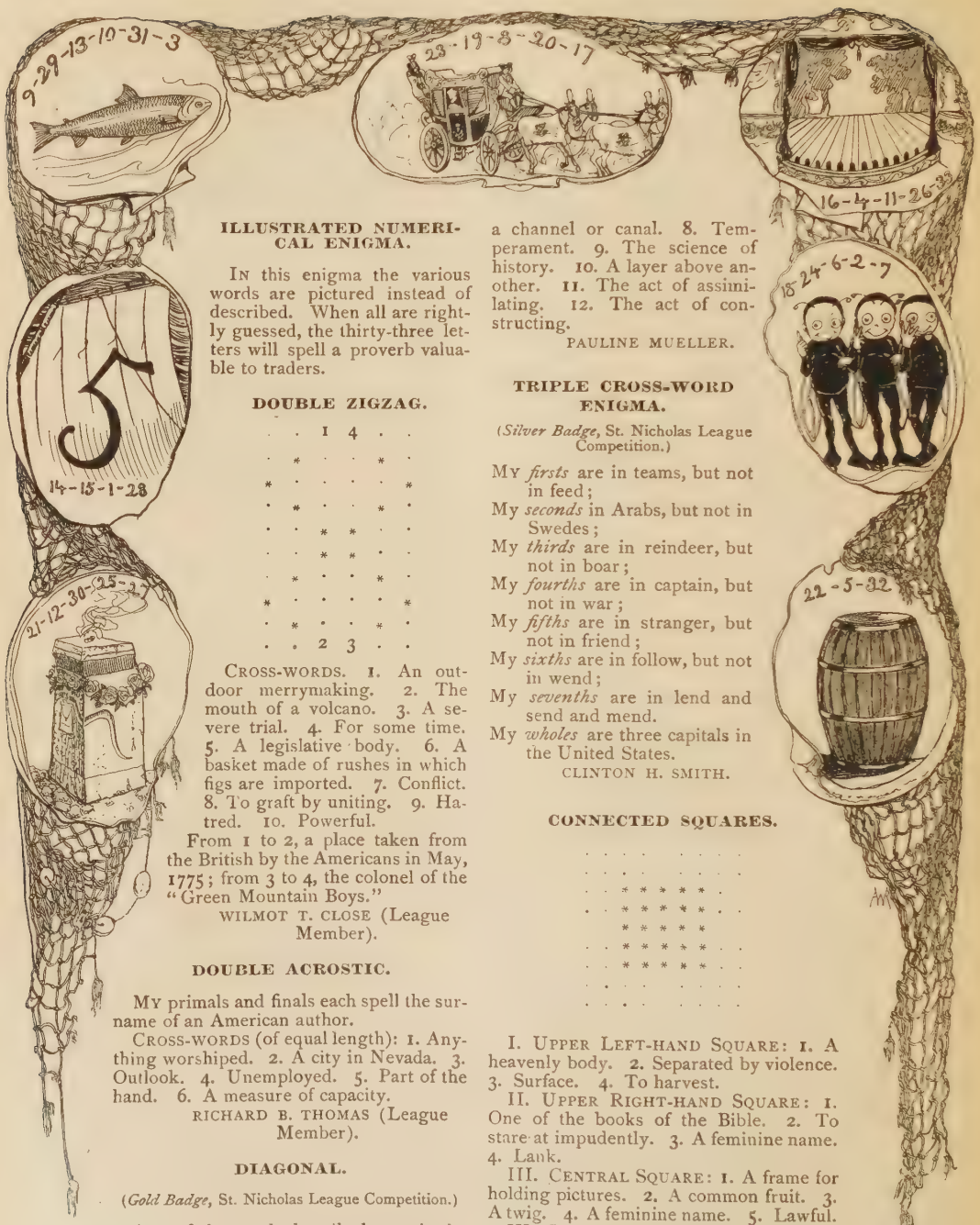

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

In this enigma the various words are pictured instead of described. When all are rightly guessed, the thirty-three letters will spell a proverb valuable to traders.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

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Cross-words. 1. An outdoor merrymaking. 2. The mouth of a volcano. 3. A severe trial. 4. For some time. 5. A legislative body. 6. A basket made of rushes in which figs are imported. 7. Conflict. 8. To graft by uniting. 9. Hatred. 10. Powerful.

From 1 to 2, a place taken from the British by the Americans in May, 1775; from 3 to 4, the colonel of the "Green Mountain Boys."

WILMOT T. CLOSE (League Member).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals each spell the surname of an American author.

Cross-words (of equal length): 1. Anything worshiped. 2. A city in Nevada. 3. Outlook. 4. Unemployed. 5. Part of the hand. 6. A measure of capacity.

RICHARD B. THOMAS (League Member).

DIAGONAL.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

All of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of an American engineer and inventor.

Cross-words: 1. Controllable. 2. A word of many syllables. 3. Underground. 4. Negligence. 5. A current below the surface. 6. A horsewoman. 7. Having a channel or canal. 8. Temperament. 9. The science of history. 10. A layer above another. 11. The act of assimilating. 12. The act of constructing.

PAULINE MUELLER.

TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My *firsts* are in teams, but not in feed;
My *seconds* in Arabs, but not in Swedes;
My *thirds* are in reindeer, but not in boar;
My *fourths* are in captain, but not in war;
My *fifths* are in stranger, but not in friend;
My *sixths* are in follow, but not in wend;
My *sevenths* are in lend and send and mend.
My *wholes* are three capitals in the United States.

CLINTON H. SMITH.

CONNECTED SQUARES.

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I. Upper Left-hand Square: 1. A heavenly body. 2. Separated by violence. 3. Surface. 4. To harvest.

II. Upper Right-hand Square: 1. One of the books of the Bible. 2. To stare at impudently. 3. A feminine name. 4. Lank.

III. Central Square: 1. A frame for holding pictures. 2. A common fruit. 3. A twig. 4. A feminine name. 5. Lawful.

IV. Lower Left-hand Square: 1. A Biblical name. 2. A bundle or package of goods in a cloth cover, and corded for transportation. 3. Certain trees. 4. For fear that.

V. Lower Right-hand Square: 1. A merry-andrew. 2. A genus of succulent plants found in warm countries. 3. A feminine name. 4. The period occupied by the earth in making its revolution around the sun.

AGNES R. LANE (League Member).

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